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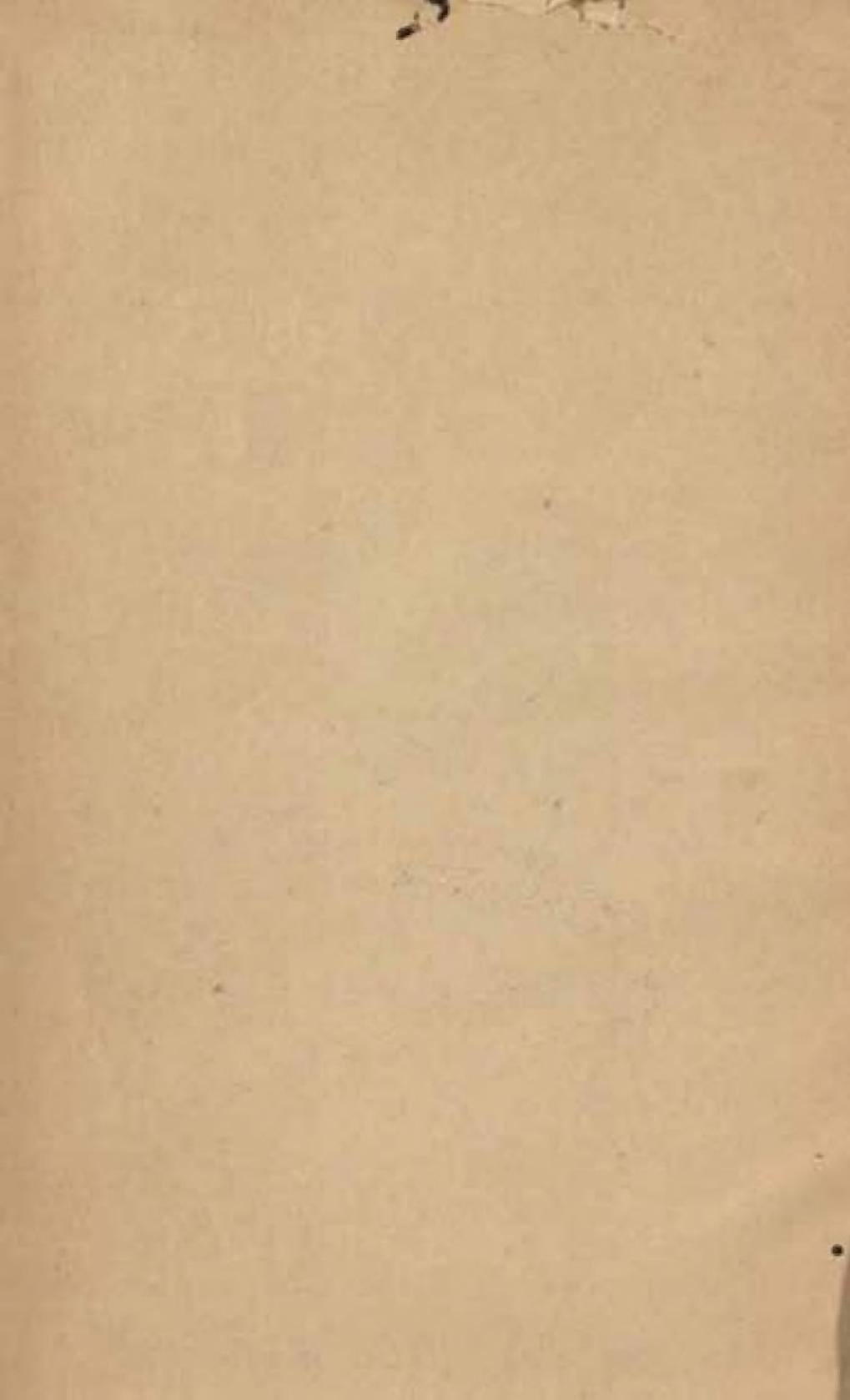
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THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS





THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

J. M. EDMONDS

FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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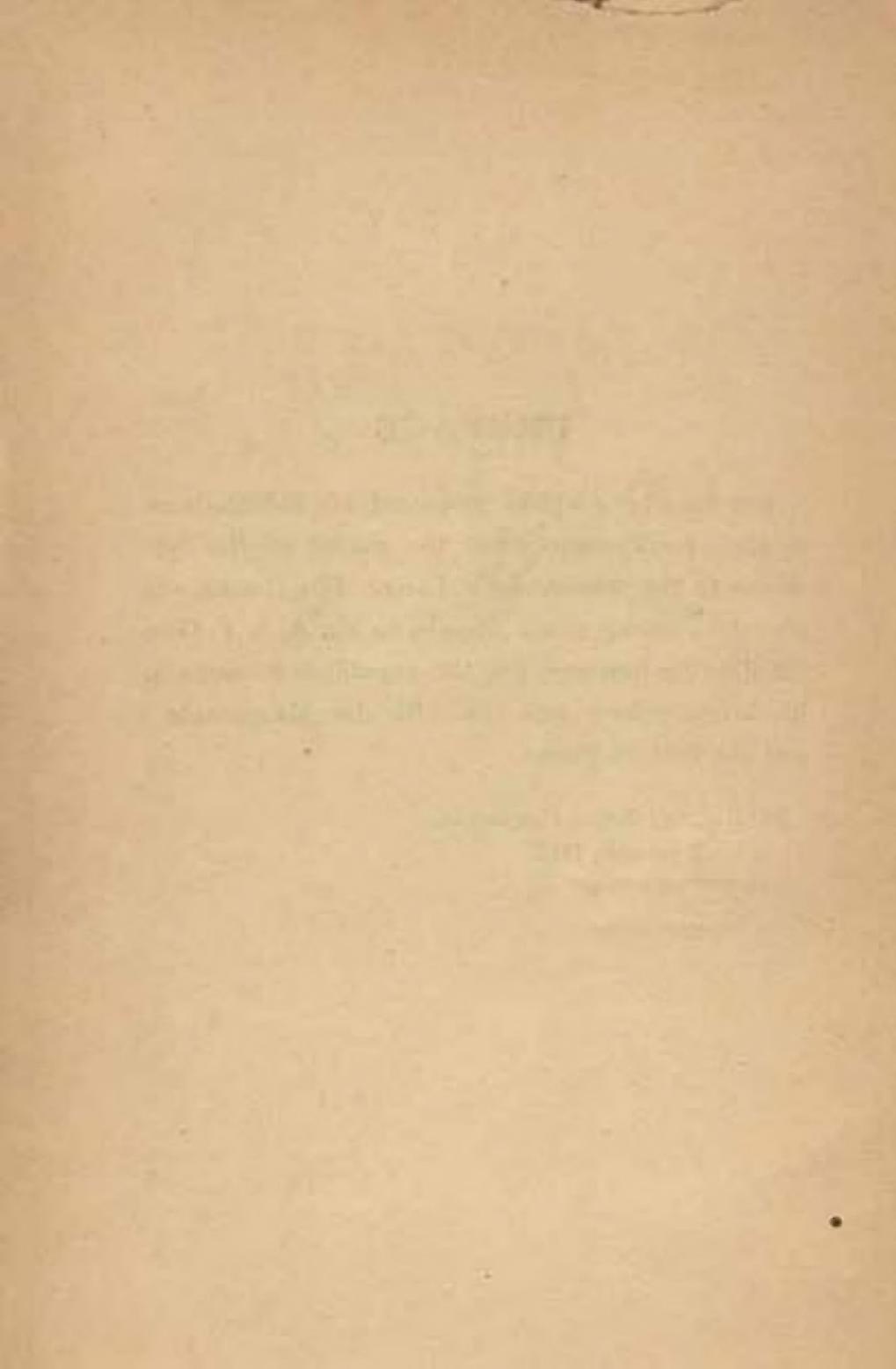
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PREFACE

THE translator wishes to record his indebtedness to many predecessors, from the author of the *Six Idillia* to the late Andrew Lang. His thanks are also due, among other friends, to Mr. A. S. F. Gow for allowing him access to the unpublished results of his investigations into the "Bucolic Masquerade" and the Pattern-Poems.

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Λόρδος Βῆ οὐτοις καθίδηται λείπεται· διὸ σωτὰ πόλεις χρήσιμα
καὶ αὖτε εἰς τοῖς τομέσι σύρεται· οὐτοις δὲ τοῖς εἴη.

PLATO, *Republik*, 390 d.

INTRODUCTION

I.—THE LIFE OF THEOCRITUS

THE external evidence for the life of Theocritus is scanty enough. Beyond a brief statement in Suidas, a casual phrase in Choeroboscus, the epigram "Ἄλλος δὲ Χίος, and a comment upon a passage of Ovid, we have only a few short and not always consistent notes in the commentaries which are contained in the manuscripts. His poems tell us plainly that he was a native of Syracuse, and was familiar also with the districts of Croton and Thurii in Italy, with the island of Cos, with Miletus, and with Alexandria, and that he wrote certain of his works about the twelfth year of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The inscriptions he composed for the statues of Gods and poets connect him, or at least his fame, also with Teos, Paros, Ephesus, and Camirus. The rest—and that means much of the following account—is conjecture.

His parents were Praxagoras and Philinna, both possibly of Coan birth or extraction. His early manhood was spent in the Aegean. He seems to have studied medicine,¹ probably at Samos, under the

¹ In the Argument to XI read προσθιλέγεται δὲ οὐ λαρψὶ Νάξῳ Μάλανοι τὸ γένος, δὲ (μετὰ δι, δὲ) συμφωνεῖται γέγονος Κριστονιδρου λαρψὶ δὲ καὶ αἰτροῖς (οὐδὲ λαρψῶν ἄτρος καὶ αἰτροῦ) : otherwise both *συν-* and *καὶ* *αἰτρ.* are unintelligible.

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famous physician Erasistratus, along with the Milesian Nicias to whom he dedicates the *Cyclops* and the *Hylas*. Theocritus is also said to have been a pupil of the Samian poet Asclepiades, whose epigrams we know in the Anthology. He certainly spent some years at Cos, sitting at the feet of the great poet and critic Philitas, who numbered among his pupils Zenodotus the grammarian, Hermesianax the elegist, and the young man who was afterwards Ptolemy II. This happy period of our author's life is almost certainly recalled in a poem written at a later time, the *Harvest-home*. Philitas probably died about the year 283. Ten years later we find Theocritus at Syracuse, seeking the favour of the young officer who in 274 had been elected general-in-chief after the troubles of Pyrrhus' régime and was soon to be known as Hiero II. The poem we know as *Charites* or *The Graces* probably appeared as epistle-dedicatory to a collection of poems, *Charites* being really the title of the whole book.¹ Such fancy titles were the fashion of the day. Alexander of Aetolia, for instance, published a collection called *The Muses*; the "nightingales" of Callimachus' famous little poem on Heraclitus are best explained as the name of his old friend's collected poems; and Aratus published a collection actually called by this name, for Helladius².

¹ The scholion on *τριπάτης χόρεας* (L. 6) is *νὰ σταύρωσεν*. The phrase *συνέπεδες μάκη* in Artemidorus' introductory poem does not, of course, necessarily imply that hitherto each poem of the three authors had existed separately. There were no magazines. ² ap. Phot. Bibl. p. 831 b 14, cf. 532 a 36.

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writes "As Aratus says in the first of his *Charites*," *εἰς Χαρίτων πόλην*. Whether Theocritus' little book contained any of the extant poems we cannot say. It very possibly contained the *Cyclops* and the *Beloved*, and from the title it may be judged to have comprised no more than three pieces. One biographical point should be noted here; Theocritus was newly come to Syracuse. We gather from the *Charites* that Hiero was by no means the first great man to whom Theocritus had gone for patronage, and it is to be remarked that the poet ascribes the indifference with which he had hitherto been received, not to the disturbed state of the country, but to the commercial spirit of the age. There were no doubt other possible patrons than Hiero in Sicily, but peace and tranquillity had not been known there for many years. The same argument may be used to show that his sojourn in Magna Graecia was not during the decade preceding the publication of the *Charites*. The poem apparently failed like its predecessors; for Theocritus, like his own Aeschinas, was fain to go overseas and seek his fortune at Alexandria.¹

The voyage to Egypt lay by way of the southern Aegean, and we are credibly informed that he now spent some time at Cos. He doubtless had many old friends to see. It was probably on this voyage that he wrote the *Distaff*, to accompany the gift he was taking from Syracuse to the wife of his old friend

¹ Beloch and others put the *Ptolemy* before the *Charites*; but when the latter was written Hiero cannot have been king. See the introduction to the poem.

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Nicias, who was now settled in practice at Miletus. The *Cyclops* is generally regarded as a consolation addressed to the lovesick Nicias. If this is true, it would follow on this placing of the *Distaff* that the *Cyclops* was written before the *Charites*; for it implies that Nicias, to whom it was doubtless sent as a letter, was then unmarried. The probable age of the two friends in 273 points, as we shall see, the same way. If on the other hand we may regard the *Cyclops* as an outpouring of soul on the part of the lovesick Theocritus, the author likening himself, and not Nicias, to Polyphemus, the two lines—all that has been preserved—of Nicias' reply¹ may be interpreted with more point: "Love has, it seems, made you a poet," a compliment upon the first serious piece of work of his friend's that he had seen. This interpretation puts the *Cyclops* long before the *Charites*, independently of the dating of the *Distaff*. In any case, the *Cyclops* is certainly an early poem. The same visit to Nicias may have been the occasion of the eighth epigram, an inscription for the base of the new statue of Asclepius with which the doctor had adorned his consulting-room. We may well imagine that Nicias employed his friend in order to put a little money in his pocket; for his own epigrams in the Anthology show clearly that he could have written an excellent inscription himself.

The *Love of Cynisca*, with its hint of autobiography

¹ οὐδὲ δέ τινες ταῦτα, θεοφίτης εἰ γάρ Σπύρος | πολλαῖς ποιηγράφοις τοῦτο μηδέποτε.

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and its friendly flattery of Philadelphus, was in all probability written about this time. There is no doubt as to the approximate dates of the *Ptolemy* and the *Women at the Adonis Festival*. They must both have been written at Alexandria between the king's marriage with his sister Arsinoë—this took place sometime between 278 and 273—and her death in 270. The *Ptolemy* cannot be much later than 273; for it is clear that the Syrian war was in its early days, and this began in 274.

At this point it becomes necessary to discuss a question of great importance not only to the biographer of Theocritus but to the historian of the Pastoral. Does the *Harvest-home* deal with real persons? The scene of the poem is Cos. We have the characters Simichidas and Lycidas and the dumb characters Eueritus and Amyntas; the two songs mention in connexion with one or other of these persons Ageanax, Tityrus, Aratus, Aristis, Philinus, and two unnamed shepherds of Acharnae and Lycopé; in another part of the poem—though these are not necessarily to be reckoned as friends of the others—we have Philitas, and Sicelidas of Samos. Of these, Philitas certainly, and Aratus possibly, are the well-known poets; Philinus may or may not be the Coan Philinus who won at Olympia in 264 and 260 and who is probably the Philinus of the *Spell*; Aristis is a clip-form of some compound like Aristodamus; Amyntas is also called Amyntichus. The Tityrus, to whom, in the guise of a goatherd,

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Theocritus dedicates the *Serenade*, is almost certainly a real person, and as certainly, Tityrus was not his real name; Tityrus here may or may not be the same person. Sicelidas, on external grounds, is certainly to be identified with the poet Asclepiades; it is to be noted that he is called Sicelidas elsewhere than in Theocritus; but he and Philitas are in a sense outside this discussion. Lastly, Amyntas bears a royal name. We know Ptolemy Philadelphus to have been taught by Philitas; and though his father was reputed the son of Lagus, the Macedonians were proud to believe him to be actually the son of Philip of Macedon, whose father was Amyntas. It is generally thought that Philitas went to Philadelphus; but in view both of the climate of Egypt and of the great probability that from 301 Cos was a vassal either of Ptolemy I or of his son-in-law Lysimachus, it is at least as likely that Philadelphus went to Philitas. Cos, moreover, was Philadelphus' birthplace.¹

If these were the only facts before us, sufficient evidence would be still to seek; for there is unfortunately some doubt as to the identity of Aratus. But there are other considerations which, taken with these, bring us near to certainty. If Lycidas is not a real person, why does the poet insist upon his characteristic laugh, and emphasise the

¹ It is worth noting here that Vergil in his *Bucolics* uses the royal Macedonian name Iollas. Did Theocritus in a lost poem use this for some great Macedonian of the family of Antipater?

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excellence of his pastoral get-up? If Aristis is not a real person, why is he so carefully described, and what business has he in the poem? It is Aratus' love, not Aristis' knowledge of it, that is important to the narrative. Lastly, there is the tradition of the scholia that the narrator is either Theocritus or one of his friends, of which alternatives the former is far the more probable. The conclusion we must come to is that we are dealing throughout with real persons, some of whom have their ordinary names and others not. This does not mean, of course, that the "other-names" were invented for the occasion by the poet. Rather should they be considered pet-names by which these persons were known to their friends. There can be no certain identification.

A further question arises. Whence did Theocritus derive the notion of staging himself and his friends as herdsmen? The answer is not far to seek. First, the Greek mind associated poetry directly with music; and secondly, Greek herdsmen were then, as they are still, players and singers. The poets of his day, some of whom dealt like him with country life, would naturally appear, to a country-loving poet like Theocritus, the literary counterparts, so to speak, of the herdsmen, and their poetry in some sense the art-form of the herdsman's folk-music. It is not perhaps without ulterior motive that Lycidas the poet-goatherd is made to claim fellowship with Comatas the goatherd-poet. The accident that combined this staging with the use of pet-names in

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this poem, is responsible, through Vergil's imitations, for the modern notion of the *Pastoral*.

Let us now return to the life of Theocritus. If, as is generally believed, the *Harvest-home* is autobiographical, it was written after the author had won some measure of fame—he makes himself say that he is “no match yet awhile for the excellent Siccilidas”—, and the passage about the “strutting cocks of the Muses' yard” is a reference to Apollonius of Rhodes and his famous controversy with Callimachus, Theocritus declaring his allegiance to the latter, who maintained that the long epic poem was out of date. This controversy in all probability began upon the publication of the first edition of Apollonius' *Argonautica*. The date of this is unfortunately disputed, but it can hardly have been earlier than 260. A further shred of biography may perhaps be derived from a consideration of the story of Comatas in relation to the cruel death of Sotades.¹ This brave outspoken poet denounced Ptolemy's incestuous marriage, and was thrown into prison. After languishing there for a long time he made good his escape, but falling eventually into the hands of an admiral of the Egyptian fleet, was shut up in a leaden vessel and drowned in the sea. This strange method of execution calls for some explanation. One is tempted to think that Sotades was a friend of Theocritus—he was a writer of love-poems of the type of XII, XXIX, and XXX—, and that after his friend

¹ Plut. *de Puer.* Edue. 15, Athen. 14. 621.

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had been some years in prison. Theocritus wrote the *Harvest-home*, hinting that Sotades had suffered long enough, and sheltering himself under a reminder of his own early acquaintance with the king and a declaration of his allegiance to the great court-poet Callimachus. On the unfortunate man's escape, we may imagine, the story of the frustration of the mythical king's cruel purpose became directly applicable to the situation; the phrase *κασσύτης ἀπαρθάλλοντας δικτός* was now genuine censure and the particle *θήτε* real sarcasm; and when the admiral sent word of the recapture, Ptolemy with a grim irony ordered that the modern Comatas should be shut up in a modern chest and put beyond reach of the assistance of the bees. Here again we can arrive at no date. All we know is that Sotades' offence must have been committed about 275 and that he lay a long time in prison.

We do not know for certain where Theocritus spent the rest of his life. Perhaps after the protest of the *Harvest-home* and its tragic sequel he found it prudent to retire from Alexandria. But whether he now left Egypt or not, it is more than probable that he spent some time during his later years in Cos. There was close intercourse during this period between Cos and Alexandria, and if he did not make the island his home, he may well have paid long summer visits there. Besides the *Harvest-home*, there are two certainly Conn poems, the *Thyrsis* and the *Spell*, and these would seem to belong rather to this

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than to an earlier period. Apart altogether from the question of actual impersonation, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that when speaking of the Sicilian Thyrsis and the song he sang at Cos, Theocritus had himself at the back of his mind, and that when he wrote of Thyrsis' victory over the Libyan, he was thinking of some contest of his own—perhaps one of the Dionysiac contests mentioned in the *Ptolemy*—with Callimachus of Cyrenè. And it can hardly be a mere coincidence that in the *Spell* Theocritus makes the athlete boast of having “outrun the fair Philinus,” and that a Coan named Philinus won at Olympia in 264 and 260; it is only reasonable to suppose that Theocritus wrote these words when Philinus’ name was on every Coan lip.

Except that in XXX the poet speaks of the first appearance of grey hairs upon his head, and that in the *Beloved* the comparison of the maid to the threewed wife, which could not fail to offend the threewed Arsinoë, must have been written before the author’s sojourn at Alexandria, there is nothing to indicate to what period of his life the remaining poems belong.

The list of Theocritus’ works given by Suidas tells us that we possess by no means all of the works once ascribed to him. His *Bucolic Poems*, ἐπη or δράματα βουκολικά were in the time of Suidas, or rather of the writers upon whom he drew, his chief title to fame. Of the *Epigrams* or *Inscriptions* we have some, if not all, known as his in antiquity. The *Hymns* are now

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represented by the *Ptolemy*, the *Dioscuri*, the *Berseice* fragment, and perhaps the *Charites*. The *Lyric Poems* must have included the *Distaff* and XXIX and XXX, and perhaps also the *Beloved* and the *Epithalamy*. The books known as *Elegies*, *Iambics*, *Funeral Laments*, and *The Heroines*, and the single poem called *The Daughters of Proetus*—perhaps known to Vergil,—all these are lost without a trace. It is strange that Suidas' list apparently omits all mention of the non-pastoral mimes, the *Lore of Cynisca*, the *Spell*, and the *Women at the Adonis Festival*, and of the little epics *Hylas* and *The Little Heracles*. The *Spell* may have been included among the *Lyric Poems*, its claim to be so classed lying in the peculiar way in which, though it is a personal narrative, the refrain is used throughout as if it were a song. We may perhaps guess that the four other poems belonged to the remaining book of Suidas' list, the *Hopes*,¹ and that this was a collection published by Theocritus soon after his arrival in Egypt, with the *Lore of Cynisca* standing first as a sort of dedication to his friend Ptolemy and echoing the title's veiled request for his patronage.

The name *idyllia*, idyls, as applied to the poems of Theocritus, is certainly as old as the commentaries which accompany the text, and some of these probably go back to the first century before Christ. It was known to Pliny the Younger as a collective

¹ A book of the same title is ascribed by Suidas to Callimachus.

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title for a volume of short poems; there is a collection bearing this name among the works of Ausonius. But it was apparently unknown as the title of Theocritus' poems to Suidas and his predecessors. The meaning of it is "little poems." We are told that Pindar's Epinician Odes were known as *ῶση*, and Suidas uses the same word in describing the works of Sotades. There is no warrant for the interpretation "little pictures."

If we may accept the identification of the "pretty little Amyntas" with Philadelphus, we can get a very close approximation to the date of Theocritus' birth. Philadelphus was born in 309. At the time described in the *Harvest-home* he is obviously about fifteen. In the same poem Theocritus has already attained something of a reputation, but is still a young man. We shall not be far wrong if we put his age at twenty-two or three. He was born then about the year 316, and when he wrote the *Charites* he was about forty-three. This would suit admirably the autobiographical hint in the *Love of Cynisca* that the poet's hair at the time of writing was just beginning to go grey. If the Berenice of the fragment preserved by Athenaeus is the wife, not of Soter, but of Euergetes, it would follow that Theocritus was at the Alexandrian court in his seventieth year. It is at any rate certain that he did not die young; for Statius calls him *Siculus senex*.¹

¹ *Silv.* B. 3, 151.

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A scholiast on Ovid's *Ibis* l. 549

*Ute Syracono praesticta fuisse poetae,
Sic animae laqueo sit ria clausa fuisse,*

tells us that this is "the Syracusean poet Theocritus, who was arrested by king Hiero for making an attack upon his son, the king's object being merely to make him think that he was going to be put to death. But when Hiero asked him if he would avoid abusing his son in future, he began to abuse him all the more, and not only the son but the father too. Whereat the king in indignation ordered him to be put to death in real earnest, and according to some authorities he was strangled and according to others beheaded." There is nothing improbable in this story. When Theocritus was sixty-five Hiero's son Gelo would be nineteen; we know of no other Syracusean poet who met such a fate; and Antigonus' treatment of Theocritus of Chios and Ptolemy's of Sotades show how the most enlightened rulers of the day could deal with adverse criticism. But whether we believe it or no, the story is evidence for a tradition that Theocritus' last days were spent in Sicily; and we may well imagine that he died at Syracuse, that birthplace, as he calls it, of good men and true, where his fellow-citizens long afterwards pointed out to the collector of inscriptions the statue of his great forerunner Epicharmus, and the words which he once wrote for its base, little thinking perhaps that the time would

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come when his eulogy would apply as truly to himself: "They that have their habitation in the most mighty city of Syracuse have set him up here, as became fellow-townersmen, in bronze in the stead of the flesh, and thus have remembered to pay him his wages for the great heap of words he hath builded; for many are the things he hath told their children profitable unto life. He hath their hearty thanks."

II.—THE LIFE OF MOSCHUS

The evidence for the life of Moschus is contained in a notice in Suidas and a note appended to the *Runaway Lure* in the Anthology. These tell us that he was of Syracuse, a grammarian and a pupil of Aristarchus, and that he was accounted the second Bucolic poet after Theocritus. Aristarchus taught at Alexandria from 180 to about 144. The year 150 will then be about the middle of Moschus' life. He is almost certainly to be identified with the Moschus who is mentioned by Athenaeus as the author of a work on the Rhodian dialect, in which he explained that *λευκότη* was an earthenware vessel like those called *προσφαρίδες* but wider in the mouth. None of Moschus' extant works are really Bucolic; for the *Lament for Bion* is certainly by another hand.

III.—THE LIFE OF BION

All we know of Bion is gathered from references in Suidas and Diogenes Laertius, from the above-mentioned note in the Anthology, and from the poem

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upon his death written by a pupil who was a native of Magna Graecia. The third of the Bucolic poets, as he was apparently reckoned in antiquity, was born at a little place called Phlossa near Smyrna. His pupil calls his poetry Dorian and connects him with Syracuse and the Muses of Sicily. But this may be no more biographical than his phrase "Bion the neatherd." According to his pupil he was the leading Bucolic poet of his day, and it is unfortunate that most of the poems that have come down to us under his name,¹ though all quoted as extracts from his *Bucolica*, are really not pastorals at all. It is noteworthy that Diogenes calls him μελικός ποιητής, a lyric poet. The description lyric poems would apply—in Alexandrian times—to the *Adonis* and perhaps to some of the smaller poems too. Either Diogenes knew the collection by the title of μῆλη βουκολικά, or there were two collections of which he knew only one.

If we may take his pupil literally, Bion was murdered by means of poison. There is really nothing to settle his date. Suidas' order, Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, is probably to be regarded as chronological, and a comparison of the styles of the two last poets points to Bion having been the later. In the present state of our knowledge it would be unwise to draw a contrary conclusion from the omission of Moschus' name from the autobiographical passage of the *Lament*.

¹ The *Adonis* has been ascribed to him on the authority of the *Lament for Bion*.

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IV.—THE TEXT

The text of this edition is based upon Ahrens and Ziegler. It owes much also to von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. To the last scholar's excellent edition, as also to his various books and articles, particularly the brilliant *Textgeschichte der griechischen Bucoliken*, I am deeply indebted throughout the volume. In many passages, as is well known, the text of the Bucolic poets is by no means settled. In most of these I have adopted the emendations of other scholars, giving my acknowledgments, where the change is important, at the foot of the page. In some cases—those marked E in the notes—I have preferred my own. Most editors of the classics will be human enough, I hope, to sympathise with my lack of modesty in this respect. There has not always been room for more than the merest indication of my reasons. These will shortly be given, by the kindness of the editors, in the *Classical Review*.¹ There is much to be said for Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff's re-arrangement of the order of the poems. The usual position of the *Spell* is particularly unfortunate; for it leads the student to reckon it as a pastoral, which it is not. But the post-Renaissance order has been too long established, I think, to be upset now without great inconvenience; and so I have ventured to retain it.

¹ In a few important cases the full references to the C.R. are now (1916) given in the notes.

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V.—THE TRANSLATION

In translating the Bucolic Poets my aim has been briefly this: to translate not so much the words as their meaning, to observe not merely the obvious English idioms of syntax but the more evasive but equally important ones of stress, word-order, and balance, and to create an atmosphere of association in some sense akin to the atmosphere of the original. The present fashion, set by Mr. Myers in his *Pindar*, of translating classical verse into archaic prose, has much in its favour, and in rendering the songs of Theocritus' shepherds into verse I have not discarded it without due consideration. In Theocritus' day there was a convention which made it possible for him, without violating literary propriety, to represent the folk-song of a shepherd in the metre of the Epic. Some generations before, this would have been out of the question. A song in hexameters would have been a contradiction in terms. A somewhat similar convention nowadays makes prose the suitable literary vehicle of dialogue or narrative, but there is no firmly-established convention of using prose to represent song. A literary folk-song, if one may use the term, would now be impossible in blank verse, let alone prose.

So I have chosen to render the songs of Theocritus' shepherds in rhyme, and used with only two exceptions the common ballad-metre written long, with seven, or where there is a medial pause, six, stresses

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to the line, employing occasional archaisms of word or rhythm not alien, I hope, to a metre which has for us associations of simple living and unsophisticated modes of thought.

In the prose parts of my translation of the pastorals I have adopted an archaic style partly because the shepherd in modern literature does not talk the only modern dialect I know, that of the upper middle-class, and partly in an endeavour to create in them an atmosphere similar to that of the songs. I have extended archaism to two of the three non-pastoral mimes for kindred reasons, to the Love-Poems because they are so Elizabethan in spirit, to the Epic poems because the Epic is necessarily, under modern conditions, archaic, and to the rest because it is the fashion of the day.¹ The *Women at the Adonis Festival* is on a separate footing. It is so entirely modern in spirit, and the chief characters so closely resemble the average educated Englishwoman, that the only thing to do is to disregard the few anachronisms of name and custom and render it into Colloquial Suburban.

¹ Verse-translations of the *Distaf* will be found in the *Cambridge Review* for Dec. 8, 1910, and of XXIX and XXX in the *Classical Review* for March and May, 1911.

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Theocritus was first printed with the *Works and Days* of Hesiod at Milan about the year 1480, but the edition contains only I—XVIII. The Aldine edition of 1495 contains Theocritus I—XXVIII and lines 1–24 of XXIX, Bion I, Moschus I—III, *Megara*, *The Dead Adonis*, and the *Pipe*. The Junting edition of 1515 added the *Inscriptions*, and the *Wings* and *Axe* of Simias. The *Altar* of Dosiadas first appeared in the edition of Calliergus in 1516. The rest of Bion and Moschus as well as the *Egy* of Simias were added in the editions of Mekerhus (1565), Stephanus (1566), or Ursinus (1568); but the poems and fragments of Bion and Moschus quoted by Stobaeus in his *Florilegium* had already been printed in the early editions of that work, the first of which was published by Victor Trinacellus in 1536. The latter half of Theocritus XXIX was first edited by Casaubon on page 75 of his Commentary to Diogenes Laertius published at Morges in 1583. The *Second Altar* was first commented on by Scaliger in his Letters (*Opera Postuma*, Paris, 1610, p. 469), and first edited by Salmasius in his *Inscriptionem Herodis Attici Explicatio* (Paris, 1610). Theocritus XXX, which occurs only in the Ambrosian MS. known as B 75, was long overlooked, but was discovered by Ziegler in 1864, and first published by Bergk in 1865.

The Latest Critical Text of the Bucolic Poets is that of von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff (Oxford, 1905, 1906).

The Best English Commentary, which, however, contains

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only Theocritus and the *Megara*, is that of Cholmeley (London, 1860, etc.).

Among Other Books Helpful to the Student may be mentioned—

Ahrens: *Bucolicorum Reliquias* (Leipzig, 1853), an edition with Latin critical notes and copies of introduction dealing with the MSS., early printed editions and versions, etc.

Fritzsch: *Theocriti Idyllia* (Leipzig, 1870), an edition with Latin notes critical and exegetical.

Ziegler: *Theocriti Carmina* (Tübingen, 1879) and *Bionis et Moschii Carmina* (Tübingen, 1888), texts with Latin critical notes.

von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf: *Textgeschichte der griechischen Beobachter* (Berlin, 1900), a history of the text, accompanied by a series of articles dealing with certain poems and passages and discussing various questions, such as the proper names used by Theocritus and the dates of the composition of his various works; and *Blow von Smyrna* (Berlin, 1900), an edition of the *Lament for Adonis* with notes, introductory, critical and exegetical, accompanied by a verse translation in German.

Legrand: *Etude sur Théocrite* (Paris, 1893), a series of essays upon such questions as the authenticity of the various poems, the life of Theocritus, and his style and vocabulary.

Lang: *Theocritus, Sion, and Moschus* (London, 1880, etc.), an English prose translation with an introduction on *Theocritus and his Age*.

Kerlin: *Theocritus in English Literature* (Lynchburg, Virginia, 1910), an exhaustive account of the English translations of Theocritus and the imitations of him and references to him in English literature.

Haebelin: *Carmino Figurata Graeca* (Hanover, 1887), a text of the Pattern-Poems with Latin notes, introductory, critical and exegetical.

Wendel: *Scholia in Theocritum Vetera* (Lipsiae, 1914).

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΑ

Βουκολικαὶ Μοῖσαι σποράδες ποκά, νῦν δὲ ἀμα
πᾶσαι
ἐντὶ μᾶς μάνδρας, ἐντὶ μᾶς ἀγέλας.

Ἄλλος ὁ Χῖος· ἐγὼ δὲ Θεόκριτος, δε τάδ' ἔγραψα
εἰς ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν εἴμι Συρακοσίων,
νίδε Πραξαγόραο περικλειτῆρ τε Φιλίνης·
Μοῦσαν δὲ ὀθυείην οὕτιν' ἐφελκυστάμην.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

INTRODUCTORY POEMS

The Muses of the country, scattered abroad ere
this, are now of one fold and of one flock.

The Chian is another man ; the Theocritus who wrote this book is one of the many that are of Syracuse, the son of Praxagoras and the famed Philina, and his Muse is the Muse of his native land.

The first of the above poems would appear to have been written for the title-page of the first collected edition of the Bucolic poets, published by the grammarian Artemidorus early in the first century before Christ ; the second is thought to have stood upon the title-page of a separate edition of Theocritus, published by Artemidorus' son Theon. "The Chian" is believed by some to be Homer, but is more probably the orator and epigrammatist Theocritus of Chios.



I

THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS

L—THYRSIS

A shepherd and a goatherd meet in the pastures one noon-tide, and compliment each other upon their piping. The shepherd, Thyrsis by name, is persuaded by the other—for a cup which he describes but does not at first show—to sing him The Affliction of Daphnis, a ballad which tells how the ideal shepherd, friend not only of Nymph and Muse, but of all the wild creatures, having vowed to his first love that she should be his last, pined and died for the love of another. The ballad is divided into three parts marked by changes in the refrain. The first part, after a complaint to the Nymphs of their neglect, tells how the herds and the herdsmen gathered about the dying man, and Hermes his father, and Priapus the country-god of fertility whom he had flouted, came and spoke and got no answer. In the second part, the slighted Love-Goddess comes, and gently upbraids him, whereat he breaks silence with a threat of vengeance after death. The lines of his speech which follow tell in veiled ironical terms what the vengeance of this friend of wild things will be; for Anchises was

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THEOCRITUS I

afterwards blinded by bees, Adonis slain by a boar, and Cypris herself wounded by Diomed. The speech is continued with a farewell to the wild creatures, and to the wells and rivers of Syracuse. In the third part he bequeaths his pipe to Pan, ends his dying speech with an address to all Nature, and is overwhelmed at last in the river of Death. The scene of the mime is Cos, but Thyrssis comes from Sicily, and Sicily is the scene of his song.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

I.—ΘΤΡΣΙΣ

ΘΤΡΣΙΣ

Ἄδν τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ὁ πίτυς αἴπολε τῆν
ἄ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαίσι μελίσδεται, ἀδν δὲ καὶ τὸ
συρίσδες· μετὰ Πάνα τὸ δεύτερον ἀθλον ἀποισῆ.
αίκα τῆνος ἐλῃ κεραὸν τράγον, αἴγα τὸ λαψῆ·
αίκα δὲ αἴγα λάβη τῆνος γέρας, ἐς τὲ καταρρεῖ
ά χίμαρος χιμάρῳ δὲ καλὸν κρέας, ἐστε κ'
· ἀμέλξης.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

ἄδιον ὡς ποιμὴν τὸ τεὸν μέλος ἦ το καταχὲς
τῆν' ἀπὸ τᾶς πέτρας καταλείβεται ὑψόθεν ὕδωρ,
αίκα ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὰν οἶδα δῶρον ἄγωνται,
ἀρνα τὸ σακίταν λαψῆ γέρας· αἱ δὲ κ' ἀρέσκη
τῆνας ἄρνα λαβεῖν, τὸ δὲ τὰν διν ὑστερον ἀξῆ. 10

ΘΤΡΣΙΣ

λῆς ποτὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν, λῆς αἴπολε τεῖδε καθίξας,
ώς τὸ κάταυτες τοῦτο γεωλοφον αἴ τε μυρίκαι,
συρίσδεν; τὰς δὲ αἴγας ἐγῶν ἐν τῷδε νομευσῶ.

THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS

I.—THYRSIS

THYRSIS

SOMETHING sweet is the whisper of the pine that makes her music by yonder springs, and sweet no less, master Goatherd, the melody of your pipe. Pan only shall take place and prize afore you; and if they give him a horny he-goat, then a she shall be yours; and if a she be for him, why, you shall have her kid; and kid's meat's good eating till your kids be milch-goats.

GOATHERD

As sweetly, good Shepherd, falls your music as the resounding water that gushes down from the top o' yonder rock. If the Muses get the ewe-lamb to their need, you shall carry off the cosset; and if so be they choose the cosset, the ewe-lamb shall come to you.

THYRSIS

'Fore the Nymphs I pray you, master Goatherd, come now and sit ye down here by this shelving bank and these brush tamarisks and play me a tune. I'll keep your goats the while.

"cosset": a pet lamb.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

οὐ θέμις ὁ ποιμὴν τὸ μεσαυτρινὸν οὐ θέμις
ἄμμιν

συρίσθεν. τὸν Πάνα δεδοίκαμες· ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
τανίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἔστι δέ πικρός,
καὶ οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ρίνα κάθηται.
ἄλλὰ τὸ γὰρ δὴ Θύρσι τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγέ ἀείδεις
καὶ τὰς βουκολικᾶς ἐπὶ τὸ πλέον ἵκε Μοίσας,
δεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰν πτελέαν ἐσδώμεθα τῷ τε Πριήτῳ
καὶ τὰν κραναίαν κατεναυτίον, ἢπερ ὁ θῶνος
τῆνος ὁ ποιμενικὸς καὶ ταὶ δρύεις, αἱ δὲ καὶ ἀείσης,
ὡς ὅκα τὸν Διβύαθε ποτὶ Χρόμι φύσας ἐρίσθιν,
αἴγα τέ τοι δωσῶ διδυματόκον ἐξ τρίς ἀμέλξαι,
ἢ δύ' ἔχοισ' ἐρίφως ποταμέλγεται ἐξ δύο πέλλας,
καὶ βαθὺ κισσούβιον κεκλυσμένον ἀδεὶ κηρῷ,
ἀμφῶς, νεοτευχές, ἔτι γλυφάνοιο ποτόσδου.

τῷ περὶ¹ μὲν χείλῃ μαρίεται ὑψόθι κισσός,
κισσὸς ἐλιχρύσῳ κεκονιμένος· ἢ δὲ κατ' αὐτὸν
καρπῷ ἐλιξ εἰλέται ἀγαλλομέτη κροκόεντι.²
ἔντοσθεν δὲ γυνὶ τι θεῶν δαίδαλμα τέτυκται,
ἀσκητὰ πέπλῳ τε καὶ ἀμπυκι. πάρ δέ οἱ ἀνδρες
εαλογ ἰθειράζοντες ἀμοιβαδίς ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος
νεκείουσ' ἐπέεσσι. τὰ δ' οὐ φρενὸς ἀπτεται αὐτῶς
ἄλλ ὅκα μὲν τῆνον ποτιθέρκεται ἀνδρα γελάσα,
ἄλλοκα δ' αὖ ποτὶ τὸν ρίπτει νόσου. οἱ δὲ ὑπ'
ἐρωτός
δηθὰ κυλοιδιώσοντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.

¹ Thus also τῷ περὶ ² A δὲ is ἐλίχρυος and δηλεῖς an
adjective E; others A δὲ δηλεῖς "the ivy-tendril."

GOATHERD

No, no, man; there's no piping for me at high noon. I go in too great dread of Pan for that. I wot high noon's his time for taking rest after the swink o' the chase; and he's one o' the tetchy sort; his nostril's ever sour wrath's abiding-place. But for singing, you, Thyrsis, used to sing *The Affliction of Daphnis* as well as any man; you are no 'prentice in the art of country-music. So let's come and sit vonder beneath the elm, this way, over against Priapus and the fountain-goddesses, where that shepherd's seat is and those oak-trees. And if you but sing as you sang that day in the match with Chromis of Libya, I'll not only grant you three milkings of a twinner goat that for all her two young yields two pailfuls, but I'll give you a fine great mazer to boot, well scoured with sweet beeswax, and of two lugs, bran-span-new and the smack of the graver upon it yet.

The lip of it is hanged about with curling ivy, ivy freaked with a cassidony which goes twisting and twining among the leaves in the pride of her saffron fruitage. And within this bordure there's a woman, fashioned as a God might fashion her, lapped in a robe and a snood about her head. And either side the woman a swain with fair and flowing locks, and they bandy words the one with the other. Yet her heart is not touched by aught they say; for now 'tis a laughing glance to this, and anon a handful of regard to that, and for all their eyes have been so long hollow for love of

"Priapus and the fountain-goddesses"; effigies. "Mazer": a carved wooden cup. "Cassidony": the Everlasting or Golden-Tufts.

τοῖς δὲ μετὰ γριπεύς τε γέρων πέτρα τε τέτυκτοι
λεπτάς, ἐφ' ᾧ σπεύδων μέγα δίκτυον ἔς βόλον
ἔλκει

40

ὁ πρέσβυς κάμιοντι τὸ καρτερὸν ἀνδρὶ ἐσικώς.
φαίης καὶ γυίων νιν δσον σθένος Ἑλλοπιεύειν
ώδε οἱ φδήκαντι κατ' αὐχένα πάντοθεν ἵνες
καὶ πολιφί περ ἔόντι, τὸ δὲ σθένος ἄξιον ἄβας.

τυτθὸν δὲ ὅσσον ἀπωθεν ἀλιτρύτοιο γέροντος
πυρναίαις σταφυλαῖσι καλὸν βέβριθεν ἀλωά,
τὰν δλίγος τις κῶρος ἐφ' αίμασιαῖσι φυλάσσει
ἡμενος ἀμφὶ δέ νιν δύ' ἀλώπεκες, οὐ μὲν ἀν' ὁρχως
φοιτῇ σινομένα τὰν τρώξιμον, οὐ δὲ ἐπὶ πῆρα
πάντα δόλον τεύχοισα τὸ παιδίον οὐ πρὶν ὄντησεν το
φατὶ πρὶν ἡ κρατίσδον¹ ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίξῃ.
αὐτῷ δέ τοις ἀνθερίκοισι καλὸν πλέκει ἀκριδοθήραν
σχοίνῳ ἐφαρμόσδων μέλεται δέ οἱ οὔτε τι
πῆρας

οὔτε φυτῶν τοσσῆνοι, ὅσον περὶ πλέγματι γαθεῖ.
παντῷ δέ τοις ἀμφὶ δέπτας περιπέπταται ὑγρὸς ἄκανθος,
αἰολίχον θάημα². τέρας κέ τυ θυμῷ ἀτύξαι.

τὸ μὲν ἐγὰ πορθμῇ Καλυδνίῳ³ αἴγα τ' ἔδωκα
ῶνοι καὶ τυρόεστα μέγαν λευκοῖο γάλακτος.

¹ ἡ (ἀ)κρατίσδον Ε, cf. Suidas ἀκρατίζει: μηδ ἀκρατίστος (scholia also ἀκρατισμόν), which some editors explain "till he have wrecked (or safely docked) the breakfast" —
² αἰολίχος schol., cf. αἰόλος, πυρρός, πυρίχος (4. 20): schol. also with Hesychius αἰολικός: μηδ αἰολικός πύρρος Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, cf. Anth. P. 9. 101, Λαύριον Ερνετ. 14, 33, Hesych.: μηδ τι θάημα —
³ πορθμῇ Καλυδνίῳ schol.: schol. also with μηδ πορθμῇ Καλυδνίῳ

her, they spend their labour in vain. Besides these there's an old fisher wrought on't and a rugged rock, and there stands gaffer gathering up his great net for a cast with a right good will like one that toils might and main. You would say that man went about his fishing with all the strength o's limbs, so stands every sinew in his neck, for all his grey hairs, puffed and swollen; for his strength is the strength of youth.

And but a little removed from master Weather-beat there's a vineyard well laden with clusters red to the ripening, and a little lad seated watching upon the hedge. And on either side of him two foxes; this ranges to and fro along the rows and pilfers all such grapes as be ready for eating, while that setteth all his cunning at the lad's wallet, and vows he will not let him be till he have set him breaking his fast with but poor victuals to his drink. And all the time the urchin's got star-flower-stalks a-platting to a reed for to make him a pretty gin for locusts, and cares never so much, not he, for his wallet or his vines as he takes pleasure in his platting. And for an end, mark you, spread all about the cup goes the lissom bear's-foot, a sight worth the seeing with its writhen leaves; 'tis a marvellous work, 'twill amaze your heart.

Now for that cup a ferryman of Calymnus had a goat and a gallant great cheese-loaf of me, and never

"Breaking his fast": the chief feature of a Greek breakfast, as the word *ἀρτίγε* shows, was unmixed wine: this, being in a bottle, the fox, even if he wished it, could not expect to get at. Calymnus is an island near Crete.

THE EUCOLIC POETS

οὐδὲ τί πω ποτὶ χεῖλος ἐμὸν θέγεν, ἀλλ' ἔτι κεῖται
ἄχραντον. τῷ κά τυ μᾶλα πρόφρων ἀρεσπιάμαν, 60
αίκα μοι τὸ φίλος τὸν ἐφίμερον ὑμνον ἀείσηρε.
κοῦ τί τη κερπομέω. πόταγ' ὥγαθέ· τὰν γάρ ἀοιδὰν
οὐ τί πᾳ εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖν;

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ

"Αρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Θύρσις ὅδ' ὡξ Λίτνας, καὶ Θύρσιδος ἀδέα φωνά,
πᾶ ποκ' ἀρ' ἡσθ', δκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πᾶ ποκα
Νύμφαι;

ἡ κατὰ Πηνείων καλλὶ τέμπεα, ἡ κατὰ Πίνδω,
οὐ γάρ δὴ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ῥόον εἶχετ' Ἀνάπω,
οὐδὲ Λίτνας πκοπιάν, οὐδὲ Ἀκιδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ.

ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 70
τῆγον μάνθων, τῆγον λύκοι ὥρυσαντο,
τῆγον χῶκ δρυμοῖο λέων ἐκλαυσε θαυόντα.

ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
πολλαὶ οἱ πάρ ποστὶ βόες, πολλοὶ δέ τε ταῦροι,
πολλαὶ δὲ δαμάλαι καὶ πόρτιες ὥδύραντο.

ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
ἥνθ' Ἐρμᾶς πράτιστος ἀπ' ὥρεος, εἶπε δέ· "Διάφη,
τίς τη κατατρύχει; τίνος ὥγαθὲ τόσσον ἔρασαι;"
ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

yet hath it touched my lip; it still lies unhandselled by. Yet right welcome to it art thou, if like a good fellow thou'lt sing me that pleasing and delightful song. Nay, not so; I am in right earnest. To't, good friend; sure thou wilt not be hoarding that song against thou be'st come where all's forgot?

THYRSIS (sings)

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

'Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? ye
Nymphs, O where were ye?

Was it Peneius' pretty vale, or Pindus' glens? 'twas
never

Anapus' flood nor Etna's pike nor Acis' holy river.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the
wolves they wailed full sore,

The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis
was no more.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

O many the lusty steers at his feet, and many the
heifers slim,

Many the calves and many the kine that made their
moan for him.

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

Came Hermes first, from the hills away, and said "O
Daphnis, tell,

"Who is't that fretteth thee, my son? whom lovest
thou so well?"

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.

"Peneius, Pindus": a river and a mountain in Thessaly.
"Anapus, Acis": rivers of Sicily.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηνθον τοι βοῦται, τοι παιμένες, φτόλοι ηνθον
πάντες ἀνηρώτευν, τί πάθοι κακόν. ηνθ' ὁ Πρίητος
κῆφα· Δάφνη τάλαν, τι νν τάκεαι; ἀ δὲ τὴ
κύώρα¹

πάσας ἀνὰ κράνας, πάντ' ἀλσεα ποσσι φορᾶται—
ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἀρχετ'
ἀοιδᾶς—

ζάτεισ²· ἀ δύσερῶτ τις ἄγαν καὶ ἀμίγχανος ἐσσί.
Βούτας μὲν ἐλέγειν, νῦν δὲ αἴπολω ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν
φτόλοις δοκεῖ ἐσορῆ τὰς μηκάνας οὐα βατεῖνται.
τάκεται ὀφθαλμών, δτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο.—

ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἀρχετ'
ἀοιδᾶς—

καὶ τὸ δὲ ἐπει κ' ἐσορῆς τὰς παρθένος οὐα γελάντι, ³⁰
τάκεαι ὀφθαλμών, δτι οὐ μετὰ ταῖσι χορεύεις;
τὰς δὲ οὐδὲν ποτελέξεισθ' ὁ βουκόλος, ἀλλὰ τὸν
αὐτῶ
ἄνω πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄνω Μοίρας.

ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
ηνθέ γε μὰν ἄδεῖα καὶ ἡ Κύπρις γελάσισα,
λάθρη μὲν γελάσισα, βαρὺν δὲ ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχοισα,
κεῖπε· τὸν θηρν τὸν Ἐρωτα κατεύχεο Δάφνη
λαγιξεῖν

¹ τι Wil from Laur. 32. 16 and Paris. 2832: other nos
γε, τοι, τι

The neatherds came, the shepherds came, and the goatherds him beside,
All fain to hear what all'd him; Priapus came and cried

"Why peak and pine, unhappy wight, when thou mightest bed a bride?"

"For there's nor wood nor water but hath seen her footsteps flee—

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—

"In search o' thee. O a fool-in-love and a feeble is here, perdy'e!"

"Neatherd, forsooth? 'tis goatherd now, or 'faith, 'tis like to be;

"When goatherd in the rutting-time the skipping kids doth scan,

"His eye grows soft, his eye grows sad, because he's born a man;—

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—

"So you, when ye see the lasses laughing in gay riot,

"Your eye grows soft, your eye grows sad, because you share it not."

But never a word said the poor neatherd, for a bitter love bare he;

And he bare it well, as I shall tell, to the end that was to be.

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

But and the Cyprian came him to, and smiled on him full sweetly—

For though she fain would foster wrath, she coul' not choose but smile—

And cried "Ah, braggart Daphnis, that wouldest throw Love so feately!"

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἥρ' οὐκ αὐτὸς "Ερωτος ὑπ' ἀργαλέω ἐλυγίχθης;"
ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
τὰν δ' ἀρά χῶ Δάφνις ποταμείβετο· ¹⁰⁰ Κύπρι
Βαρεῖα.

Κύπρι νεμεσσατά, Κύπρι θνατοῖσιν ἀπεχθήσ,
ἡδη γὺρ φράσθη πάνθ' ἀλιον ἄμμι δεδυκεῖν;
Δάφνις κὴν 'Αΐδα κακὸν ἔσσεται ἀλγος "Ερωτη—
ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ'
ἀοιδᾶς—

οὐ¹ λέγεται τὰν Κύπριν ὁ βουκόλος; ἔρπε ποτ'
"Ιδαν,

ἔρπε ποτ'² "Αγχίσαν. τηνεῖ δρύες ἡδὲ² κύπειρος,
αἱ δὲ³ καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι:
ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
ώραιος χόδωντι, ἐπεὶ καὶ μῆλα νομεύει
καὶ πτῶκας βάλλει καὶ θηρία πάντα διάκει.

¹¹⁰ ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
αὐτὶς ὅπως στασῆ Διομήδεος ἀστον ιαῖσα,
καὶ λέγε τὸν βούταν νικῶ Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μάχει
μοι.

ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
ὦ λύκοι, ὦ θῶνες, ὦ ἀν' ὤρεα φωλάδες ἄρκτοι,
χαίρετ³: ὁ βουκόλος ὑμμιν ἔγω Δάφνις οὐκέτ' ἀν'
ὑλαν,

¹ *so Graae: miss and schol. oī against the dialect* ² *so Wil from Plutarch: miss ēēs* ³ *ai N Wil from Plutarch: miss ēēs*

THEOCRITUS I, 98-116

"Thou'rt thrown, methinks, thyself of Love's so grievous guile."

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

Then out he spake; "O Cypris cruel, Cypris vengeful yet,
Cypris hated of all flesh! think'st all my sun be set?

I tell thee even 'mong the dead Daphnis shall work thee ill:—

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses—

Men talk of Cypris and the hind; begone to Ida hill,
Begone to hind Anchises; sure bedstraw there doth thrive
And fine oak-trees and pretty bees all humming at the hive.

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

Adonis too is ripe to woo, for a' tends his sheep o' the lea
And shoots the hare and a-hunting goes of all the beasts there be.

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

And then I'd have thee take thy stand by Diomed, and say
I slew the neatherd Daphnis; fight me thou to-day."

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

But 'tis wolf farewell and fox farewell and bear o' the mountain den,
Your neatherd fere, your Daphnis dear, ye'll never see agen,

THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐκέτ' ἀνὰ δρυμώς, οὐκ ἄλσεα. χαῖρ' Ἀρέθαισα
καὶ ποταμοί, τοι χεῖτε καλὸν κατὰ Θυμβρίδος
ῆδωρ.

ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Δάφνις ἐγὼν ὅδε τῆνος ὁ τὰς βόας ὅδε νομεύων, 120
Δάφνις ὁ τῷς ταύρῳς καὶ πόρτιας ὅδε ποτίσδων.
ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

ὦ Πάν Πάν, εἴτ' ἔσσι κατ' ἄρεα μακρὰ Λυκαίω,
εἴτε τύγ' ἀμφιπολεῖς μέγα Μαίναλον, ἐνθ' ἐπὶ
νᾶσον

τὰν Σικελάν, Ἐλίκας δὲ λίπε φίον αἰτύ τε σάμα
τῆνο Λυκαονίδαο, τὸ καὶ μακάρεσσιν ἀγητόν.

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
ἐνθ' ὄναξ καὶ τάνδε φέρει πακτοῖο¹ μελίπνουν
ἐκ κηρῶ σύριγγα καλὰν περὶ χεῖλος ἐλικτάν
ἢ γάρ ἐγὼν ὑπ' ἔρωτος ἐς "Λίδος ἔλκομαι ἥδη. 130

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
νῦν οἱ μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι, φορέοιτε δὲ ἄκανθαι,
ά δὲ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ' ἀρκεύθοισι κομάσαι:
πάντα δὲ ἔναλλα γένοιστο, καὶ ἡ πίτυς ὄχνας
ἔνεικαι,

Δάφνις ἐπεὶ θυμόσκει, καὶ τὰς κύνας ὠλαφος
ὕλκοι,

¹ φέρει πακτοῖο : *whiol.* also φέρ' εὐνάκτοιο

- " By glen no more, by glade no more. And 'tis
 O farewell to thee,
 " Sweet Arethuse, and all pretty waterns down
 Thymbris vale that flee ;
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses;
 " For this, O this is that Daphnis, your kine to field
 did bring,
 " This Daphnis he, led stirk and steer to you
 a-watering.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
- " And Pan, O Pan, whether at this hour by Lyceē's
 mountain-pile
 " Or Maenal steep thy watch thou keep, come away
 to the Sicil isle,
 " Come away from the knoll of Helicē and the howe
 lift high i' the lea,
 " The howe of Lycaon's child, the howe that Gods in
 heav'n envy ;
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses;
 " Come, Master, and take this pretty pipe, this pipe
 of honey breath,
 " Of wax well knit round lips to fit ; for Love hales
 me to my death.
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.
- " Bear violets now ye briars, ye thistles violets
 too ;
 " Daffodilly may hang o' the juniper, and all things
 go askew ;
 " Pines may grow figs now Daphnis dies, and hind
 tear hound if she will,

" Arethusa": the fountain of Syracuse. " Helicē, Lycaon's child": the tombs of Helicē and her son Areas were famous sights of Arcadia.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κήξ δρέων τοὶ σκῶπες ἀηδόσι θηρίσαιτο¹.

λίγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοΐσαι ἵτε λίγετ² ἀσιδᾶς.
χὼ μὲν τόσσ' εἰπών ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δ' Ἀφροδίτα
ἴθελ³ ἀνορθώσατ· τά γε μάν λίνα πάντα λελοίπει
ἐκ Μαιρᾶν, χὼ Δάφνις ἔβα φόον. ἔκλυσε δίνα 110
τὸν Μοΐσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νύμφαισιν
ἀπεχθῆ.

λίγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοΐσαι ἵτε λίγετ² ἀσιδᾶς.

καὶ τὸ δίδου τὰν αἴγα τό τε σκύφος, ὡς εἰρ²
ἀμέλξεις
σπείσω ταῖς Μοΐσαις. ὁ χαίρετε πολλάκι Μοΐσαι,
χαίρετ³ ἐγὼ δ' ὅμμιν καὶ ἐς ὑστερον ἄδιον ἀσῶ.

ΑΙΠΟΔΟΣ

πλῆρες τοι μέλιτος τὸ καλὸν στόμα Θύρσιγένοιτο,
πλῆρεν δὲ σχαδόνων, καὶ ἀπ' Αἰγίλω ίσχιδα
τράγοις

ἀδεῖαν, τέττιγος ἐπεὶ τίγα φέρτερον ἄδεις.
ἡνίδε τοι τὸ δέπας θᾶσαι φίλος, ὡς καλὸν ὄσδει.
'Ωρῦν πεπλύσθαι νιν ἐπὶ κράναισι δοκησεῖς. 150
ὅδ' ίθι Κισσαίθα, τὸ δ' ἀμελγέ νιν. αἱ δὲ χίμαιραι,
οὐ μὴ σκιρτασεῖτε³, μὴ ὁ τράγος ὅμμιν ἀναστῆ.

¹ θηρίσαιτο Scaliger from Verg. Ed. 8. 55 : πτω. γαρίσαιτο
² εἰρε : πτω. αἴρεται ³ πτω. σκιρτασεῖτε

" And the sweet nightingale be ouisong i' the dale
by the scritch-owl from the hill."

Country-song, leace country-song, ye Muses.

Such words spake he, and he stayed him still;
and O, the Love-Ladye,
She would fain have raised him where he lay, but
that could never be.
For the thread was spun and the days were done
and Daphnis gone to the River,
And the Nymphs' good friend and the Muses' fere
was whelmed i' the whirl for ever.
Country-song, leace country-song, ye Muses.

There; give me the goat and the tankard, man;
and the Muses shall have a libation of her milk.
Fare you well, ye Muses, and again fare you well,
and I'll e'en sing you a sweeter song another day.

GOATHERD

Be your fair mouth filled with honey and the
honeycomb, good Thyrsis; be your eating of the
sweet figs of Aegilus; for sure your singing's as
delightful as the cricket's chirping in spring.
Here's the cup (*taking it from his wallet*). Pray mark
how good it smells; you'll be thinking it hath been
washed at the well o' the Seasons. Hither, Brown-
ing; and milk her, you. A truce to your skip-
ping, ye kids yonder, or the buckgoat will be after
you.

"The River": Acheron, the river of Death.

II.—THE SPELL.

This monologue, which preserves the dialogue-form by a dumb character, consists of two parts; in the first a Coan girl named Simaetha¹ lays a fire-spell upon her neglectful lover, the young athlete Delphis, and in the second, when her maid goes off to smear the ashes upon his lintel, she tells the Moon how his love was won and lost. The scene lies not far from the sea, at a place where three roads meet without the city, the roads being bordered with tombs. The Moon shines in the background, and in the foreground is a wayside shrine and statue of Hecate with a little altar before it. Upon this altar, in the first part of the rite, the poor girl burns successively barley-meal, bay-leaves, a waxen puppet, and some bran; next, the coming of the Goddess having been heralded by the distant barking of dogs and welcomed with the beating of brass, amid the holy silence that betokens her presence Simaetha pours the libation and puts up her chief prayer; lastly she burns the herb *hippomanes* and a piece of the fringe of her lover's cloak. The incantation which begins and ends

¹ She is not a professional sorceress, see L. 91.

THEOCRITUS II

the four-line stanza devoted to the burning of each of these things, as well as the two central stanzas belonging to the holy silence and the libation, is addressed to the magic four-spoked wheel which still bears the name of the bird that was originally bound to such wheels, and which is kept turning by Simaetha throughout the rite. When Thestylis withdraws with the collected ashes in the libation-bowl, her mistress begins her soliloquy. This consists of two halves, the first of which is divided, by a refrain addressed to the listening Moon, into stanzas, all, except the last, of five lines; then instead of the refrain comes the climax of the story, put briefly in two lines, and the second half begins, with its tale of desertion. In the latter half the absence of the refrain with its lyric and romantic associations is intended to heighten the contrast between then and now, between the fulness of joy and the emptiness of despair. Towards the end both of the first and of the second parts of the poem there is a suggestion that Simaetha only half believes in the efficacy of her spell; for she threatens that if it fails to bring back Delphis' love to her, poison shall prevent his bestowing it elsewhere.

Π.—ΦΑΡΜΑΚΕΤΤΡΙΑΙ

Πᾶ μοι τὰ δάφναι; φέρε Θέστυλι. πᾶ δὲ τὰ
φίλτρα;
στέψον τὰν κελέβαν φοινικέωρ οἰος ἀντφ,
ὡς τὸν ἐμὸν βαρύν εῦντα φίλον καταθύσομαι
ἄνδρα,

ὅς μοι δωδεκαταῖος ἀφ' ὧ τὰλας σὺνε ποθίκει,
οὐδὲ ἔγνω, πότερον τεθνάκαμες ή ζοοὶ εἴμει,
οὐδὲ θύρας ἄραξεν ἀνάρσιος. ἥρα οἱ ἀλλὰ
οἴχετ'¹ ἔχων ὁ τ' Ἔρως ταχινὸς φρένας ἢ τ'
'Αφροδίτα;

βασεῦμαι ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαργῆτοι παλαιόστραν
αὐριον, ὡς νιν ἴδω καὶ μέμφομαι οἴλα με ποιεῖ.
νῦν δέ νιν ἐκ θυέων καταδήσομαι.² ἀλλὰ Σελάνα
φαίνε καλύν τὸν γὰρ ποταείσομαι, ἀσυχε³
δαῖμον,
τῷ χθονίᾳ θ' Ἐκάτα, τὰν καὶ σκύλακες τρομέοντι
ἱρχομένῳν γεκύων ἀνὰ τήρια καὶ μέλαιν αἴμα.
καὶρ' Ἐκάτα δασπλῆτι, καὶ δὲ τέλος ἅμμων ὀπίδει
φάρμακα ταῦτ' ἔρδοιστα χερείονα μῆτε τι Κίρκας
μῆτε τι Μηδείας μῆτε ξανθᾶς Ηεριμῆδας.

ἶνγξ, ἔλκε τὸν τῆμον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἀλφιτά τοι πράτον πυρὶ τάκετας ἀλλ' ἐπίπασσε
Θεστυλί. δειλαία, πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότασαι;

¹ οἴχετ' Ε.: πας φέρε² καταδήσομαι Τουρ: πας καταδήσεμαι, from l. 3 ³ ἀσυχε³ Kiessling: πας. ἀσυχε, from l. 100?

II.—THE SPELL.

WHERE are my bay-leaves? Come, Thestylis; where are my love-charms? Come crown me the bowl with the crimson flower o' wool; I would fain have the fire-spell to my cruel dear that for twelve days hath not so much as come nigh me, the wretch, nor knows not whether I be alive or dead, nay nor even hath knocked upon my door, implacable man. I warrant ye Love and the Lady be gone away with hisfeat fancy. In the morning I'll to Timagetus' school and see him, and ask what he means to use me so; but, for to-night, I'll put the spell o' fire upon him.

So shine me fair, sweet Moon; for to thee, still Goddess, is my song, to thee and that Hecat infernal who makes e'en the whelps to shiver on her goings to and fro where these tombs be and the red blood lies. All hail to thee, dread and awful Hecat! I prithee so bear me company that this medicine of my making prove potent as any of Circe's or Medea's or Perimed's of the golden hair.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

First barley-meal to the burning. Come, Thestylis; throw it on. Alack, poor fool! whither are thy wits gone wandering? Lord! am I become a thing

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἥρα γέ τοι μυσαρὰ καὶ τὸν ἐπίχαρμα τέτιγμαι; 20
πάσσο' ὅμα καὶ λέγε· 'ταῦτα τὰ Δέλφιδος δοτια
πάσσω.'

Ινγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
Δέλφις ἐμὲ ἀνίστεν ἐγὼ δὲ ἐπὶ Δέλφιδε δάφναν
αἴθω· χώς αὗτα λακεῖ μέγα κάκπυρίσατα
ἔξαπίνας¹ ἀφθη κούδε σποδὸν εἰδομες αὐτᾶς,
οὗτῳ τοι καὶ Δέλφις ἐνὶ φλογὶ σάρκ' ἀμαθύνοι.

Ινγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ὡς τοῦτον τὸν κῶρον² ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τάκω,
ὡς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δέλφις.
χώς δινεῖθ' ὅδε ῥόμβος ὁ χάλκεος ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας, 30
ὡς τῆνος δινοῖτο ποθ' ἀμετέραιστο θύραισιν.

Ινγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
νῦν θυσῶ τὰ πίτυρα. τὸ δὲ "Ἄρτεμι καὶ τὸν ἐν
Λίδᾳ

κινήσαις ἀδάμαντα καὶ εἰ τί περ ἀσφαλὲς ἄλλο.
Θεστυλί, ταὶ κύνες ἀμμιν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὡρίσονται.
άνθεδος ἐν τριόδοισι τὸ χαλκέον ὡς τάχος ἄχει.

Ινγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἱγνίδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δὲ ἀῆται·
ά δὲ ἐμὰ σὺ σιγῇ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἄνια,
ἄλλας ἐπὶ τῆνφ πᾶσα καταΐθομαι, δὲ με τάλαιναν 40
ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρθενον εἶμεν.

Ινγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἐς τρὶς ἀποσπένδω καὶ τρὶς τάδε. πότνια, φωνῶ
εἴτε γυνὰ τῆνφ παρακέκλιται εἴτε καὶ ἀνῆρ,

¹ κάκπυρίσασσα ἔξαπίνας Et. Mag. and Hdn. (cf. Garin Stahl Ital. Philol. cl. 1907) : μηδε κακπυρίσασσα (οτ κατερ.) κάκπυρίνας

² κύρος E, cf. Verg. Eccl. 8, Hor. Epod. 17, Ov. Her. 6, 91 ; Soph. fr. 481a οὔρος δίστασσα πυρὶ ; 15, 120 : μηδε κύρος, from a gloss

a filthy drab like thee may crow over? On, on with the meal, and say " These be Delphis' bones I throw."

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

As Delphis hath brought me pain, so I burn the bay against Delphis. And as it crackles and then lo! is burnt suddenly to nought and we see not so much as the ash of it, e'en so be Delphis' body whelmed in another flame.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

As this puppet melts for me before Hecat, so melt with love, e'en so speedily, Delphis of Myndus. And as this wheel of brass turns by grace of Aphrodite, so turn he and turn again before my threshold.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Now to the flames with the bran. O Artemis, as thou movest the adamant that is at the door of Death, so mayst thou move all else that is unmovable. Hark, Thestylis, where the dogs howl in the town. Sure the Goddess is at these cross-roads. Quick, beat the pan.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Lo there! now wave is still and wind is still, though never still the pain that is in my breast; for I am all afire for him, afire alas! for him that hath made me no wife and left me to my shame no maid.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Thrice this libation I pour, thrice, Lady, this prayer I say: be woman at this hour or man his

Myndus: a town of Caria, opposite Cos. "Turn and turn again before my threshold": waiting to be let in; cf. 7. 122.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τόσσον ἔχοι λάθας, δοσσον ποκὰ Θησία φαντὶ
ἐν Δίᾳ λασθῆμεν ἐντλοκάμω Λριάδνας.

Ινγξ. Ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἰππομαρὲς φυτὸν ἔστι παρ' Ἀρκάσι, τῷ δὲ ἐπὶ¹
πᾶσαι

καὶ πῶλοι μαίνονται ἀν' ὥρεα καὶ θοαι ἵπποι
δικαὶ καὶ Δέλφιν ἴδοιμι, καὶ ἐς τόδε δῶμα περάσαι²
μανιομένῳ Ἰκελος λυταράς ἐκτοσθε παλαιστρας.

Ινγξ. Ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
τοῦτ' ἀπὸ τᾶς χλαινας τὸ κράσπεδον ὠλεσσε
Δέλφις,

ἀγὸν νῦν τύλλοιστα κατ' ἀγρίῳ ἐν πυρὶ βιάλλω.
μίαί Ἐρως ἀνιαρέ, τί μεν μέλαν ἐκ χροὸς αἷμα
ἔμφιν ὡς λεμνάτις ὅπαν ἐκ βούλλα πέπωκας;

Ινγξ. Ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
σαύραν τοι τρίψασα κακὸν ποτὸν αὔριον οίσω.
Θεστυλι, νῦν δὲ λαβοῖσα τὸ τὰ θρόνα ταῦθ'
ἰπόμαξον

τᾶς τήνω φλιάς καθ' ὑπέρτερον ἀς ἔτι καὶ νύξ,³⁴⁰
καὶ λέγ' ἐπιφθύζοισα· τὰ Δέλφιδος δοτία μάσσω.⁵⁴²

Ινγξ. Ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

νῦν δὴ μάντα δοῖσα πόθεν τὸν ἔρωτα δακρύσσω;
τηροῦθ' ἀρξεῦμαι,⁶ τίς μοι κακὸν ἄγαγε τοῦτο.

ηνθ' ἀ τΩδειοῦλοιο καναφύρος ἄμμιν Ἀναξώ
ἄλσος δε Ἀρτέμιδος, τῷ δὴ πύκα⁷ πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα
θηρία πομπεύεσκε περισταδόν, ἐν δὲ λέαιμα.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὁθεν ἵκετο. πότνα Σελάνα.

¹ νύξ Bucolicus: πόθε νῦν ² μάσσω Ahlwardt: πόθε πάσσω,
from L. 21 ³ τηροῦθ' ἀρξεῦμαι Wil: πόθε ἐς τήνω δὲ δρέπω οὐ ἐς
τίνας ἀρξάμαι (ποτὶ δρέπομαι) ⁴ τύκα Th. Pätzche: πόθε πάσσω
οὐ ἐς θυμῷ διέδεπαι, δὲ δὲ μεν λόγων εὐδίκα πνοῖ, ποτὶ in the best
usage

love-mate, O be that mate forgotten even as old
Theseus once forgat the fair-tressed damsel in Dia.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Horse-madness is a herb grows in Arcady, and
makes every filly, every flying mare run a-raving in
the hills. In like case Delphis may I see, aye,
coming to my door from the oil and the wrestling-
place like one that is raving mad.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

This fringe hath Delphis lost from his cloak, and
this now pluck I in pieces and fling away into the
ravelling flame. Woe's me, remorseless Love! why
hast clung to me thus, thou muddy leech, and
drained my flesh of the red blood every drop?

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

I'll bray thee an eft to-morrow, and an ill drink
thou shalt find it. But for to-night take thou
these ashes, Thestylis, while 'tis yet dark, and
smear them privily upon his lintel above, and spit
for what thou doest and say "Delphis' bones I
smear."

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Now I am alone. Where shall I begin the lament
of my love? Here be 't begun; I'll tell who 'twas
brought me to this pass.

One day came Anaxo daughter of Eubulus our
way, came a-basket-bearing in procession to the
temple of Artemis, with a ring of many beasts about
her, a lioness one.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving

"Dia": Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne. "Spit
for what thou doest": to avert ill-luck.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ μ' ἀ Θευμαρίδα Θρᾶσσα τροφός, ἡ μακαρίτικ. 70
 ἀγχίθυρος¹ ναιοῖσα, κατεύξατο καὶ λιτάνευσε
 τὰν πομπὰν θάσασθαι· ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἡ μεγάλοιστος
 ὕμάρτευν βύσσοιο καλὸν σύροισα χιτῶνα
 κάμφιστειλαμένα τὰν ξυστίδα τὰν Κλεαρίστας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνια Σελάνα.
 ἢδη δ' εὖσα μέσαν κατ' ἀμαξιτόν, φ τὰ Δίκαιων,
 εἰδον Δέλφιν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ Εὔδάμιππον ἴόντας,
 τοῖς δ' ἡς Ξανθοτέρα μὲν ἐλεχρύσοιο γενειάς,
 στήθεα δὲ στίλβοντα πολὺ πλέον ἡ τὸ Σελάνα,
 ὡς ἀπὸ γυμνασίου καλὸν πόνον ἀρτὶ λιπόντων. 80

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνια Σελάνα.
 χῶς ἴδον, ὡς ἐμάνην, ὡς μοι περὶ θυμὸς λάφθη
 δειλαίας· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο, κοῦδε τι πομπᾶς
 τῆνας ἑφρασάμαν· οὐδὲ ὡς πάλιν οἰκαδ' ἀπῆγιθον
 ἔγνων ἄλλα μέ τις καπυρὰ νόσος ἐξαλάπαξε²
 κείμαν δ' ἐν κλινῆρι δέκ' ἀμάτα καὶ δέκα
 νύκτας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνια Σελάνα
 καὶ μεν χρώς μὲν ὁμοῖος ἐγίνετο πολλάκι θάψφ,
 ἔρρευν δὲ κεφαλᾶς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ
 λοιπὰ
 δοτέ ἔτ' ἡς καὶ δέρμα, καὶ ἐς τίνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα, 90
 ἡ ποίας ἐλεπτον γραίας δόμουν, ἀτις ἐπάδεν;
 ἄλλ' ἡς οὐδὲν ἐλαφρόν· ὃ δὲ χρόνος ἀνυτο φεύγων.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνια Σελάνα.
 χούτῳ τῷ δούλᾳ τὸν ἀλαθέα μῆθον ἐλεξα·
 εἴ δὲ γέ Θεστυλί μοι χαλεπᾶς νόσω εύρε τι μῆχος.
 πᾶσαν ἔχει με τάλαιναν ὁ Μύνδιος· ἄλλα μολούσα

¹ ἀγχίθυρος E: mss ἀγχ.

² Schol. also ἐξαλάπαξ

Now Theumaridas' Thracian nurse that dwelt next door, gone ere this to her rest, had begged and prayed me to go out and see the pageant, and so—ill was my luck—I followed her, in a long gown of fine silk, with Clearista's cloak over it.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

I was halfway o' the road, beside Lycon's, when lo! I espied walking together Delphis and Eudamippus, the hair o' their chins as golden as cassidony, and the breasts of them, for they were on their way from their pretty labour at the school, shone full as fair as thou, great Moon.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

And O the pity of it! in a moment I looked and was lost, lost and smit i' the heart; the colour went from my cheek; of that brave pageant I bethought me no more. How I got me home I know not; but this I know, a parching fever laid me waste and I was ten days and ten nights abed.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

And I would go as wan and pale as any dyer's-boxwood; the hairs o' my head began to fall; I was nought but skin and bone. There's not a charmer in the town to whom I resorted not, nor witch's hovel whither I went not for a spell. But twas no easy thing to cure a malady like that, and time sped on space.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

At last I told my woman all the truth. "Go to, good Thestylis," cried I, "go find me some remedy for a sore distemper. The Myndian, slack! he possessest me altogether. Go thou, pray, and watch

"Clearista": perhaps her sister. "Cassidony": the Everlasting or Golden Tufts.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τίρησον ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαγῆτοι παλαιότραι
τηνὲ γὰρ φοιτή, τηνεῖ δέ οἱ ἀδὺ καθῆσθαι.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα·
κῆπει καὶ νιν ἔοντα μάθη: μόνου, ἄσυχα νεῦσον
κεῖφ' ὅτι Σιμαίθα τυ καλεῖ, καὶ ὑφαγέο τῷδε.¹⁰⁰
ὡς ἴφάμιν ἡ δὴ θυε καὶ ἄγαγε τὸν λεπαρόχρων
εἰς ἐμὸν δώματα Δελφιν· ἐγὼ δέ νιν ὡς ἐνόησα
ἀρτὶ θύρας ὑπὲρ οὐδὸν ἀμειβόμενον ποδὶ κούφῳ.—

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
πᾶσα μὲν ἐψύχθη χιόνον πλέον, ἐκ δὲ μετώπῳ
ἰδριώτερον μεν κοχύδεσκεν ἵσον νοτίαισιν ἔρσαις,
οὐδὲ τι φωνῆσαι δυνάμαν, οὐδὲ ὅσσον ἐν ὑπηρ
κυνζῶνται φωνεῦντα φίλαιν ποτὶ ματέρα τέκνα·
ἄλλο ἐπάγητι δαγῆδι καλὸν χρόα πάντοθεν ἵσα.¹¹⁰

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα,
καὶ μὲν ἐσιδῶν ὁστοργος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὅμματα πάξαι
ἔζετ ἐπὶ κλιντῆρι καὶ ἔζόμενος φάτο μῆθον
· ἥρα με Σιμαίθα τόσον ἔφθασας, ὅσσον ἐγώ θην
πράν ποκα τὸν χαρίεντα τρέχων ἔφθασσα Φιλίτον,
ἐξ τὸ τεὸν καλέσασα τόδε στέγον ἡ μὲν παρεῖμεν.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
ἥνθον γάρ κεν ἐγών, ναὶ τὸν γλυκὺν ἥνθον "Ἐρωτα
ἡ τρίτος ἡὲ τέταρτος ἐών φίλος αὐτίκα νυκτός,
μᾶλλα μὲν ἐν κόλποισι Διωνύσοιο φυλάσσων,¹²⁰
κρατὶ δὲ ἔχων λεύκαν, "Ηρακλέος ἱερὸν ἔρνος,
πάντοθε πορφυρέαισι περὶ ζώστραισιν ἐλικτάν.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

for him by Timagetus' wrestling-place : 'tis thither he resorts, 'tis there he loves well to sit.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"And when so be thou be'st sure he's alone, give him a gentle nod o' the head and say Simaetha would see him, and bring him hither." So bidden she went her ways and brought him that was so sleek and gay to my dwelling. And no sooner was I ware of the light fall o's foot across my threshold,—

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving—

than I went cold as ice my body over, and the sweat dripped like dewdrops from my brow ; aye, and for speaking I could not so much as the whimper of a child that calls on's mother in his sleep ; for my fair flesh was gone all stiff and stark like a puppet's.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

When he beheld me, heartless man ! he fixed his gaze on the ground, sat him upon the bed, and sitting thus spake : "Why, Simaetha, when thou bad'st me hither to this thy roof, marry, thou didst no further outrun my own coming than I once outran the pretty young Philinus.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"For I had come of myself, by sweet Love I had, of myself the very first hour of night, with comrades twain or more, some of Dionysus' own apples in my pocket, and about my brow the holy aspen sprig of Heracles with gay purple ribbons wound in and out.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"Heartless man": to behave so and then desert me. "Philinus": of Cos, here spoken of as a youth; he won at Olympia in 294 and 290.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ κ' εἰ μὲν μ' ἔδέχεσθε, τὰ δ' ἵκ φίλα· καὶ γὰρ
ἔλαφίρδες

καὶ καλὸς πάντεσσι μετ' ἡιθέοισι καλεῦμαι,
εἴαδε¹ τ' εἰ μῶνον τὸ καλὸν στόμα τεῦ ἔφιλησα·
εἰ δὲ ἄλλῳ μὲν ὀθέστε καὶ ἡ θύρα εἶχετο μοχλῷ,
πάντως καὶ πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἥνθουν ἐφ ὑμέας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἴκετο, πότνια Σελίνα,
ιῦν δὲ χάριν μὲν ἔφαν τῷ Κύπριοι πρᾶτον ὄφειλον, 120
καὶ μετὰ τὴν Κύπριν τὸ με δευτέρᾳ ἐκ πυρος εἶλεν
ὡς γύναι ἐσκαλέσασα τεῦν ποτὶ τοῦτο μέλαθρον
αὐτῶς ἡμίφλεκτον· "Ερως δὲ ἄρα καὶ Λιπαραίω
πολλάκις Ἀφαίστοιο σέλας φλογερώτερον αἴθει—

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἴκετο, πότνια Σελίνα—
σὺν δὲ κακαῖς μανίαις καὶ παρθένοις ἐκ θαλάσσιοιο
καὶ ιύμφαι ἐσόβηστ² ἔτι δέμητα θερμὰ λιποῖσαι
ἀνέρος· ὡς δὲ μὲν εἰπεν ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἡ ταχυπειθής
χειρὸς ἐφαγαμένα μαλακῶν ἔκλιν' ἐπὶ λέκτρῳ
καὶ ταχὺ χρώς ἐπὶ χρωτὶ πεπάνετο, καὶ τὰ
προσωπα

θερμότερ³ ἡς ἡ πρόσθε, καὶ ἐψιθυρίσθομες ἀδύ·
ὡς καί⁴ τοι μῆ μακρὰ φίλα θρυλέοιμι Σελίνα,
ἐπράχθη τὰ μέριστα, καὶ ἐς πόθουν ἥνθομες ἀμφω.

κούτε τι τῆνος ἐμὸν ἐπεμέμψατο μέσφα τὸ γ'
έχθες,
οὗτ' ἐγὼ αὖ τῆνη· ἀλλ' ἥνθε μοι ἡ τε Φιλίστας
μάτηρ τὰς ἀμάς αὐλητρίδος ἡ τε Μελιξοῦς
σάμερον, ἀνίκα πέρ τε ποτ' ὠραιον ἐτραχον ἵπποι
'Λῶ τὰν ἱσδόπαχυν ἀπ' Ὁκεανοῖο φέροισαι,

¹ εἰαδεί L. Schmidt: παν εἰαδεί ² εἰσόβηστ Jacobs from
schol., cf. 13, 48: παν ἐφέβηστ ³ εἰσόβηστ Wil from Vat, 915
and Laur. 32, 16: other παν κα

"And had ye received me so, it had been joy;
for I have a name as well for beauty of shape as
speed of foot with all the bachelry o' the town,
and I had been content so I had only kissed thy
pretty lips. But and if ye had sent me packing with
bolt and bar, then I warrant ye axes and torches had
come against you.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"But, seeing thou hadst sent for me, I vowed my
thanks to the Cyprian first—but after the Cyprian
'tis thou, in calling me to this roof, sweet maid, didst
snatch the brand from a burning that was all but
done; for i' faith, Cupid's flare oft will outblaze the
God o' Lipara himself,—

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving—

"And with the dire frenzy of him bride is
driven from groom ere his marriage-bed be cold,
much more a maid from the bower of her virginity."
So he ended, and I, that was so easy to win,
took him by the hand and made him to lie along
the bed. Soon cheek upon cheek grew ripe, our
faces waxed hotter, and lo! sweet whispers went
and came. My prating shall not keep thee too
long, good Moon: enough that all was done, enough
that both desires were sped.

And till 'twas but yesterday, he found never
a fault in me nor I in him. But lo! to-day, when
She o' the Rose-red Arms began her swift chariot-
ing from sea to sky, comes me the mother of
Melixo and of our once flute-girl Philista, and

"I have a name": the self-complimentary details of
Delphis' speech are due to the reporter. "God of
Lipara": the Liparasan Islands contain volcanoes. "Our
flute-girl": the girl who used to play to him and me; the

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κείπε μοι ἄλλα τε πολλὰ καὶ ὡς ἄρα Δέλφις ἔραται.
 κείτε νυν αὐτε γυμναῖσθε ἔχει πόθος εἶτε καὶ ἀνδρός, 180
 οὐκ ἔφατ' ἀτρεκὲς ἴδμεν, ἀτάρ τόσοις ἀιὲν Ἐρωτος
 ἀκράτῳ ἐπεχεῖτο καὶ ἐς τέλος φέχετο φεύγον.
 καὶ φάτο οἱ στεφάνοισι τὰ δώματα τῆνα πυκαξεῖν.¹
 ταῦτά μοι ἡ ξένη μυθήσατο, ἔστι δὲ ἀλαθής.
 ἡ γάρ μοι καὶ τρὶς καὶ τετράκις ἄλλοκ' ἔφοιτη,
 καὶ παρ' ἐμὸν ἐτίθει τὰν Δωρίδα πολλάκις δλπαν-
 ρῦν δὲ δυωδεκαταῖος² ἀφ' ὧτέ νη σύνδε ποτεῖδον.
 ἥρ' οὐκ ἄλλο τι τερπνὸν ἔχει, ἀμῶν δὲ λέλασται:
 νῦν μὰν τοῖς φίλτροις καταθύσομαι· οἰ δὲ ἔτι
 κά με³

λυπή, τὰν⁴ Αἴδαο πύλαν, ναὶ Μοίρας, ἄραξεῖν 190
 τοῖα οἱ ἐν κισταὶ κακὰ φάρμακα φαμὶ φυλάσσειν
 Ἀσσυρίω, δέσποινα, παρὰ ξείνοιο μαθοῖσα.
 ἄλλὰ τὸ μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὥκεανον τρέπε πώλων,
 πότιν· ἐγὼ δὲ οἰσθ τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον ωσπερ ὑπέσταν.⁵
 χαίρε Σελαναῖα λιπαρόχροε, χαίρετε τῷλλοι⁶
 ἀστέρες εὐκάλοιο κατ' ἀντυγα Νυκτὸς ὄπαδοι.

¹ πυκαξεῖν. Η : πύκι πυκάσδειν ² διωδ. Wil : μετὰ τε διωδ.

³ κά με. Αἰτεῖν : οἷσσε πήμε ⁴ Cf. Cl. Rev. 1911, p. 68

⁵ τῷλλοι. Ε : πύκι δὲ {οι κ' } ὄλλοι

among divers other talk would have me believe Delphis was in love. And she knew not for sure, so she said, whether this new love were of maid or of man, only "he was ever drinking" quoth she "to the name of Love, and went off in haste at the last saying his love-garlands were for such-and-such a house." So ran my gossip's story, and sure 'tis true; for ah! though time was, I faith, when he would come thrice and four times a day, and often left his Dorian flask with me to fetch again, now 'tis twelve days since I so much as set eyes upon him. I am forgot, for sure; his joy doth lie otherways.

To-night these my fire-philtres shall lay a spell upon him; but if so be they make not an end of my trouble, then, so help me Fate, he shall be found knocking at the gate of Death; for I tell thee, good Mistress, I have in my press medicines evil enough, that one out of Assyria told me of. So fare thee well, great Lady; to Ocean with thy team. And I, I will bear my love as best I may. Farewell sweet Lady o' the Shining Face, and all ye starry followers in the train of drowsy Night, farewell, farewell.

same is still employed by Delphis, and it is through her mother that Simaetha learns that he loves another, a second daughter of the same woman being one of Simaetha's serving-maids. "Assyria": the land of magic herbs.



III.—THE SERENADE

The poet appears to personate a young goatherd, who after five lines dedicatory to a friend whom he calls *Tityrus*, serenades his mistress *Amaryllis*. The poem is a monologue, but, like II, preserves the dialogue-form of the mime by means of a dumb character. The appeal to *Amaryllis* may be regarded as consisting of three parts each ending with the offer of a gift—apple, garland, goat—and a fourth part containing a love-song of four stanzas. The reciter would doubtless make a slight pause to mark the rejection of each gift and the failure of the song before the renewal of the cry of despair.

III.—ΚΠΜΟΣ

Κωμάσδω ποτὶ τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδα, ταὶ δέ μοι αἵγεις
βόσκουνται κατ' ὄρος, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος αὐτὰς ἔλαινει.
Τίτυρ' ἐμὶν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλημένε, βόσκε τὰς αἴγας,
καὶ ποτὶ τὰν κράναν ἄγε Τίτυρε, καὶ τὸν ἐνόρχαν,
τὸν Διβυκὸν κνάκωνα, φιλάσσον μή τυ κορυψη.

ῷ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμαρυλλί, τί μ' οὐκέτι τοῦτο κατ'
αυτρού
παρκύπτοισα καλεῖς; τὸν ἑρωτύλον ἡρά με μασεῖς;
ἡρά γέ τοι σιμὸς καταφαίνομαι ἐγρύθει ἡμεν.
νύμφα, καὶ προτένειος; ἀπάγξασθαι με ποησεῖς.
ηνίδε τοι δέκα μᾶλα φέρω. τηνῶθε καθεῖλον,
ῷ μ' ἐκέλευ καθελεῖν τύ καὶ αὔριον ἄλλα τοι οἰσῶ.

Θᾶσαι μάνι θυμαλγὲς ἐμίνι ἄχος. αἴθε γενοίμαν
ά βομβεῦσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τεον ἀντρον ικοίμαν
τὸν κισσὸν διαδὺς καὶ τὰν πτέριν, ὃ τὸ πυκάσδεις.
νῦν ἔρων τὸν Ἐρωτα· βαρὺς θεός ἡρα λεαίνας
μαζὸν ἐθῆλαξε¹, δρυμῷ τέ γιν ἔτραφε μάτηρ·
ῷς² με κατασμύχων καὶ ἐς ὅστιον ἄχρις ἴαπτε.
ῷ τὸ καλὸν ποθορῶσα, τὸ πάν λίθος· ὡς κυάνοφρη
νύμφα, πρόσπτυξαί με τὸν αἰπόλον, ὡς τυ φιλήσω.
ἐστι καὶ ἐν κενεοῖσι φιλήμασιν ἀδέα τέρψις.
τὸν στέφανον τίλαι με κατ' αὐτίκα λεπτὰ ποησεῖς,
τὸν τοι ἐγὼν Ἀμαρυλλί φίλα κίσσοιο φιλάσσω
ἀμπλέξας καλύκεσσι καὶ εὐόδμοισι σελίνοις.

¹ ἐθῆλαξε Stobaeus : πλεον -εῖσε ² ἦτ Ε εἰ. 35. 53 : πλε 81

III.—THE SERENADE.

I go a-courtin' of Amaryllis, and my goats they go browsing on along the hill with Tityrus to drive them on. My well-beloved Tityrus, pray feed me my goats; pray lead them to watering, good Tityrus, and beware or the buckgoat, the yellow Libyan yonder, will be butting you.

Beautiful Amaryllis, why peep you no more from your cave and call me in? Hate you your sweet-heart? Can it be a near view hath shown him snub-nosed, Nymph, and over-bearded? I dare swear you'll be the death of me. See, here have I brought you half a score of apples plucked yonder where you bade me pluck them, and to-morrow I'll bring you as many again. . .

Look, ah! look upon me; my heart is torn with pain. I wish I were yon humming bee to thread my way through the ivy and the fern you do prink your cave withal and enter in! O now know I well what Love is. 'Tis a cruel god. I warrant you a she-lion's dugs it was he sacked and in a forest was reared, so doth he slow-burn me, aye, pierce me to the very bone. O Nymph of the pretty glance, but all stone; O Nymph of the dark dark eyebrow, come clasp thy goatherd that is so fain to be kissing thee. E'en in an empty kiss there's a sweet delight. You'll make me tear in pieces the ivy-wreath I have for you, dear Amaryllis; of rosebuds twined it is, and of fragrant parsley leaves. . .

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ῶμοι ἔγάν, τί πάθω, τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπε-
καύεις.

τὰν βαῖται ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τηνῶ ἀλεῦμαι,
ῶπερ τὸς θύννως σκοπιάζεται "Ολπεὶς ὁ γριπεῖς"
καίκα μὴ ποθάρω, τό γε μάν τεὸν ἄδυ τέτυκται.
ἔγνων πρᾶν, ὃκ' ἐμεῦ μεμναμένῳ, εἰ φιλέεις με,
οὐδὲ τὸ τηλέφιλον ποτεμάξατο τὸ πλατάρημα,
ἄλλ' αὗτως ὑπαλῷ ποτὶ πάχεος¹ ἐξεμαράνθη
εἶπε καὶ Ἀγροιώ τάλαθέα κοσκινόμαντις,
ἄ πρᾶν ποιολογεύστα παραιβάτις, ὅνεκ' ἔγὼ μὲν
τὸν ὄλος ἔγκειμαι, τὸ δέ μεν λόγον οὐδένα ποιή.
ἡ μάν τοι λευκὰν διδυματόκον αἴγα φυλάσσω,
τάν με καὶ ἡ Μέρμινων ἐριθακίς ἡ μελανόχρως
αἴτει, καὶ δωσῶ οἱ, ἐπεὶ τὸ μοι ἐνδιαθρύπτῃ.

ἀλλεται δῆθαλμός μεν ὁ δεξιῶς ἥρα γ' ἱέησθ
αὐτάν; ἀσεῦμαι ποτὶ τὰν πίτυν ὁδὸν ἀποκλινθεῖς
καὶ κέ μ' ἵσως ποτίδοι, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἀδαμαντίνα ἔστιν

"Ιππομένης ὅκα δὴ τὰν παρθένον ἥθελε γῆμαι,
μᾶλλ' ἐν χερσὶν ἐλῶν δρόμου ἀνυειν ἀ δ' Ἀταλίντα
ώς ἴδεν, ὡς ἐμάνη, ὡς ἐς βαθὺν ἄλατ' ἐρωτα.

¹ ἀτάλῳ ποτὶ πάχεος, cf. 12. 24

Alas and well-a-day! what's to become of me?
 Ay me! you will not answer. I'll doff my plaid and
 go to Olpis' watching-place for tunnies and leap
 from it into the waves; and if I die not, 'twill be
 through no fault of yours. I found it out t'other
 day; my thoughts were of you and whether or no
 you loved me, and when I played slap to see, the
 love-in-absence that should have stuck on, shrivelled
 up forthwith against the soft of my arm. Agroeo
 too, the sieve-witch that was out the other day
 a-simpling beside the harvesters, she spoke me true
 when she said you made me of none account, though
 I was all wrapt up in you. Marry, a white twinner-
 goat have I to give you, which that nut-brown
 little handmaiden of Mermnon's is fain to get of me
 —and get her she shall, seeing you choose to play
 me the dainty therein. . .

Lo there! a twitch o' my right eye. Shall I be
 seeing her? I'll go lean me against von pine-tree
 and sing awhile. It may be she'll look upon me
 then, being she's no woman of adamant.

(sings) When Schoenus' bride-race was begun,
 Apples fell from one that run;
 She looks, she's lost, and lost doth leap
 Into love so dark and deep.

"Through no fault of yours": the Greek is "at any rate
 as far as you are concerned it has (i.e. will have) been done
 as you wished." "Love-in-absence: a flower. The Greek
 is "stuck not on at the slapping-game." "A twitch o'
 my right eye": a good omen. "Schoenus' bride-race":
 Hippomenes won Atalanta the fleet-footed daughter of
 Schoenus by throwing an apple in the race for her hand: the

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὰν ἀγέλαιον χῶ μάντις ἀπ' "Οθρυνος ἄγε Μελάμπον,
 ἐς Πόλον" ἢ δὲ Βίαντος ἐν ἀγκοῖναισιν ἐκλίνθη
 μάτηρ ὁ χαρίεσσα περίφρονος "Ἀλφεσιβοίας.
 τὰν δὲ καλὰν Κυθέρειαν ἐν ἀρεσι μῆλα νομεύων
 οὐχ οὔτως" Ωδωνὶς ἐπὶ πλέον ἀγαγε λύσσας,
 ὥστ' οὐδὲ φθίμερόν νιν ἄτερ μαζοῦ τίθητι;
 ζαλωτὸς μὲν ἐμὶν ὁ τὸν ἀτροπόν ὑπνους ιαύων
 'Ἐνδυμάων, ζαλῶ δὲ φίλα γύναι 'Ιασίωνα, 50
 δε τοσσῆν' ἐκύρησεν, ὅσ' οὐ πενσεῖσθε βέβαλοι.

ἀλγέω τὰν κεφαλάν, τὸν δὲ οὐ μέλει. οὐκέτι
 οἰεῖσθι,
 κεισεῦμαι δέ πεσών, καὶ τοὺς λύκους ὡδέ μ' ἔδονται.
 ὃς μέλι τοι γλυκὺ τοῦτο κατὰ βρύχθοιο γένοιτο.

THEOCRITUS III. 43-54

When the seer in's brother's name
With those kine to Pylus came,
Bias to the joy-bed lies
Whence sprang Alphesibee the wise.

When Adonis o'er the sheep
In the hills his watch did keep,
The Love-Dame proved so wild a woer,
E'en in death she clips him to her.

O would I were Endymion
That sleeps the unchanging slumber on,
Or, Lady, knew thy Jasion's glee
Which profane eyes may never see! . . .

My head aches sore, but 'tis nought to you. I'll
make an end, and throw me down, aye, and stir not
if the wolves devour me—the which I pray be as
sweet honey in the throat to you.

seer Melampus by bringing to the king of Pylus the oxen of Iphiclus won the king's daughter Pero for his brother Bias: although he was slain long ago, Aphrodite Cytherea loves her Adonis so dearly that she still clasps him—at the Adonis festival—to her breast: Endymion was loved by the Moon, and Jasion—as in the Eleusinian mysteries—by Demeter.

IV.—THE HERDSMEN

A CONVERSATION between a goatherd named *Battus* and his fellow goatherd *Corydon*, who is acting oxherd in place of a certain *Aegon* who has been persuaded by one *Milon* son of *Lampridas* to go and compete in a boxing-match at *Olympia*. *Corydon's* temporary rise in rank gives occasion for some friendly banter—which the sordidous fellow does not always understand—varied with bitter references to *Milon's* having supplanted *Battus* in the favours of *Amaryllis*. The reference to *Glauce* fixes the imaginary date as contemporary with *Theocritus*. This is not the great *Milon*, but a fictitious strong man of the same town called, suitably enough, by his name.¹ The poem, like all the other genuine shepherd-nymphs, contains a song. *Zacynthus* is still called the flower of the Levant. The scene is near *Crotone* in Southern Italy.

¹ The identification of *Milon* with the great athlete is incorrect. The great *Milon* flourished a.c. 510; the scholiast knows of no such feats in connexion with him; and the feats ascribed to him by authors ap. *Athen.* 10. 412 &c., are by no means identical with these.

IV.—ΝΟΜΕΙΣ

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

Εἰπέ μοι ἡ Κορύδων, τίνος αἱ βόες; ὦρα Φιλάνθα:

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' Λιγανος· βόσκειν δὲ μοι αὐτὰς ἔδωκεν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

ἢ πώ ψε κρύβδαν τὰ ποθέσπερα πᾶσας ἀμέλγεις;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

ἀλλ' ὁ γέρων ὑφίητι τὰ μοσχία κῆμὲ φυλάσσαι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

αὐτὸς δ' ἐν τίν' ἄφαντος ὁ Βουκόλος ὥχετο χώραν;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

οὐκ ἀκουσας; ἀγων νιν ἐπ' Ἀλφεὸν ὥχετο Μίλων.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

καὶ πόκα τῆνος ἔλαιον ἐπ' ὁφθαλμοῖσιν ὅπωτει:

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

φαντί νιν Ἡρακλῆι βίην καὶ κάρτος ἐρίσθειν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

κῆμ' ἔφαθ' ἡ μάτηρ Πολυδεύκεος ἦμεν ἀμείνω.

IV.—THE HERDSMEN

BATTUS (*in a bantering tone*)

What, Corydon man; whose may your cows be?
Philondas's?

CORYDON

Nay, Aegon's; he hath given me the feeding of
them in his stead.

BATTUS

And I suppose, come evening, you give them all
a milking hugger-mugger?

CORYDON

Not so; the old master sees me to that; he puts
the calves to suck, himself.

BATTUS

But whither so far was their own proper herds-
man gone?

CORYDON

Did you never hear? Milon carried him off with
him to the Alpheus.

BATTUS

Lord! When had the likes of him ever so much
as set eyes upon a flask of oil?

CORYDON (*sententiously*)

Men say he rivals Heracles in might.

BATTUS (*scoffing*)

And mammy says I'm another Polydeuces.

"Hugger-mugger": on the sly. "Oil": used by athletes
upon their bodies.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΠΝ

κινδυτέντες τούς σκαπάνους τε καὶ εἰκατιτουτόθε μῆλα. 10

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

πείσαι καὶ¹ Μήλων καὶ τῶς λύκος αὐτίκα λυσσῆν.

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΠΝ

ταὶ δαμάλαι ὅτι αὐτὸν μυκόρεναι αἴδε ποθεῦντι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

δειλαῖας γέ αὐται, τὸν βουκόλον ἡς κακὸν εὑρην.

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΠΝ

ἢ μὰν δειλαῖας γέ, καὶ οὐκέτι λῶντι νέμεσθαι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

τῆμας μὲν δῆ τοι τὰς πύρτιος αὐτὴν λέλειπται
τῶστια. μὴ πρώκας σιτίζεται: ὥσπερ ὁ τέττιξ;

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΠΝ

οὐ Δᾶν, ἀλλ' ὄκα μέν νιν ἐπ² Αἰσάροιο νομεύω
καὶ μαλακῶ χόρτοιο καλὰν κώμυθα δίδωμι,
ἄλλοκα δὲ σκαίρει τὸ βαθύσκιον ὄμφι λιάτυμον.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

λεπτὸς μὰν χῷ ταῦρος ὁ πυρρίχος. αἴθε
λάχοιεν

20

¹ οὐ Αἴγανε: οὐδὲ πε, τοι, τι

THEOCRITUS IV, 16-20

CORYDON

Well, he took a score of sheep and a spade with him, when he went.

BATTUS (*with a momentary bitterness*)

Ah, that Milon! he'd persuade a wolf to run mad for the asking.

CORYDON

And his heifers miss him sore; bark to their lowing.

BATTUS (*resuming his banter*)

Aye; 'twas an ill day for the king; how sorry a herdsman it brought them!

CORYDON (*misunderstanding*)

Marry, an ill day it was, and they are off their feed now.

BATTUS

Look you now, yonder beast, she's nought but skin and bone. Pray, doth she feed on dewdrops like the cricket?

CORYDON

Zeus! no. Why, sometimes I graze her along the Aesarus and give her a brave bottle of the tenderest green grass, and oftentimes her play-ground's in the deep shade of Latymnus.

BATTUS

Aye, and the red-poll bull, he's lean as can be. (*bitterly again*) I only would to God, when there's a

"A score of sheep": athletes when training fed largely upon meat, and kept themselves in condition by shovelling sand. "Persuade a wolf": i.e. "he beguiled Aegeon to compete at Olympia though he is but a poor hand at boxing (cf. I. 7) just as he beguiled Amaryllis away from me though she never really loved him."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τοὶ τῷ Λαμπριάδᾳ, τοὶ δαιμόται ὅκκα θύμωτι
τῷ Ἡρῷ, τοίονδε κακοχράσμων γὰρ ὁ δᾶμος.

ΚΟΡΤΔΑΝ

καὶ μὰρ ἐς σπομαλίμυνον ἐλαύνεται ἐς τὰ
Φύσκων¹,

καὶ ποτὶ τὸν Νήαιθον, ὅπῃ καλὴ πάντα φύουντι.
αἰγίπιτυρος καὶ κυνύζα καὶ εὐώδης μελίτεια.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ βασεῦνται καὶ ταὶ βόες ὁ τάλαν Αἴγαν
εἰς Ἀΐδαν, δικα καὶ τὺ κακᾶς ἡράσσαο νίκας,
χά συριγξ εὑρῶτι παλίνεται, ἀν ποκ' ἐπάξα.

ΚΟΡΤΔΑΝ

οὐ τῆνα γ', οὐ Νύμφας, ἐπεὶ ποτὶ Πίσαν ἀφέρπων
δῶρον ἔμιν νιν ἐλειπεν ἐγὼ δέ τις εἰμὶ μελικτός, 30
κεῖ μὲν τὰ Γλαύκας ἴγκρούομαι, εὖ δὲ τὰ Πύρρων

Αἰνέω τάν τε Κρότωνα καλὰν πόλιν ἀτε Ζά-
κυνθων²

καὶ τὸ ποταφον τὸ Λακίνιον, ὥπερ ὁ πύκτας
Μίλων³ ὄγδώκοντα μόνος κατεδαίσατο μάζας.
τηρεῖ καὶ τὸν ταῦρον ἀπ' ὥρεος ἀγε πιάξας
τὰς ὀπλᾶς κῆδωκ' Ἀμαρυλλίδι, ταὶ δὲ γυναικες
μακρὸν ἀνάισαν, χὼ βουκόλοις ἔξεγέλασσεν.

¹ Φίσκων see Palat. 330, cf. *Philologus*, 1908, p. 466; other
names Φίσκων ² καλὰς πόλιν ἔτε Ζάκυνθος E, cf. a Laconian
inscription I. A. 79 ταυτά ἀτε = εἰτως ἀτι, and a modern folk-
saying, η Ζάκυνθος, η Ζάκυνθος, τὸ δέρνει τὴς Ἀμαρυλλῖς: πας
καλὰ πάλιν ἔτε (οτε ἀ τε) Ζάκυνθος ³ Μίλων Νάλης, cf. L. 7:
πας and schol. Αἴγαν

sacrifice to Hera in their ward, the sons of Lampridas might get such another as he : they are a foul mixen sort; they o' that ward.

CORYDON

All the same that bull's driven to the sea-lake and the Physelian border, and to that garden of good things, goat-flower, mullet, sweet odorous balsam, to wit Neaethus.

SATYRUS (*sympathising as with another of Milon's victims*)

Heigbo, poor Aegon ! thy very kine must needs meet their death because thou art gone a-whoring after vainglory, and the herdsman's pipe thou once didst make thyself is all one mildew.

CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs, not it. He bequeathed it to me when he set out for Pisa. I too am something of a musician. Mark you, I'm a dabster at Glauce's snatches and those ditties Pyrrhus makes: (sings)

O Croton is a bonny town as Zephynth by the sea,
And a bonny sight on her eastward height is the
fane of Læciny,
Where boxer Milon one fine morn made fourscore
loaves his meal,

And down the hill another day,
While lasses holla'd by the way,
To Amaryllis, laughing guy
Led the bull by the heel.

^{*} "Might get such another": the greater part of a sacrificed animal was eaten by the sacrificers. "Mullet": sometimes called "fleabane."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

ὦ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμαρυλλί, μόνας σέθεν οὐδὲ θανοίσας
λασεύμεσθ'. δσον αἶγες ἐμὸν φίλαι, δσσον ἀπέσβης.
αἰαὶ τῷ σκληρῷ μάλα δαίμονος, δς με λελόγχει. 40

ΚΟΡΥΔΔΩΝ

θαρσεῖν χρη φίλε Βάττε τάχ' αὔριον ἔσσετ'
ἀμεινον.
ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.
χὼ Ζεὺς ἄλλοκα μὲν πέλει αἴθριος, ἄλλοκα δὲ νει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

θαρσέω. Βάλλε κάτωθε, τὰ μοσχία¹ τᾶς γὰρ
ἔλαιας
τὸν θαλλὸν τρώγουντι τὰ δύσσοα.

ΚΟΡΥΔΔΩΝ

σίτθ' ὁ Λέπαργος,
σιτθ' ἡ Κυμαίθα ποτὶ τὸν λόφον. οὐκ ἔσακούεις;
ἴξωνται τὸν Πάνα κακὸν τέλος αὐτίκα δωσῶν,
εἰ μὴ ἀπει τουτῶθεν. ίδε αὖ πάλιν ἀδε ποθέργει.
εἰθ' ἡς μοι ροικόν τι² λαγωβόλον, ὡς τυ πάταξα. 50

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

θῦσαι μ' ὡς Κορύδων ποττῷ Διός· ἀγὰρ ἀκανθά
ἄρμοι μ' ὡδὲ ἐπάταξ³ ὑπὸ τὸ σφυρόν. ὡς δὲ
βαθεῖαι
τάτρακτυλλίδες ἔντι. κακῶς ἀ πόρτις δλοιστο-
εῖς ταύταν ἐτύπην χασμεύμενος. ἥρα γε λεύσσεις;

ΚΟΡΥΔΔΩΝ

vai vai, τοῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἔχω τέ νιν ἀδε και αὐτά.

¹ βάλλε κάτωθε, τὸ μ. Ε. εἰ. βάλλε' ἐς φύραντες: οἱ οὗτοι βάλλε
κάτωθε τὸ μ. ² διεισέ τι Νερτσάνη: παν β. τὸ αγ τὸ

THEOCRITUS IV, 38-55

BATTUS (*not proof against the tactless reference ; apostrophising*)

O beautiful Amaryllis, though you be dead, I am true, and I'll never forget you. My pretty goats are dear to me, but dear no less a maiden that is no more. O well-a-day that my luck turned so ill!

CORYDON

Soft you, good Battus ; be comforted. Good luck comes with another morn ; while there's life there's hope ; rain one day, shine the next.

BATTUS

Let be ! 'tis well. (*changing the subject*) Up with you, ye calves ; up the hill ! They are at the green of those olives, the varlets.

CORYDON

Hey up, Snowdrop ! hey up, Goodbody ! to the hill wi' ye ! Art thou deaf ? 'Fore Pan I'll presently come thee an evil end if thou stay there. Look ye there ; back she comes again. Would there were but a hurl-bat in my hand ! I had had at thee.

BATTUS

Zeus save thee, Corydon ; see here ! It had at me as thou saidst the word, this thorn, here under my ankle. And how deep the spindle-thorns go ! A plague o' thy heifer ! It all came o' my gaping after her. (*Corydon comes to help him*) Dost see him, lad ?

CORYDON

Aye, aye, and have got him 'twist my nails ; and lo ! here he is.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

ὅσσιχον ἔστι τὸ τύμπα καὶ ἄλικον ἀνδρα λαμάξει.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

εἰς ὅρος ὄκχ' ἔρπης, μὴ νῆλιπος ἔρχεο Βίττε
ἐν γὰρ ὅρει ράμνοι τε καὶ ἀσπάλαθοι κομίονται.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

εἴπ' ἄγε μ' ὁ Κορύδων, τὸ γερόντιον ἥρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
τήναν τὰν κυάνοφρυν ἔρωτίδα, τὰς ποκ' ἐκνίσθη;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

ἀκεμάν γ' ὁ δειλαῖς πρόσαν γέ μεν αὐτὸς ἐπενθὼν
καὶ ποτὶ τῷ μίνδρῳ κατελάμβανον ἄμος ἐνήργει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

εὖ γ' ἀνθρωπε φίλοιφα τό τοι γένος ἡ Σατυρισκοῖς
ἔγγιθεν ἡ Πάνεσσι κακοκνάμοισιν ἴρισδεις.

THEOCRITUS IV, 56-63

BATTUS (*in mock-heroic strain*)

O what a little tiny wound to overmaster so mighty a man!

CORYDON (*pointing the moral*)

Thou should'st put on thy shoes when thou goest into the hills, Battus; 'tis rare ground for thorns and gorse, the hills.

BATTUS

Pray tell me, Corydon, comes gaffer yet the gallant with that dark-browed piece o' love he was smitten of?

CORYDON

Aye, that does he, ill's his luck. I happened of them but two days agone, and near by the byre, too, and faith, gallant was the word.

BATTUS (*apostrophising*)

Well done, goodman Light-o'-love. 'Tis plain thou comest not far below the old Satyrs and ill-shanked Pans o' the country-side for lineage.

"Old Satyrs": effigies of Pan and the Satyrs were a feature of the country-side.

V.—THE GOATHERD AND THE SHEPHERD

The scene of this shepherd-mime is laid in the wooded pastures near the mouth of the river Crathis in the district of Sybaris and Thurii in Southern Italy. The foreground is the shore of a lagoon near which stand effigies of the Nymphs who preside over it, and there is close by a rustic statue of Pan of the seaside. The characters are a goatherd named Comatas and a young shepherd named Lacon who are watching their flocks. Having seated themselves some little distance apart, they proceed to converse in no very friendly spirit, and the talk gradually leads to a contest of song with a woodcutter named Morson for the judge and a lamb and a goat for the stakes. The contest is a spirited, not to say a bitter, one, and consists of a series of alternate couplets, the elder man first singing his couplet and the younger then trying to better him at the same theme. The themes Comatas chooses are various, but the dominant note, as often in Theocritus, is love. In some of the lines there is more meaning than appears on the surface. After fourteen pairs of couplets, Morson breaks in before Lacon has replied and awards his lamb to Comatas.

V.—ΑΙΓΑΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΙΜΕΝΙΚΟΝ

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

Λίγες ἔμαι, τῆνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν Συβαρίταν
φείγετε τὸν Λάκωνα· τό μεν νάκος ἔχθες ἐκλεψεν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπὸ τᾶς κρίνας σίττ' ἀμύδες; οὐκ ἴσοριτε
τὸν μεν τὰν σύριγγα πρόαν κλέψαντα Κομάτα;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

τὰν ποίαν σύριγγα· τὸ γάρ ποκα δῶλε Σιβύρτα
ἐκτάστα σύριγγα; τί δ' οὐκέτι σὺν Κορύδωνι
ἀρκεῖ τοι καλόμας αὐλὸν ποππύσδεν ἔχοντι;

ΛΑΚΩΝ

τάν μοι ἔδωκε Λύκων ὠλεύθερε. τὸν δὲ τὸ ποῖον
Λάκων ἀγκλέψας πόκ' ἔβαν νάκος; εἰπὲ Κομάτα.
οὐδὲ γάρ Εύμαρα τῷ δεσπότᾳ ἦς τι ἐνεύδειν. 10

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

τὸ Κροκύλος μοι ἔδωκε, τὸ ποικίλον, ἀμίκ' ἔθυσε
ταῖς Νύμφαις τὰν αἴγα· τὸ δὲ ὡ κακὲ καὶ τόκ'
ἐτάκεν

βασκαίνων, καὶ τὸν με τὰ λοισθια γυμνὸν ἔθηκας.

V.—THE GOATHERD AND THE SHEPHERD

COMATAS

Beware, good my goats, of yonder shepherd from Sybaris, beware of Lacon; he stole my skin-coat yesterday.

LACON

Hey up! my pretty lambkins; away from the spring. See you not Comatas that stole my pipe two days agone?

COMATAS

Pipe? Sibyrbas' bondman possessed of a pipe? he that was content to sit with Corydon and toot upon a parcel o' straws?

LACON

Yes, master freeman, the pipe Lyeon gave me. And as for your skin-coat, what skin-coat and when has ever Lacon carried off o' yours? Tell me that, Comatas; why, your lord Eumaras, let alone his bondman, never had one even to sleep in.

COMATAS

'Tis that Crocylus gave me, the dapple skin, after that he sacrificed that she-goat to the Nymphs. And as your foul envious eyes watered for it then, so your foul envious hands have bid me go henceforth naked now.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

οὐ μαύτὸν τὸν Πᾶνα τὸν ἄκτιον, οὐ τέ γε Λάκων
τὰν βαῖταν ἀπέδυστό οὐ Κυλαιίθιδος,¹ ἡ κατὰ τίμας
τᾶς πέτρας ὥνθρωπε μανεῖς εἰς Κράθιν ἀλοίμαν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐ μάν οὐ ταῦτας τὰς λεμνάδας ὥγαθέ Νύμφας.
αἴτε μοι Ήλαιοί τε καὶ εὔμενίες τελέθουεν,
οὐ τεν τὰν σύριγγα λαθὼν ἔκλεψα Κομάτας.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

αἱ τοι πιστευταίμι, τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγεῖ ὄροιμαν. 20
ἄλλ' ὁν αίκα λῆγς ἐριφον θέμεν, ἔστι μὲν οὐδὲν
ἱερόν, ἄλλ' ἄγε τοι διαείσομαι, ἔστε κ' ἀπείπγε.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ὅς ποτ' Ἀθαναλαν ἐριν ἥρισεν. ἥνιδε κεῖται
ἀριφος ἄλλ' ἄγε καὶ τὸν τὸν εὐβότον ἀμυὸν ἐρισδε.²

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ὁ κιναδεῦ τάδ' ἐρίσσεται³ ἐξ ίσω ἄμμιν;
τίς τρίχας ἀντ' ἐρίων ἐποκίξατο; τίς δὲ παρεύστας
αἰγὸς πρατοτόκῳ κακὰν κύνα δήλετ⁴ ἀμέληγεν;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ὅστις νικασεῖν τὸν πλατίον ὡς τὸ πεποιθεί,⁴
σφάξ⁵ βορβέων τέττυγος ἐναντίον. ἄλλὰ γάρ
οὐ τι
ὅριφος ίσοπαλής τοι,⁶ τοδ' ο τράγος οὗτος ἐρισδε. 20

¹ Κυλαιίθιδος Bechtel from Herod. 6. 50: πας Καλ. ² ἐρισδε,
with accus. of Μακε: πας also Ερεδε ³ τάδ' ἐρίσσεται ⁴ πεποιθε,
(passive) Ε: πας τάδ' (τάγ', τάδε γ') δεσσεται ⁵ πεποιθε,
Heimius: πας ουτοιθεται ⁶ τοι Ahrens: πας τα

LACON

Nay, nay, by Pan o' the Shore; Lacon son of Cylacthis never filched coat of thine, fellow, may I run raving mad else and leap into the Crathis from yonder rock.

COMATAS

No, no, by these Nymphs o' the lake, man; so surely as I wish 'em kind and propitious, Comatas never laid sneaking hand on pipe o' thine.

LACON

Heaven send me the affliction of Daphnis if e'er I believe that tale. But enough of this; if thou'l wage me a kid—'tis not worth the candle, but nevertheless come on; I'll have a contention o' song with thee till thou cry hold.

COMATAS

'Tis the old story—teach thy grandam. There; my wage is laid. And thou, for thine, lay me thy fine fat lamb against it.

LACON

Thou fox! prithee how shall such laying fadge? As well might one shear himself hair when a' might have wool, as well choose to milk a foul bitch before a young milch-goat.

COMATAS

He that's as sure as thou that he'll vanquish his neighbour is like the wasp buzzing against the cricket's song. But 'tis all one; my kid it seems is no fair stake. So look, I lay thee this full-grown he-goat; and now begin.

"Teach thy grandam": the Greek is "the sow contended against Athena." "Fadge": be suitable.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

μὴ σπεῦδ· οὐ γάρ τοι πιρὶ θάλπεαι. ἀδιον ἀσῆ
τεῖδ' ὑπὸ τὰν κετινον καὶ τάλσεα ταῦτα καθίξας.
ψυχρὸν ὅδωρ τηνεῖ καταλείβεται ὁδε πεφύκει
ποια χά στιβᾶς ἄδε, καὶ ἀκρίδες ὁδε λαλεῦντι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἄλλ' οὐ τι σπεῦδω μέγα δ' ἄχθομαι, εἰ τό με τολμῆς
ὄμμασι τοῖσδ'¹ ὄρθοισι ποτιθλέπεν, δην ποκ' ἔοντα
παιδ' ἐτ' ἐγὼν ἐδίδασκον. ίδ' ᾧ χάρις εἰς τι
ποθέρπει.

Θρέψαι τοι λυκιδεῖς, θρέψαι κυνάς, ὡς τυ φάγωντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ πόκ' ἐγὼν παρὰ τεῦς τι μαθὼν καλὸν ἦ καὶ
ἀκούσας
μέμναμ'; ὁ φθονερὸν τὺ καὶ ἀπρεπὲς ἀνδρίον
αὔτως.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

άνικ' ἐπύγιζόν τυ, τὸ δ' ἀλγεεκ· αἱ δὲ χίμαιραι
αἴδε κατεβληχῶντο, καὶ ὁ τράγος αὐτας ἐτρύπη.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

μὴ βάθιον τήνω πινγίσματος ὑβε ταφείης.
ἄλλὰ γὰρ ἕρφ', ὁδὸν ἕρπε, καὶ ဉστατα βουκο-
λιαξῆ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐχ ἔρψω τηνεῖ τουτεῖ δρύες, ὁδε κύπειρος,
ὁδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι·
ἐνθ' ὅδατος ψυχρῷ κράναι δύο· ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρει
ὅρνιχει λαλαγεῦντι· καὶ ἡ σκιὰ οὐδὲν ὄμοια
τὰ παρὰ τίν βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἣ πίτυς ἴνψόθε κώνοις.

¹ ὅμμασι τοῖσδ' Ηερμπανος: πλευ ἡ. τοῖς

LACON

Soft, soft ; no fire's burning thee. You'll sing better sitting under the wild olive and this coppice. There's cool water falling yonder, and here's grass and a greenbed, and the locusts at their prattling.

COMATAS

I'm in no haste, not I, but in sorrow rather that you dare look me in the face, I that had the teaching of you when you were but a child. Lord ! look where kindness goes. Nurse a wolf-cub,—nay rather, nurse a puppy-dog—to be eaten for't.

LACON

And when, pray, do I mind me to have learnt or heard aught of good from thee ? Fie upon thee for a mere envious and churlish piece of a man !

COMATAS

Cum ego te paedicabam, tuque dolchas et capillae balabant et caper eas terebrabant.

LACON

Utinam ne ista paedicatione, gibber, profundius sepellaris ! But a truce, man ; hither, come thou hither, and thou shalt sing thy country-song for the last time.

COMATAS

Thither will I never come. Here I have oaks and bedstraw, and bees humming bravely at the hives, here's two springs of cool water to thy one, and birds, not locusts, a-babbling upon the tree, and, for shade, thine's not half so good : and what's more the pine overhead is casting her nuts.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἢ μὰν ὄρυακίδας τε καὶ ἔργα τεῖδε πατησεῖς,
αἰκὲνθης, ὑπνῷ μαλακώτερα· ταῖ δὲ τραγεῖαι
ταῖ παρὰ τὸν ὄσδοντι κακώτερον ἡ τύ περ ὄσδεις.
στασῶ δὲ κρατῆρα μέγαν λευκοῖο γάλακτος
ταῖς Νύμφαις, στασῶ δὲ καὶ ἀδέος ἄλλοι ἐλαῖο.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

αἱ δὲ κε καὶ τὸ μόλης, ἀπαλὰν πτέριν ὥδε πατησεῖς
καὶ γλάχων' ἀνθεῦσαν ὑπεσσεῖται δὲ χιμαρᾶν
δέρματα τὰν παρὰ τὸν μαλακώτερα τετράκις
ἀργῶν.

στασῶ δὲ ὁκτὼ μὲν γανλῶς τῷ Πανὶ γάλακτος,
ὁκτὼ δὲ σκαφίδας μέλιτος πλέα κηρᾶ ἔχοισας.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

αὐτόθε μοι ποτέρισδε καὶ αὐτόθε βουκολιάσδεν·
τὰν σαυτῷ πατέων ἔχε τὰς δρύας, ἀλλὰ τίς ἀμμε,
τίς κριεῖ; αἴθ' ἐνθοι ποχ' ὁ βουκόλος ὥδ' ὁ
λυκώπας.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐδὲν ἔγῳ τίνῳ ποτιδεύομαις ἀλλὰ τὸν ἄνδρα,
αἱ λῆρα, τὸν δρυτόμον βωστρήσομες, δες τὰς ἵρείκας
τίμας τὰς παρὰ τὸν ξυλοχίζεται· ἔστι δὲ Μόρσων.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

βωστρέωμεν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

τὸν κάλει νῦν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἴω ξένε μικκὸν ἀκουσον
τεῖδ' ἐνθῶν· ἀμμες γάρ ἔρισδομες, δστις ἀρείων
βουκολιαστάς ἔστι. τὸ δὲ ὄγαθὲ μήτ' ἐμὲ Μόρσων
ἐν χάριτι κρίνῃς, μήτ' ὅν τύγα ταῦτον ὀνάσῃς.

THEOCRITUS V, 50-69

LACON

An you'll come here, I'll lay you shall tread
lambskins and sheep's wool as soft as sleep. Those
buckgoat-pelts of thine smell e'en ranker than thou.
And I'll set up a great bowl of whitest milk to
the Nymphs, and eke I'll set up another of
sweetest oil.

COMATAS

If come you do, you shall tread here taper fern
and organy all a-blowing, and for your lying down
there's she-goat-skins four times as soft as those
lambskins of thine. And I'll set up to Pan eight
pails of milk and eke eight pots of full honey-
combs.

LACON

Go to ; be where you will for me for the match o'
country-song. Go your own gate; you're welcome
to your oaks. But who's to be our judge, say who?
Would God neatherd Lycopas might come this way
along.

COMATAS

I suffer no want of him. We'll holla rather, an't
please ye, on yon woodcutter that is after fuel in
the heather near where you be. Morson it is.

LACON

We will.

COMATAS

Call him, you.

LACON

Ho, friend ! hither and lend us your ears awhile.
We two have a match toward, to see who's the
better man at a country-song. (MORSON approaches)
Be you fair, good Morson; neither judge me out of
favour nor yet be too kind to him,

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ταὶ ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφῶν Μόρσων φίλε μήτε Κομάτα τῷ
τὸ πλέον εὐθύνης, μήτ' ὁν τύγα τῷδε χαρίξῃ.
ἄδε ται ἀ ποίμνα τῷ Θουρίῳ ἐστι Σιβύρτα. 79

ΛΑΚΩΝ

μή τύ τις ἡρώτη ποττῷ Διός, αἴτε Σιβύρτα 74
αἴτ' ἔμόν ἐστι κάκιστε τὸ ποίμνιον; ἀς λάλος ἐσσί.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

βέντισθ' οὗτοι, ἐγὼ μὲν ἀλαθέα πάντ' ἀγορευο
κοῦδὲν καυχῶμαι τὸ δ' ἄγαν φιλοκέρτομος ἐσσί.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

εἰα λέγ', εἴ τι λέγεις, καὶ τὸν ξένον ἐς πόλιν
αῦθις
ζῶντ' ἀφες· ὁ Παιάν, ἢ στωμῆλος ἡσθα Κομάτα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

Ταὶ Μοῖσαὶ με φιλεῦντι πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὸν ἀοιδὸν 80
Δάφνιν ἐγὼ δ' αὐταῖς χιμάρως δύο πρᾶν ποκ'
ἔθυσα.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ ἐμ' Ὡπόλλων φιλέει μέγα, καὶ καλὸν
αὐτῷ
κριόν ἐγὼ βόσκω, τὰ δὲ Κάρυα καὶ δὴ ἐφέρπει.

73 Εἶράρα Μὲ ταὶ αἴγαν δρῦς φίλε τῷ Σιβύρτᾳ. Will
rightly omit.

COMATAS

'Fore the Nymphs, sweet Morson, pray you
neither rule unto Comatas more than his due nor yet
give your favour to Lacon. This flock o' sheep, look
you, is Sibyrtas' of Thuri.

LACON

Zeus! and who asked thee, foul knave, whether
the flock was mine or Sibyrtas'? Lord, what a
babbler is here!

COMATAS

Most excellent blockhead, all I say, I, is true,
though for my part, I'm no braggart; but Lord!
what a railer is here!

LACON

Come, come; say thy say and be done, and let's
suffer friend Morson to come off with his life.
Apollo save us, Comatas! thou hast the gift o'
the gab.

(The Singing Match)

COMATAS

The Muses bear me greater love than Daphnis ere
did see;
And well they may, for t'other day they had two
goats of me.

LACON

But Apollo loves me all as well, and an offering too
have I,
A fine fat ram a-batt'ning; for Apollo's feast draws
nigh.

"Foul knave": Comatas' apparently innocent remark
implies the taint of slavery; cf. ll. 5 and 8. "Daphnis":
the Greek has "the post Daphnis."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

πλάνῳ δύο τὰς λοιπὰς διδυματόκος αἴγας ἀμέλγω,
καὶ μὲν παῖς ποθορεῦσα 'τάλαν' λέγει· 'αὐτὸς
ἀμέλγεις';¹

ΛΑΚΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ! Λάκων τοι ταλάριος σχεδὸν εἴκατι πληροῖ
τυρῷ καὶ τὸν ἄναβον ἐν ἀνθεσὶ παιᾶν μολύνει.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

βάλλει καὶ μάλοισι τὸν αἰπόλον ἢ Κλεαρίστα
τὰς αἴγας παρελάντα καὶ ἀδύ τι ποππυλιάσδει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

κῆμε γάρ οἱ Κρατίδας τὸν ποιμένα λείος ὑπαντῶν οὐδὲν
ἐκμαίνει· λεπαρὰ δὲ παρ' αὐχένα σείετ' ἔθειρα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἄλλ' οὐ σύρβληγτ' ἐστὶ κυνόσβατος οὐδὲν ἀνεμόνα
πρὸς ρόδα, τῶν ἄνθηρα παρ' αἵμασιασι πεφύκει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

οὐδὲ γάρ οὐδὲ ἀκύλοις δρομαλίδες· αἱ μὲν ἔχοντι
λεπτὸν² ἀπὸ πρίνοιο λεπύριον, αἱ δὲ μελιχραῖ.

¹ Λεπτάν: of taste

THEOCRITUS V, 84-95

COMATAS

Nigh all my goats have twins at teat ; there's only
two with one ;
And the damsel sees and the damsel says ' Poor lad,
dost milk alone ? '

LACON

O tale of woe ! here's Lacon, though, fills cheese-
racks well-nigh twenty
And lies, good hap ! in his leman's lap mid flowers
that blow so plenty.

COMATAS

But when her goatherd boy goes by you should see
my Cleairist
Fling apples, and her pretty lips call pouting to be
kissed.

LACON

But madness 'tis for the shepherd to meet the
shepherd's love,
So brown and bright are the tresses light that toss
that shoulder above.

COMATAS

Ah ! but there's no comparing windflower with rose
at all,
Nor wild dog-rose with her that blows beside the
trim orchard's wall.

LACON

There's no better likeness, neither, 'twixt fruit of
pear and holm ;
The acorn savours flat and stale, the pear's like
honeycomb.

" Pear " : in the Greek, a sweet kind of wild apple.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

κήγησ μὲν δωσῶ τῷ παρθένῳ αὐτίκα φάσσαν
ἐκ τὰς ἀρκεύθω καθεδών· τηνεῖ γὰρ ἐφίσδει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἄλλ' ἔγω ἐς χλαιναν μαλακὸν πόκον, ὅππόκα πέξω
τὰν οἴν τὰν πέλλαν, Κρατίδᾳ δωρήσομαι αὐτός.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

σίττ' ἀπὸ τᾶς κοτίνω ταὶ μηκάδες· ὅδε νέμεσθε, 100
ώς τὸ κάταυτες τοῦτο γεώλοφου αἱ τε μυρίκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπὸ τᾶς δρυὸς οὖτος ὁ Κώναρος ἄ τε Κιναίθα;
τουτεῖ βοσκησεῖσθε ποτ' ἀντολάς,¹ ώς ὁ Φάλαρος.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἔστι δέ μοι γαυλὸς κυπαρίσσινος, ἔστι δὲ κρατίρ,
ἔργου Πραξιτέλευς· τῷ παιδὶ δὲ ταῦτα φυλάσσω.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

χάμην ἔστι κύων φιλοποίμυιος, δε λύκος ὥρχει,
δη τῷ παιδὶ δίδωμι τὰ θηρία πάντα διώκειν.

¹ ποτ' ἀντολάς "uphill" E, cf. 4. 44 and ἀντίλλω Ar. Rhod. 2.1247: others "towards the east."

COMATAS

In yonder juniper-thicket a cushat sits on her
nest;
I'll go this day and fetch her away for the maiden I
love best.

LACON

So soon as e'er my sheep I shear, a rare fine gift I'll
take;
I'll give yon black ewe's pretty coat my darling's
cloak to make.

COMATAS

Hey, bleaters! away from the olive; where would
be grazing then?
Your pasture's where the tamarisk grows and the
slope hill drops to the glen.

LACON

Where are ye browsing, Crumple? and, Browning,
where are ye?
Graze up the hill as Piebald will, and let the oak-
leaves be.

COMATAS

I've laid up a piggin of cypress-wood and a bowl for
mixing wine,
The work of great Praxiteles, both for that lass of
mine.

LACON

And I, I have a flock-dog, a wolver of good fame,
Shall go a gift to my dearest and hunt him all
manner of game.

"Great Praxiteles": not the sculptor.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἀκρίδες, αἱ τὸν φραγμὸν ἵπερπαδῆτε τὸν ἄμδν,
μή μεν λωβάσησθε τὰς ἀμπέλους ἐντὶ γάρ ἔβαι.¹

ΛΑΚΩΝ

τοὶ τέττυγες ὄργητε, τὸν αἰπόλον ὡς ἐρεθίζω· 110
οὕτως κῦμμεν θην ἐρεθίζετε τῷς καλαμεντάς.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

μισέω τὰς δασυκέρκος ἀλώπεκας, αἱ τὰ Μίκωνος
αιὲ φοιτῶσαι τὰ ποθέσπερα ραγίζοντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γάρ ἐγὼ μισέω τῷς καινθάρος, οἱ τὰ Φιλώνδα
σύκα κατατρώγοντες ὑπανέμοι φορέονται.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἢ οὐ μέμνασ', ὅκ' ἐγώ τυ κατῆλασα, καὶ τὸ σεσαρὼς
εὖ ποτεκυγκλίζευ καὶ τᾶς δρυὸς εἶχεο τῆμας;

ΛΑΚΩΝ

τοῦτο μὲν οὐ μέμναμ', ὅκα μάν τοι² τεῖδέ τυ δήσας
Εἴμαρας ἐκάθαρε, καλῶς μάλα τοῦτό γ' ἴσαμι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἥδη τις Μόρσων πικραίνεται· ἡ οὐχὶ παράσθευ; 120
σκίλλας ἴὸν γραίας ἀπὸ σάματος αὐτίκα τίλλειν.

¹ ἔβαι: πισσεῖαι, ἔβαι, ἔβαι, ποhol. αἴσαι, αἴραι: probably special name of a choice sort of wine, cf. Hesych. ἔβητε ἀμπέλοις: some take it as "youths," i.e. young vines
² μάν τοι Wil.: πισσεῖαι πομα αἵ μάν

THEOCRITUS V, 108-121

COMATAS

Avaunt, avaunt, ye locusts o'er master's fence that
spring;

These be none of your common vines; have done
your ravaging.

LACON

See, crickets, see how vexed he be! see master
Goatherd boiling!

'Tis even so you vex, I trow, the reapers at their
toiling.

COMATAS

I hate the brush-tail foxes, that soon as day declines
Come creeping to their vintaging 'mid goodman
Micon's vines.

LACON

So too I hate the beetles come riding on the breeze,
Guttle Philondas' choicest figs, and off as quick as
you please.

COMATAS

Num oblitus es tum, cum ego te percutiebam,
quam pulchre mihi tu tuam caudam lactaveris ringens
et querui illi adhaerens?

LACON

Istud quidem non ego memini; at tum, cum hic te
Eumaras alligatum depecebat, quid acciderit probe
scio.

COMATAS

Somebody's waxing wild, Morson; see you not what
is plain?

Go pluck him squills from an oldwife's grave to cool
his heated brain.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

εἰργώ μάν κνίζω Μόρσων τινά· καὶ τὸ δὲ λεύσσεις,
ἐνθῶν τὰν κυκλάμινον δρυσσέ τιν εἰς τὸν⁷ Αλευτι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

Ιμέρα ἀνθ' ὄδατος ῥεῖτω γάλα, καὶ τὸ δὲ Κρῆθι
οἶνον πορφύροις, τὰ δέ τοι σία καρπὸν ἐνείκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ῥεῖτω χά Συβαρίτις ἐμὸν μέλι, καὶ τὸ πότορθρον
ἀ παις ἀνθ' ὄδατος τῷ καλπίδι κηρία βάψαι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ταὶ μὲν ἔμαι κύτισόν τε καὶ αἴγλον αἴγες ἔδουτι,
καὶ σχῖνον πατέοντι καὶ ἐν κομάροισι κέονται.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ταῖσι δὲ ἔμαις ὀλεσσι πάρεστι μὲν ἀ μελίτεια 130
φίρβεσθαι, πολλὸς δὲ καὶ ὡς ρόδα κίσθος ἐπανθεῖ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐκ ἔραμ' Ἀλκίππας, ὅτι με πρᾶν οὐκ ἐφίλησε
τῶν ὕτων καθελοῖσ', ὅκα οἱ τὰν φύσσαν ἔδωκα.

THEOCRITUS V, 122-153

LACON

Nay, I be nettling somebody; what needs it you to tell?

Be off to Haleis' bank, Morson, and dig him an earth-apple.

COMATAS

Let Himera's stream run white with cream, and Crathis, as for thine,
Mid apple-bearing beds of reed may it run red with wine.

LACON

Let Sybaris' well spring honey for me, and ere the sun is up
May the wench that goes for water draw honeycombs for my cup.

COMATAS

My goats eat goat-grass, mine, and browse upon the clover,
Tread mastich green and lie between the arbutes waving over.

LACON

It may be so, but I'd have ye know these pretty sheep of mine
Browse rock-roses in plenty and sweet as eglantine.

COMATAS

When I brought the cushat 'tother night 'tis true Alcippa kissed me,
But alack! she forgot to kiss by the pot, and since, poor wench, she's missed me.

"Kiss by the pot": to kiss taking hold of both ears.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἄλλ' ἐγὼ Εύμηδεν τραματι μέγα· καὶ γὰρ ὅτι
αὐτῷ
τὰν σύριγγί ὥρεξα, καλὸν τί με κάρτ' ἐφίλησεν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐθεμιτὸν Λάκων ποτ' ἀηδόνα κίσσας ἔρισδειν,
οὐδὲ ἐποπας κύκνοισι τὸ δὲ ταλαν ἐσσι
φιλεχθῆν.

ΜΟΡΣΩΝ

παύσασθαι κέλομαι τὸν ποιμένα, τὸν δὲ Κομάτα
δωρεῖται Μόρσων τὰν ἀμνίδαν· καὶ τὸ δὲ θύσας
ταῖς Νύμφαις Μόρσωνι καλὸν κρέας αὐτίκα
πέμψουν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

πεμψῶ ναὶ τὸν Πᾶνα, φριμάσσεο πᾶσα τραγίσκων
υῦν ἀγέλα· κήγηδν γὰρ ἵδ' ὡς μέγα τούτο καχάσδω¹
κατώ Λάκωνος τῷ ποιμένος, ὅππι ποκ' ἥδη
ἀνυσάμαν τὰν ἀμνὸν ἐς ὄφρανὸν ὑμμιν ἀλεῦμαι.
ἄλγες ἐμαὶ θαρσεῖτε κερούτιδες²· αὔριον ὑμμε
πάσας ἐγὼ λουσῶ Συβαρίτιδος ἔνδοθι λίμνας.
οὐτος ὁ λευκίτας ὁ κορυπτίλος, εἰ τιν' ὀχευσεῖς
τὰν αἴγαν, φλασσῶ τυ, πρὶν ή ἔμε καλλιερῆσαι
ταῖς Νύμφαις τὰν ἀμνὸν. ὁ δὲ αὖ πάλιν. ἄλλα
γενοίμαν,

αἱ μῆ τυ φλάσσαιμι, Μελάνθιος ἀντὶ Κομάτα.

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¹ καχάσδω Ε, εἰ. 2. 153, 23, 46: παν καχάξω ² αὐρα-
τίδει Αἰθρει: παν κακουχίδει, schol. also αὐραντίδει, αὐρακ-
τίδει

LACON

When fair Eumédes took the pipe that was his
lover's token
He kissed him sweet as sweet could be ; his lover's
love's unbroken.

COMATAS

'Tis nature's law that no jackdaw with nightingale
shall bicker,
Nor owl with swan, but poor Lacón was born a
quarrel-picker.

MORSON

I bid the shepherd cease. You, Comatas, may
take the lamb ; and when you offer her to the
Nymphs be sure you presently send poor Morson a
well-laden platter.

COMATAS

That will I, 'fore Pan. Come, snort ye, my merry
buck-goats all. Look you how great a laugh I have
of shepherd Lacon for that I have at last achieved
the lamb. Troth, I'll caper you to the welkin,
Good she-goats mine, frisk it and be merry ; to-
morrow I'll wash you one and all in Sybaris lake.
What, Whitecost, thou wanton ! if thou leave not
meddling with the she's, before ever I sacrifice the
lamb to the Nymphs I'll break every bone in thy
body. Lo there ! he's at it again. If I break thee
not, be my last end the end of Melanthius.

"owl" : the Greek has "hoopoe." "Melanthius" :
the goatherd mutilated by Odysseus and Telemachus in the
twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*.

VI.—A COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Theocritus dedicates the poem to the *Araeus* of whom he speaks in the Harvest-Home. The scene is a spring in the pastures, and the time a summer noon. The theme is a friendly contest between a certain Damoetas and 'the neatherd Daphnis.' This is probably the Daphnis of the Thyrsis. If so, the two singers are meant to be contemporary with the persons of whom they sing, as are the singers of IV, V, and X. Each sings one song. Daphnis, apostrophising Polyphemus, asks why he is blind to the love of the sea-nymph Galatea. Damoetas, personating him, declares that his apathy is all put on, to make her love secure.

VI.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Δαμοίτας χώ Δάφνις ὁ βυνκόλος εἰς ἓνα χῶρον
τὰν ἀγέλαιν πόκ¹, Ἀρατε, σινάγαγον· ης δὲ μὲν
αὐτῷν

πυρρός, οὐδὲ ημιγένειος· ἐπὶ κράγαν δέ τιν' ἄμφω
ἔσθόμενοι θέρεος μέσῳ ἀματι τοιάδ' ἀειδων.

πρᾶτος δὲ ἀρξατο Δάφνις, ἐπεὶ καὶ πρᾶτος ἔρισθε

Βάλλει τοι Πολύφαμε τὸ ποίμνιον ἢ Γαλάτεια
μᾶλοισιν, δισέρωτα τὸν αἴπόλον ἄνδρα καλεῦσα·
καὶ τὸν τιν οὐ ποθόρησθα τάλαι τάλαιν², ἀλλὰ
κάθησαι

ἀδέα συρίσθων. πᾶλιν ἂδ' ἵδε τὰν κύνα βάλλει,
ἄ τοι τὰν ὄλων ἐπεται σκοτόν· οὐ δέ βανσδει· 10
εἰς ἀλλα δερκομένα, τὰ δέ τιν καλὰ κύματα
φαίνει²

ἀσυχα καχλάζοντος ἐπ' αἰγμαλοῖο θέοισαν.
Φράζεο μὴ τὰς παιδὸς ἐπὶ κνάμαισιν ὄρουσῃ
ἔξ ἀλὸς ἐρχομένας, κατὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἀμύξῃ.
Οὐ δὲ καὶ αὐτόθι τοι διαθρύπτεται φέρεται· ἀπ' ἀκάνθας
ταὶ καπυραι χαῖται, τὸ καλὸν θέρος ἀνίκα
φρύγει,

καὶ φεύγει φιλέοντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκει,

¹ τάλαι Η φοιν. πεντ. cf. Men. Ep. 217: οἴθεσα τοι. πλοι.

² φαίνει: school also φάειν

VI.—A COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Damoetas and neatherd Daphnis, Aratus, half-bearded the one, the other's chin ruddy with the down, had driven each his herd together to a single spot at noon of a summer's day, and sitting them down side by side at a water-spring began to sing. Daphnis sang first, for from him came the challenge :

See, Cyclops ! Galatéa's at thy flock with apples,
see !

The apples fly, and she doth cry " A fool's-in-love
are ye " ;

But with never a look to the maled, poor heart, thou
sit'st and pipest so fine.

Lo yonder again she flings them amain at that
good flock-dog o' thine !

See how he looks to seaward and bays her from the
land !

See how he's glassed where he runs so fast i' the
pretty wee waves o' the strand !

Beware or he'll leap as she comes from the deep,
leap on her legs so bonny,

And towse her sweet pretty flesh—But lo where
e'en now she wantons upon ye !

O the high thistle-down and the dry thistle-down i'
the heat o' the pretty summer O !—

She'll fly ye and deny ye if ye'll a-wooing go,

"Apples": a love-gift, cf. 2. 120, 3. 10. "glassed":
there is an ancient variant "splashed."

καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινῆ λίθον ἢ γὰρ ἔρωτι
πολλάκις ὁ Πολύφαμε τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ
πέφανται.

τῷ δὲ ἐπὶ Δαμοίτας ἀνεβάλλετο καὶ τάδε ἀειδεν̄ 20

Εἴδον ναὶ τὸν Πάνα, τὸ ποίμνιον ἀνίκ' ἔβαλλε,
κοῦ μὲν Ἐλαθ', οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν τὸν ἓνα γλυκύν, ὃ
ποθορῷμ

ἐς τέλος, αὐτὰρ ὁ μάντις ὁ Τήλεμος ἔχθρος ἀγορεύειν
ἔχθρα φέροι ποτὶ οἰκον, διποις τεκέεσσι φυλάσσοι.
ἄλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ κυλζων πάλιν οὐ ποθόρημ,
ἄλλ' ἄλλαν τινὰ φαμὶ γυναικίς ἔχεν· ὁ δὲ ὑποισα
ζαλοῖ μὲν Παιάν καὶ τάκεται, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσας
οἰστρεῖ παπταίνοισα ποτ' ἀντρα τε καὶ ποτὶ
ποίμνιας.

σίξα¹ δὲ ὑλακτεῖν νῦν καὶ τὰ κυνί· καὶ γὰρ ὅκ' ἥρων
αὐτᾶς, ἐκνυζῆτο ποτ' ίσχία ρύγχος ἔχοισα. 30
ταῦτα δὲ ισως ἐσορῶσα ποεῦντά με πολλάκι,
πεμψεῖ

ἀγγελον. αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κλαρξῶ θύρας, ἔστε κέρδοσση
αὐτά μοι σπορεστεῖν καλὰ δέμνια τάσδε ἐπὶ νάσω.

¹ σίξα Kuhnken: πασ σίγα, σίγα, σιγά, σιγα

But cease to woo and she'll pursue, aye, then the
king's the move;
For oft the foul, good Polypheme, is fair i' the eyes
of love.

Then Damoetas in answer lifted up his voice,
singing :

I saw, I saw her fling them, Lord Pan my witness
be;
I was not blind, I vow, by this my one sweet—this
Wherewith Heav'n send I see to the end, and
Télemus when he
Foretells me woe, then be it so, but woe for him
and his!—;
Tis tit for tat, to tease her on I look not on the jade
And say there's other wives to wed, and lo! she's
jealous made,
Jealous for me, Lord save us! and 'gins to pine for
me
And glowers from the deep on the cave and the
sheep like a want-wit lass o' the sea.
And the dog that bayed, I hissed him on; for when
'twas I to woo
He'd lay his snout to her lap, her lap, and whine
her friendly to.
Maybe she'll send me messages if long I go this
gate;
But I'll bar the door till she swear o' this shore to
be my wedded mate.

"The king": moved as a last resource in some game like draughts or backgammon. "Telemus": prophesied the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ γάρ θην οὐδ' εἶδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὡς με λέγοντι.
 ἦ γάρ πρᾶν ἐστόντον ἐσέβλεπον, ἦς δὲ γαλάνα,
 καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δέ μεν ἀ μία κώρα,
 ὡς παρ' ἐμίν κέκριται, κατεφαίνετο, τῶν δέ τ'
 ὄδοντων

λευκοτέρα αὐγὴ¹ Παρίας ὑπέχαινε² λίθοιο.
 ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δέ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἐπτυσα κόλπον
 ταῦτα γάρ ἀ γραία με Κοτυτταρίς ἐξεδίδαξε. 40

τόσσον³ εἰπὼν τὸν Δάφνην ὁ Δαμοίτας ἐφίλησε,
 χῶ μὲν τῷ σύριγγί ὁ δέ τῷ καλὸν αὐλὸν ἔδωκεν.
 αὐλεῖ Δαμοίτας, σύρισδε δὲ Δάφνης ὁ βούτας·
 ὥρχεντ⁴ ἐν μαλακῇ ταὶ πόρτιες αὐτίκα ποιῷ.
 τικη μὰν οὐδάλλος, ἀνήσσατο δὲ ἐγένοντο. 42

¹ λευκοτέρα αὐγὴ Meineke, cf. e.g. 2.102, 10. 30, 11. 12:
 πατ. λευκοτέρας αὐγάρ ² ὑπέχαινε B.; πατ. ὑπέχαινε from
 πατεφαίνετο above.

³ 41 Ε πρᾶν ἀνάττεσσι παρ' ἴσταταιν πατεύλην. Not in the
 best πατ., after 42 in another.

Ill-favoured? nay, for all they say; I have looked i'
 the glassy sea,
 And, for aught I could spy, both beard and eye
 were pretty as well could be,
 And the teeth all a-row like marble below,—and
 that none should o'erlook me of it,
 As Goody Cotyttaris taught me, thrice in my breast
 I spit.

So far Damoetas, and kissed Daphnis, and that to
 this gave a pipe and this to that a pretty flute.
 Then lo! the piper was neatherd Daphnis and the
 flute-player Damoetas, and the dancers were the
 heifers who forthwith began to bound mid the
 tender grass. And as for the victory, that fell to
 neither one, being they both stood unvanquished in
 the match.

"And the teeth all a-row": the Greek has "of my teeth
 below, the sheen gaped whiter than marble." "O'erlook
 me": to see one's reflexion made one liable to the effects of
 the evil eye; spitting averted this.

VII.—THE HARVEST-HOME

The poet tells in the first person how three friends went out from Cos to join in a harvest-home at a farm in the country. On the way they overtake a Cretan goatherd named Lycidas, and the conversation leads to a friendly singing-match between him and the narrator Simichidas. Lycidas' song, which was apparently composed the previous November, is primarily a song of good wishes for the safe passage of his beloved Ageanax to Mitylenè, but the greater part of it is concerned with the merrymaking which will celebrate his safe arrival, and includes an address to the mythical goatherd-poet Comatas, whose story is to be sung by Tityrus on the festive occasion. Simichidas replies with a prayer to Pan and the Loves to bring the fair Philinus to his lover Aratus, a prayer which passes, however, into an appeal to Aratus to cease such youthful follies. Lycidas now bestows the crook which he had laughingly offered as a stake, and leaves the three friends at the entrance to the farm. The rest of the poem is a description of the feast. The scholia preserve a tradition that Simichidas is Theocritus himself, and indeed there is great probability that we are dealing throughout the poem with real persons. A discussion of this question will be found in the Introduction.

VII.—ΘΑΛΤΣΙΑ

“Ηε χρόνος ἀνίσ’ ἔγώ τε καὶ Εὔκριτος εἰς τὸν
“Ἀλευτα

εἴρπομες ἐκ πόλιος, σὺν καὶ τρίτος ἄμμιν¹ Λιμύντας.
τὰ Δηοῖ γάρ ἔτενχε θαλύσια καὶ Φρασίδαμος
κ’ Αντιγένης, δύο τέκνα Λυκάπτεος, εἰ τί περ ἐσθλὸν
χρῶν τῶν ἐπάνωθεν² ἀπὸ Κλυτίας τε καὶ αὐτῷ
Χάλκιωνος, Βούριναν δε ἐκ ποδὸς ἀνυνε κράναι
εὐ³ ἐνερεισάμενος πέτρᾳ γόνυν, ταὶ δὲ παρ’ αὐτὰν
αἰγειροι πτελέαι τε ἐνσκιον ἀλπος ὑφαινον⁴

χλωροῖσιν πετάλοισι κατηρεφέες κομόσισαι.
κοῦπω τὰν μεσάταν ὁδὸν ἀνυμες, οὐδὲ τὸ σῆμα
ἄμμιν τὸ Βρασῆλα κατεφαίνετο, καὶ τιν’ ὁδίταν
ἐσθλὸν σὺν Μοίσαισι Κυδωνικὸν εὑρομες ἄνδρα,
οὗνομα μὲν Λυκίδαν, ἡς δ’ αἰπόλος, οὐδὲ κέ τις νιν
ἡγνοίησεν ἴδων, ἐπει αἰπόλῳ ἔξογ’ ἔώκει.

ἐκ μὲν γὰρ λασίοιο δασύτριχος εἶχε τράγοιο
κνακον δέρμ’ ὅμοισι νέας ταμίσοιο ποτόσδον,
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στίθεσσι γέρων ἐσφίγγετο πέπλος
ξωστῆρι πλακερῷ⁵, φοικὰν δ’ ἔχει ἀγριέλαια
δεξιτερῷ κορύναι. καὶ μὲν ἀτρέμας εἴπε σεσαρῶν
δηματι μειδιώντι, γέλως δέ οἱ εἴχετο χείλευς.
· Σιμιχίδα, πᾶ δὴ τὸ μεσαμέριον πόδας ἔλκεις,

¹ ἐπάνωθεν Reiske, cf. Ep. 92. 3: πας δέ ἀνθεῖν ² cf.
Hermann: πας δέ γέ ³ ίφαινε Ηείνιαν from Verg.
Ed. 9. 42: πας, ίφαινε ⁴ Schol. also πλεκίρρη

VII.—THE HARVEST-HOME

Once upon a time went Eueritus and I, and for a third, Amyntas, from the town to the Haleis. 'Twas to a harvest-feast holden that day unto Deo by Phrasidamus and Antigenes the two sons of Lycopeus, sons to wit of a fine piece of the good old stuff that came of Clytia, of Clytia and of that very Chalcon whose sturdy knee planted once against the rock both made Burina fount to gush forth at his feet and caused elm and aspen to weave above it a waving canopy of green leaves and about it a precinct of shade. Ere we were halfway thither, ere we saw the tomb of Brasillas, by grace of the Muses we overtook a fine fellow of Cydonia, by name Lyeidas and by profession a goatherd, which indeed any that saw him must have known him for, seeing liker could not be. For upon his shoulders there hung, rank of new rennet, a shag-haired buck-goat's tawny fleece, across his breast a broad belt did gird an ancient shirt, and in's hand he held a crook of wild olive. Gently, broadly, and with a twinkling eye he smiled upon me, and with laughter possessing his lip, "What, Simichidas," says he; "whither away this sultry

"Deo": Demeter. "Clytia and Chaloon": legendary queen and king of Coa. "Burina": the fountain still bears this name.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

άνικα δὴ καὶ σαῦρος ἐν αἴμασιαισι καθεύδει,
οὐδὲ ἐπιτυμβίδιαι κορυδαλλίδεις ἡλαίνοντι;
ἡ μετὰ δαῖτα κλητὸς ἐπείγεαι; ἡ τινος ἀστῶν
λανὸν ἐπι Θρφσκει; ὡς τεν ποσὶ μεσσομένου
πᾶσα λίθος πταίσισα ποτ' ἀρβυλίδεσσιν ἀείδει.¹

τὸν δὲ ἐγὼ ἀμείφθην· Λυκίδα φίλε, φαντί τυ
πάντες

ἡμεν συρικτάν μέγ' ὑπείροχον ἐν τε νομεῦσιν
ἐν τῷ ἀματήρεσσι. τὸ δὲ μάλα θυμὸν οἰάνει
ἀμέτερον· καίτοι κατ' ἐμὸν νόσον ισοφαρίζειν
ἔλπομαι. ἡ δὲ ὅδος ἄδε θαλύσιαδ². ἡ γάρ ἐταῖροι
ἀνέρες εὐπέπλω Δαμάτερι δαῖτα τελεῦντι
ὑλβω ἀπαρχόμενοι· μάλα γάρ σφισι πίονι μέτρῳ
οἱ δαίμονειν εὐκριθον ἀνεπλήρωσεν ἀλωάν.
ἄλλ' ἄγε διή, ξινὰ γάρ ὅδος ξινὰ δὲ καὶ ἀώς,
βουκολιασθόμεσθα· τάχ' ὥτερος ἄλλον ὀνασέει.
καὶ γάρ ἐγὼ Μοισᾶν καπιρὸν στόμα, κῆμὲ λέγοντι
πάντες ἀοιδὸν ἄριστον· ἐγὼ δέ τις οὐ ταχυπειθής,
οὐ Δάνη οὐ γάρ πω κατ' ἐμὸν νόσον οὕτε τὸν ἐσθλὸν
Σικελίδαν νίκημι τὸν ἐκ Σάμω οὔτε Φιλίταν³
ἀείδων, βάτραχος δέ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὡς τις ἐρίσδω·⁴⁰

ἢ ἔφάμαν ἐπίταδες· ὁ δὲ αἰπόλος ἀδὺ γελάσσας
· τάν τοι· ἔφα· κορύναν δωρύττομαι, οῦνεκεν ἐσσὶ⁵
πᾶν ἐπ' ἀλαθείᾳ πεπλασμένου ἐκ Διὸς ἔρινος.
ὦ μοι καὶ τέκτων μέγ' ἀπέχθεται, δστιος ἐρευνή
ἰσον ὄρευς κορυφῇ τελέσαι δόμον· "Προμέδοντος".

¹ θαλύσιαδ(ε) Ε: την θαλυτιάς ² Φιλίταν Στόνερτ: πας
Φιλίταρ ³ Schol. also οὐρυμεθωτός

noontide, when e'en the lizard will be sleeping i' th' hedge and the crested larks go not afield? Is't even a dinner you be bidden to or a fellow-townsman's vintage-rout that makes you scurry so? for faith, every stone i' the road strikes singing against your hastening brogues."

"Tis said, dear Lycidas," answered I, "you beat all comers, herdsman or harvester, at the pipe. So 'tis said, and right glad am I it should be said; howbeit to my thinking I'm as good a man as you. This our journey is to a harvest-home; some friends of ours make holyday to the fair-robed Demeter with first-fruits of their increase, because the Goddess hath filled their threshing-floor in measure so full and fat. So come, I pray you, since the way and the day be yours as well as ours, and let you and me make country-music. And each from the other may well take some profit, seeing I, like you, am a clear-voiced mouthpiece of the Muses, and, like you, am accounted best of musicians everywhere,—albeit I am not so quick, Zeus knows, to believe what I'm told, being to my thinking no match in music yet awhile for the excellent Sicelidas of Samos nor again for Philitas, but I am even as a frog that is fain to outvie the pretty crickets."

So said I of set purpose, and master Goatherd with a merry laugh "I offer you this crook," says he, "as to a sprig of great Zeus that is made to the pattern of truth. Even as I hate your mason who will be striving to rear his house high as the peak of Mount Oromedon, so hate I likewise your

"The pipe": here it implies music generally. "Sprig of great Zeus": Truth was daughter of Zeus. Oromedon is probably the highest mountain in Coe.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ Μοισῶν ὄρνιχες, δσοι ποτὶ Χῖον ἀηδῶ¹
 ἀντία κακκύζουτες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε Βουκολικᾶς ταχέως ἀρξόμεν² ἀοιδᾶς,
 Σιμιχίδα· κῆγὼ μέν, δρη φίλος, εἰ τοι ὀρέσκει
 τοῦθ' ὅτι πρᾶν ἐν δρει τὸ μελύθριον ἔξεπόνασται.

"Εσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος εἰς Μιτυ-
 λίμαν,

χάκκεν³ ἐφ' ἑσπερίοις Ἐρίφοις νότος ὑγρὴ διώκει
 κύματα, χ' Πριῶν ὥκ⁴ ἐπ' ἀκεανῷ πήδας ἵσχυ,
 αἵ κεν τὸν Λυκίδαν ὀπτεύμενον ἐξ⁵ Λαφροῦτας
 ῥύσηται· θερμὸς γάρ ἔρως αὐτῷ με καταίθει.
 χάλκυνόνες στορεσεῦντι τὰ κύματα τάν τε θάλασ-
 σαν

τὸν τε νότον τάν τ' εὔρον, δε ἰσχάτα φυκία
 κινεῖ.

ἀλκυόνες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρήσι ταὶ τὸ μάλιστα
 ὄρνιχων ἐφίληθεν, δσαιν τέ περ ἐξ ἄλλος ἄγρα.

"Ἀγεάνακτι πλόον διζημένῳ εἰς Μιτυλίμαν
 δρια πάντα γένοιτο, καὶ εἴπλοος δρμον ἴκοιτο.
 κῆγὼ τῆνο κατ' ἀμαρ ἀνίτινον ἡ φοδόειτα
 ἡ καὶ λευκοῖων στέφανον περὶ κρατὶ φυλάσσων
 τὸν πτελεατικὸν σίνον ἀπὸ κρατῆρος ἀφυξῶ
 πάρ πυρὶ κεκλιμένος, κίαμον δέ τις ἐν πυρὶ
 φρυξεῖ.

¹ ἀνδά E, cf. J. 136, 5, 136, Baech. 3 98, and Bergk Poet. Lyra, ⁴ III p. 140: πας ἀοιδός ² χάκκας E: πας χάκκα
³ δε' E: πας δε'

strutting cocks o' the Muses' yard whose crowing makes so pitiful contention against the Chian nightingale. But enough; let's begin our country-songs, Simichidas. First will I—pray look if you approve the ditty I made in the hills 'tother day : (*sings*)

What though the Kids above the flight of wave
before the wind

Hang westward, and Orion's foot is e'en upon the sea?
Fair voyage to Mitylenē town Ageanax shall find,
Once from the furnace of his love his Lycidas be free.
The halcyons—and of all the birds whose living's of
the seas

The sweet green Daughters of the Deep love none
so well as these—

O they shall still the Southwind and the tangle-tossing East,

And lay for him wide Ocean and his waves along to rest.

Ageanax late though he be for Mitylene bound
Heav'n bring him blest wi' the season's best to haven
safe and sound;

And that day I'll make merry, and bind about my brow
The anise sweet or snowflake neat or rosebuds all a-row,

And there by the hearth I'll lay me down beside the
cheerful cup,

And hot roast beans shall make my bite and elmy
wine my sup;

"The Chian nightingale": Heser. "The Kids": the time of the year indicated is at the end of November. "The halcyons": said to command a calm for their nesting about the winter-solstice. "Elmy wine": wine flavoured with elm-catkins, or else "wine of Ptelea."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

χά στιβὰς ἐσσεῖται πεπυκασμένη ἔστ' ἐπὶ τῷ χυν
κνύζῃ τὸν ἀσφοδέλῳ τε πολυτυράπτῳ τε σελίνῳ,
καὶ πίοιαι μαλακῶς μεμναμένος Ἀγεάνακτος
αὐταῖσθι κυλίκεστι καὶ ἐς τρύγα χεῖλος ἐρείδων. 70
ἀνλησεῦντι δέ μοι δύο ποιμένες, εἰς μὲν

'Αχαρνεύς,

εἰς δὲ Δικωπείτας· οἱ δὲ Τίτυρος ἐγγίθεν ἀσεῖ,
ὅς ποκα τὰς Ξενέας ἡράσσατο Δάφνις οἱ βούτας,
χῶς δρος ἀμφεπονεῖτο, καὶ ὡς δρύες αὐτὸν ἐθρή-
νευν.

'Ιμέρα αἴτε φύοντι παρ' δυχθαυσιν ποταμοῖο,
εὗτε χιὼν ὡς τις κατετάκετο μακρὸν ἴνθ' Λίμον
ἢ Ἀθω η Ῥοδόπαν η Καύκασον ἐσχατόμυτα.

ἀσεῖ δὲ ὡς ποκ' ἐδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὔρεια
λάρναξ

ζωὸν ἔοντα κακαῖσιν ἀτασθαλαισιν ἄνακτος,
ὅς τέ νιν αἱ σιμᾶι λειμωνόθε φέρβον ἰοῖσαι 80
κέδρον ἐς ἀδεῖαν μαλακοῖς ἄνθεσσι μέλισσαι,
οὐνεκά οἱ γλυκὺν Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χθὲ νέκταρ.
ἄ μακαριστὴ Κομάτα, τὸν θηη τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόν-
θεις.

καὶ τὸ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὸ
μέλισσῶν

And soft I'll lie, for elbow-high my bed strown thick
and well

Shall be of crinkled parsley, mullet, and asphodel;
And so t' Ageanax I'll drink, drink wi' my dear in
mind,

Drink wine and wine-cup at a draught and leave no
lees behind.

My pipers shall be two shepherds, a man of
Acharnae he,

And he a man of Lycópè; singer shall Tityrus be,
And sing beside me of Xénes and neatherd Daphnis'
love,

How the hills were troubled around him and the
oaks sang dirges above,

Sang where they stood by Himeras flood, when he
a-wasting lay

Like snow on Haemus or Athos or Caucasus far far
away.

And I'll have him sing how once a king, of wilful
malice bent,

In the great coffer all alive the goatherd-poet
pent,

And the snub bees came from the meadow to the
coffer of sweet cedar-tree,

And fed him there o' the flowerets fair, because his
lip was free

O' the Muses' wine; Comátas! 'twas joy, all joy to
thee;

Though thou wast hid 'neath cedarn lid, the bees thy
meat did bring,

"Mullet": sometimes called "gobane." "His lip was
free of the Muses' wine": the Greek has "nectar," and the
meaning is that he was a poet.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κηρία φερθόμενος ἔτος ὥριον ἐξεπόνασας.
αἰθ' ἐπ' ἐμεῦ ζωοῖς ἐναρίθμιος ὄφελες ἡμεν,
ῶς τοι ἐγάντι ἐνόμενον ἀν' ὥρεα τὰς καλὰς αἴγας
φωνᾶς εἰσαίσων, τὸ δὲ ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἢ ὑπὸ πεύκαις
ἄδυ μελισδόμενος κατεκέκλισο θεῖε Κοράτα.⁹⁰

χώ μὲν τοσσ' εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δὲ μέτ'
ἀδτις¹

κήργῳ τοῖ ἐφάμαν· Λυκίδα φίλε, πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα
Νύμφαι κῆμὲ δίδαξαν ἀν' ὥρεα βουκολέοντα
ἐσθλά, τὰ που καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐπὶ θρόνον ἀγαγε φάμα·
ἄλλὰ τὸ γένος ἐκ πάντων μέγ' ὑπεριρχον, φ τυ γεραίρειν
ἀρξεῦμ· ἄλλ' ὑπάκουστον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ἐπλεο Μοί-
σαις.

· Σιμιχίδα μὲν "Ερωτες ἐπέπταρον" ἢ γὰρ ὁ
δειλὸς
τόσσον ἐρῆ Μυρτοῦς, δσον εἴαρος αἴγες ἐρᾶντι.
"Ωρατος δέ" ὁ τὰ πάντα φιλαίτατος ἀνέρι τήνῳ
παιδὸς ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἔχει πόθον οἰδεν"Λρισ-
τας,

ἐσθλὸς ἀνιήρ, μέγ' ἀριστος, δν οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς
ἀείδειν

Φοῖβος σὺν φύρμῃ παρὰ τριπόδεστι μεγαίροι,
ῶς ἐκ παιδὸς "Άρατος ὑπὸ δαστέον αἰθετ" ἐρωτι.
τόν μοι Πάν, Όμόδαις ἐρατὸν πέδον δστε λέλογχας,
ἄκλητον κείνοιο φίλας ἐς χεῖρας ἐρέίσαις.

¹ αδτις Αδτις : πασα αδτις.

Till thou didst thole, right happy soul, thy twelve
months' prisoning.
And O of the quick thou wert this day! How
gladly then with mine
I had kept thy pretty goats i' the hills, the while
'neath oak or pine
Thou 'dst lain along and sung me a song, Comatas
the divine!"

So much sang Lycidas and ended; and thereupon
"Dear Lycidas" said I, "afield with my herds on the
hills I also have learnt of the Nymphs, and there's
many a good song of mine which Rumour may well
have carried up to the throne of Zeus. But this of
all is far the choicest, this which I will sing now for
your delight. Pray give ear, as one should whom
the Muses love: (*sings*)

The Loves have sneezed, for sure they have, on poor
Simichidas:
For he loves maid Myrto as goats the spring: but
where he loves a lass
His dear'st Aratus sighs for a lad. Aristis, dear
good man—
And best in famo as best in name, the Lord o' the
Lyre on high
Beside his holy tripod would let him make melody—
Aristis knows Aratus' woes. O bring the lad, sweet
Pan,
Sweet Lord of lovely Homolé, bring him unbid to 's
fere,

"Have sneezed": a sneeze meant good luck, and a man
deeply in love was said to have been sneezed upon by the
Loves. "Lord of the Lyre": the Greek has "Apollo."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

εἰτ' ἔστ' ἀρα Φιλένος ὁ μαλθακὸς εἴτε τις ἄλλος,
κτί μὲν ταῦτ' ἔρδοις ὡς Πάν φίλε, μὴ τι τυ-
παιᾶς;

'Αρκαδικοὶ σκίλλαισιν ὑπὸ πλευρᾶς τε καὶ ὅμως
ταύτα μαστίσδαιεν, ὅτε κρέα τυτθὰ παρείη'
εἰ δ' ἄλλως νεύσαις, κατὰ μὲν χρόα πάντα¹
ἀνύγεσσι

δακνόμερος κνάσταιο καὶ ἐν κνίδαισι καθεύδοις, 110
εἴης δ' Ἰδωνῶν μὲν ἐν ὥρεσι χείματι μέσστῳ

'Εβρον πάρ ποταμὸν τετραρμένου ἐγγύθεν' Αρκτῷ,
ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοισι παρ' Λίθισπεσσι νομείοις
πέτρᾳ ὑπὸ Βλεμώνων, δθεν οὐκέτι Νεῖλος ὄρατός.

Ὥμης δ' 'Τετίδος καὶ Βυθύλιδος ἀδὺ λιπόντες
νῦμα καὶ Οίκευντα, ξανθᾶς ἕδος αἵπν Διώνας,
ὡς μαλοισιν "Ἐρωτες ἐρευθομένοισιν ὄμοιοι,
βάλλετε μοι τόξοισι τὸν ἴμερόεντα Φιλένον,
βάλλετ'", ἐπεὶ τὸν ξεῖνον ὁ δύσμορος οὐκ ἔλει
μεν.

καὶ δὴ μὰν¹ ἀπίσιο πεπαίτερος, αἱ δὲ γυναικες 120
"αλαῖ" φαντὶ "Φιλένε, τό τοι καλὸν ἄνθος ἀπορρεῖ."
μηκέτι τοι φρουρέωμες ἐπὶ προθύροισιν "Αρατε,
μηδὲ πύδας τρίβωμες· ὁ δ' δρθριος ἄλλον ἀλέκτωρ

¹ δὴ μὰν: τις αλευ δὴ μάλι

Whether Philinus, sooth to say, or other be his dear.
 This do, sweet Pan, and never, when slices be too few,
 May the leeks o' the lads of Areddy beat thee black
 and blue;
 But O if othergates thou go, may nettles make thy
 bed
 And set thee scratching tooth and nail, scratching
 from heel to head,
 And be thy winter-lodging nigh the Bear up Hebrus
 way
 I' the hills of Thrace; when summer's in, mid
 furthest Africa
 Mayst feed thy flock by the Blemyan rock beyond
 Nile's earliest spring.
 O come ye away, ye little Loves like apples red-
 blushing,
 From Byblis' fount and Oecus' mount that is fair-
 haired Dion's joy,
 Come shoot the fair Philinus, shoot me the silly boy
 That flouts my friend! Yet after all, the pear's o'er-
 ripe to taste,
 And the damsels sigh and the damsels say 'Thy
 bloom, child, fails thee fast';
 So let's watch no more his gate before, Aratus, o'
 this gear,
 But ease our aching feet, my friend, and let old
 chanticleer

"Leeks": the sea-leek had purificatory uses; the poet refers here to what was apparently the current explanation of a flogging rite—the choristers flogged the statue of Pan at the feast because they had once received short commons.
 "Dion": Diône is Aphrodite or her mother; the Loves are summoned from the district of Miletus. "O' this gear": in this way. "Aching feet": from standing about at the door, one of the conventional signs of being in love.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοκκύζων νάρκαισιν ἀναραιῆσι διδοῖη,
εἰς δ' ἀπὸ τὰςδε φέριστε μολὼν ὥγχοιτο παλαι-
στρας.¹

ἄμμιν δ' ἀσυχία τε μέλοι γραία τε παρεῖη,
ἀτις ἐπιφθύζοισα τὰ μὴ καλὰ νόσφιν ἔρύκοι.²

τόσσος' ἐφάμαν δὲ μοι τὸ λαγωβόλον, οὐδὲ
γελάσσας
ώς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισῶν ξεινήιον ὑπασεν ἡμέν.
χῶ μὲν ἀποκλίνας ἐπ' ἄριστερὰ τὰν ἐπὶ Πύξας 130
εἰρφ' ὄδον, αὐτὰρ ἐγώ τε καὶ Εὔκριτος ἐς Φρα-
σιδάμῳ
στραφθέντες χῶ καλὸς Ἀμύντιχος ἐν τε βαθείαις
ἀδείας σχολίνοιο χαμεννίσιν ἐκλίνθημες
ἐν τε νεοτμάτοισι γεγαθότες οἰναρέαισι.

πολλαὶ δ' ἄμμιν ὑπερθε κατὰ κρατὸς δουέοντο
αἴγειροι πτελέαι τε τὸ δ' ἐγγύθεν ιερὸν ὅδωρ
Νυμφᾶν ἐξ ἀντροιο κατειθόμενον κελάρυζε.
τοὶ δὲ ποτὶ σκιαρᾶς ὁροδαμνίσιν αἰθαλίσσεν
τέττιγες λαλαγεῦντες ἔχον πονον ἢ δ' ὀλολυγῶν
τηλόθεν ἐν πυκιναῖσι βατιων τρύζεσκεν ἀκάνθαις. 140
ἀειδον κόρυδοι καὶ ἀκανθίδες, ἐστενε τρυγῶν,
πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι.
πάντ' ὁσδεν θέρεος μᾶλα πίονος, ὁσδε δ' ὄπωρας.
ὄχναι μὲν πὰρ ποσσὶ, περὶ πλευραῖσι δὲ μᾶλα
δαψιλέως ἀμῦν ἐκυλίνδετο· τοὶ δ' ἐκέχυντο
δρπακες βραβίλοισι καταβρίθοντες ἔραζε.

τετράενες δὲ πίθων ἀπέλινετο κρατὸς ἀλειφαρ-
Νύμφαι Κασταλίδες Παρνάσσιον αἴποις ἔχοισαι,

¹ Cf. Plat. *Gorg.* 439 D. διλῆψ τοι εἰσόντες λέγω ἵν τοῦ αἰτοῦ
γυμνασίου τῇ γῆ, and Ax. *Vesp.* 526

Cry 'shiver' to some other when he the dawn shall sing;
 One scholar o' that school's enough to have met his death i' the ring.
 'Tis peace of mind, lad, we must find, and have a beldame nigh
 To sit for us and spit for us and bid all ill go by."

So far my song; and Lycidas, with a merry laugh as before, bestowed the crook upon me to be the Muses' pledge of friendship, and so bent his way to the left-hand and went down the Pyxa road; and Eucritus and I and pretty little Amyntas turned in at Phrasidamus's and in deep greenbeds of fragrant reeds and fresh-cut vine-strippings laid us rejoicing down.

Many an aspen, many an elm bowed and rustled overhead, and hard by, the hallowed water welled purling forth of a cave of the Nymphs, while the brown cricket chirped busily amid the shady leafage, and the tree-frog murmured aloof in the dense thornbrake. Lark and goldfinch sang and turtle moaned, and about the spring the bees hummed and hovered to and fro. All nature smelt of the opulent summer-time, smelt of the season of fruit. Pears lay at our feet, apples on either side, rolling abundantly, and the young branches lay splayed upon the ground because of the weight of their damsons.

Meanwhile we broke the four-year-old seal from off the lips of the jars, and O ye Castalian Nymphs that dwell on Parnassus' height, did ever the aged

"One scholar o' that school": one dallier with such follies. "Castalian Nymphs": all nymphs were Castalian.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἡρά γέ πα τοιώνδε Φόλω κατὰ λάίου ἀντρων
 κρατῆρ' Ἡρακλῆι γέρων ἐστάσατο Χείρων; 150
 ἡρά γέ πα τῆνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν ποτ' Ἀγάπιφ,
 τὸν κρατερὸν Πολύφαμον, δε ὥρεσι νᾶας¹ ἔβαλλε,
 τοῖνυν νέκταρ ἔπεισε κατ' αὐλία ποσσὸν χορεῦσαι,
 οἷον δὴ τόκα πῶμα διεκρανάσσατε Νόμφαι
 βωμῷ πάρ Δάματρος ἀλωΐδος; ἀς ἐπὶ σωρῷ
 αὐτισ ἐγὼ πάξαιμι μέγα πτύον, ἢ δὲ γελάσσαι
 δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραισιν ἔχοισα.

¹ μᾶς Ηελιαῖνος εἶπεν Λαῖτε

Cheiron in Pholus' rocky cave set before Heracles
such a bowlful as that? And the mighty Polypheme
who kept sheep beside the Anapus and had at ships
with mountains, was it for such nectar he footed it
around his steading—such a draught as ye Nymphs
gave us that day of your spring by the altar of
Demeter o' the Threshing-floor? of her, to wit, upon
whose cornheap I pray I may yet again plant the
great purging-fan while she stands smiling by with
wheatsheaves and poppies in either hand.

"Of your spring": the wine was drunk mixed with water.
"Demeter": a harvest-elligy.

VIII.—THE SECOND COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

The characters of this shepherd-mime are the mythical personages Daphnis the neatherd and Menalcas the shepherd, and an unnamed goatherd who plays umpire in their contest of song. After four lines by way of stage-direction, the conversation opens with mutual baster between the two young countrymen, and leads to a singing-match with pipes for the stakes. Each sings four alternate elegiac quatrains and an envoy of eight hexameters. In the first three pairs of quatrains Menalcas sets the theme and Daphnis takes it up. The first pair is addressed to the landscape, and contains mutual compliments; the remainder deal with love. The last pair of quatrains and the two envoys do not correspond in theme. The resemblance of most of the competing stanzas has caused both loss and transposition in the manuscripts. From metrical and linguistic considerations the poem is clearly not the work of Theocritus.

VIII.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Δάφνιδι τῷ χαρίεντι συνήντετο βουκολέοντι
μᾶλα νέμων, ὡς φαντί, κατ' ὥρεα μακρὰ Μενάλκας.
ἄμφω τῶν ἡστην πυρροτρίχω, ἄμφω ἀνήβω,
ἄμφω συρίσδεν δέδαημένω, ἄμφω ἀείδεν.
πράτος δὲ ὁν ποτὶ Δάφνιν ἴδων ἀγόρευε Μενάλκας.
· μυκητῶν ἐπίσυρε βοῦν Δάφνι, λῆσ μοι ἀείσαι;
φαμί τυ νικασεῖν δσσον θέλω, αὐτὸς ἀείδων.”
τὸν δὲ ἄρα χώ Δάφνις τοιῷδ’ ἀπαμείβετο μίθος
· ποιμὴν εἰροπάκων ὃντων συρικτὰ Μενάλκα,
οὗποτε νικασεῖς μ’, οὐδὲ εἰ τι πάθοις τύγ’ ἀείδων.” 10

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

χρήσδεις ὁν ἔσιδεν: χρήσδεις καταθεῖναι ἀεθλον;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

χρήσδω τοῦτ’ ἔσιδεν, χρήσδω καταθεῖναι ἀεθλον.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

καὶ τίνα θησεύμεσθ’, ὅτις ἀμῦν ἄρκιος εἶη:

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μόσχου ἐγὼ θησῶ· τὸ δὲ θὲς ἰσομάτορα τῆνον.¹

¹ τῆνον Ε: παν ἀμνόν (with unlikely hiatus) from gloss
110

VIII.—THE SECOND COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Once on a day the fair Daphnis, out upon the long hills with his cattle, met Menalcas keeping his sheep. Both had ruddy heads, both were striplings grown, both were players of music, and both knew how to sing. Looking now towards Daphnis, Menalcas first ‘What, Daphnis,’ cries he, ‘ thou shepherd o’ bellowing kine, art thou willing to sing me somewhat? I’ll warrant, come my turn, I shall have as much the better of thee as I choose.’ And this was Daphnis answer: ‘Thou shepherd o’ woolly sheep, thou mere piper Menalcas, never shall the likes of thee have the better of me in a song, strive he never so hard.’

MENALCAS

Then will’t please you look hither? Will’t please you lay a wage?

DAPHNIS

Aye, that it will; I’ll both look you and lay you, too.

MENALCAS

And what shall our wage be? what shall be sufficient for us?

DAPHNIS

Mine shall be a calf, only let yours be that mother-tall fellow yonder.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

οὐ θησῶ ποκα τῆνον¹, ἐπεὶ χαλεπὸς ὁ πατήρ μεν
χά μάτηρ, τὰ δὲ μᾶλα ποθέσπερα πάντ' ἀριθ-
μένυτι.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἄλλα τί μὰν θησεῖς; τί δὲ τὸ πλέον ἔξει ὁ νικῶν;

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

σύριγγ' ἦν ἐπόησα καλὰν ἑγώ ἐννεάφωνον,
λευκὸν κηρὸν ἔχοισαν ἵσον κάτω ἵσον ἄνωθεν
ταῦταν κα θείην, τὰ δὲ τῷ πατρὸς οὐ καταθησῶ. 20

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἢ μάν τοι κιῆγὼ σύριγγ' ἔχω ἐννεάφωνον,
λευκὸν κηρὸν ἔχοισαν ἵσον κάτω ἵσον ἄνωθεν.
πρώται νιν συνέπαξ· ἔτι καὶ τὸν δάκτυλον ἀλγέω
τοῦτον, ἐπεὶ κάλαμός με διασχισθείς νιν ἔτμαξεν.²

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

ἄλλα τίς ἄμμε κρινεῖ; τίς ἐπάκοος ἐσσεται ἄμέων;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

τῆνόν πως ἴνταῦθα τὸν αἰπόλον, ἦν καλέσωμες,
ῳ ποτὶ ταῖς ἐρίφοις ὁ κύων ὁ φαλαρὸς ὑλακτεῖ.

χοὶ μὲν παῖδες ἄνσαν, ὁ δὲ αἰπόλος ἥνθ' ἐπα-
κοῦσαι,
οἵ³ μὲν παῖδες ἄειδον, ὁ δὲ αἰπόλος ἥθελε κρίνειν.
πράτος δὲ ὃν ἀειδε λαχῶν ἴνκτα Μενάλκας,
εἴτα δὲ ἀμοιβαίαν ὑπελάμβανε Δάφνις ἀοιδὰν
βουκολικάν⁴ οὗτο δὲ Μενάλκας ἀρξατο πράτος.

¹ ποκα τῆνον Ε : ποκα ποκα ἄμελη, εἰ. 14 ² νιν ἔτμαξε
Meincke : ποκα διέτμαξε ³ οἱ Ε : ποκα χατ

MENALCAS

He shall be no wage of mine. Father and mother are both sour as can be, and tell the flock to a head every night.

DAPHNIS

Well, but what is't to be? and what's the winner to get for's pains?

MENALCAS

Here's a gallant nine-stop pipe I have made, with good white beeswax the same top and bottom; this I'm willing to lay, but I'll not stake what is my father's.

DAPHNIS

Marry, I have a nine-stop pipe likewise, and it like yours hath good white beeswax the same top and bottom. I made it t'other day, and my finger here sore yet where a split reed cut it for me. (*each stakes a pipe*)

MENALCAS

But who's to be our judge? who's to do the hearing for us?

DAPHNIS

Peradventure that goatherd yonder, if we call him; him wi' that spotted flock-dog a-barking near by the kids.

So the lads holla'd, and the goatherd came to hear them, the lads sang and the goatherd was fain to be their judge. Lots were cast, and 'twas Menalcas Loud-o-voice to begin the country-song and Daphnis to take him up by course. Menalcas thus began:

"By course": stanza by stanza.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

*Ἄγκεα καὶ ποταμοί, θεῖον γένος, αἱ τι Μενάλκας
πήποχ̄ ὁ συρικτὰς προσφιλὲς φύσε μέλος,
βόσκοιτ̄ ἐκ Φυχᾶς τὰς ἀμυάδας· ἦν δέ ποκ̄ ἐνθη
Δάφνις ἔχων δαμάλας, μηδὲν ἔλασσον ἔχοι.*

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

*κράναι καὶ βοτάναι, γλυκερὸν φυτόν, αἴπερ ὄμοιον
μουσίσθει Δάφνις ταῖσιν ἀηδονίσι,
τοῦτο τὸ βουκόλιον πιάνετε· κήν τι Μενάλκας
τέλδ̄ ἀγάγῃ, χαίρων ἀφθονα πάντα νέμοι.* 40

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

<i>ἐνθ' δῆς, ἐνθ' αἴγες διδυματόκοι, ἐνθα μέλισσαι¹</i>	45
<i>σμάνεα πληροῦσιν, καὶ δρύες ἴνθίτεραι,</i>	46
<i>ἐνθ' ὁ καλὸς Μήλων βαίνει ποσίν αἱ δ̄ ἀν ἀφέρπη,</i>	47
<i>χῶ ποιμὴν ξηρὸν τηνύθι χαὶ βοτάναι.</i>	48

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

*παντᾶ ἔαρ, παντῷ δὲ νομοί, παντῷ δὲ γάλακτος; 49
οὐθατα πιθῶσιν,² καὶ τὰ νέα τρέφεται,
ἐνθα καλὰ Ναῖς³ ἐπωίσσεται· αἱ δ̄ ἀν ἀφέρπη,
χῶ τὰς βῶς βόσκων χαὶ βόες αἰότεραι.* 50

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

*ὦ τράγε, τῶν λευκῶν αἰγῶν ἀνερ, δ̄ βάθος⁴ ὑλας
μυρίον (αἱ σιμαὶ⁵ δεῦτ̄ ἐφ' ὅσωρ ἥριφοι).* 50

¹ 41-47 transposed by Aion. Eridem. Goth. 1803. 22
² πιθῶσιν Ahrens: πιθῶσιν, schol. also πλήθωσιν. ³ Ναῖ Mein: παῖς παῖς. ⁴ ἡ βάθος sehol.: παῖς ἡ θ. ⁵ αἱ σιμαὶ Wil: παῖς ἡ σ.

Ye woods and waters, wondrous race,
 Lith and listen of your grace;
 If e'er my song was your delight
 Feed my lambs with all your might;
 And if Daphnis wend this way,
 Make his calves as fat as they.

DAPHNIS

Ye darling wells and meadows dear,
 Sweets o' the earth, come lend an ear;
 If like the nightingales I sing,
 Give my cows good pasturing;
 And if Menalcas e'er you see,
 Fill his flock and make him glee.

MENALCAS

Where sweet Milon trips the leas
 There's fuller hives and loftier trees;
 Where'er those pretty footings fall
 Goats and sheep come twimmers all;
 If otherwhere those feet be gone,
 Pasture's lean and shepherd lone.

DAPHNIS

Where sweet Naïs comes a-straying
 There the green meads go a-maying;
 Where'er her pathway lies along,
 There's springing teats and growing young;
 If otherwhere her gate be gone,
 Cows are dry and herd fordone.

MENALCAS

Buck-goat, husband of the she's,
 Hie to th' wood's infinities—
 Nay, snubbies, hither to the spring;
 This errand's not for your running;—

"Snubbies": kids.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἐν τίμῳ γάρ τίμος· ιθ' ὁ καλέ¹ καὶ λέγε, 'Μίλων,
ὁ Πρωτεὺς φώκας καὶ θεός; οὐν² ἔμετε.'

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

* * * * *

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

μή μοι γάν Πέλοπος, μή μοι Κροίσεια³ ταλαντα
εἶη ἔχειν, μηδὲ πρόσθε θέειν ἀνέμων·
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τῷ πέτρᾳ τῷδ' ἥσομαι ἀγκὰς ἔχων τν,
σύνυομε⁴ καλ'⁵, ἐσορῶν τὰν Σικελάν ἐς ἄλα-

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

δένδρεσι μὲν χειμῶν φοβερὸν κακόν, ὕδασι δ'
αύχμιός;

ὅρνσιν δ' ὑσπλαγχξ, ἀγροτέροις δὲ λίνα,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ παρθενικᾶς ἀπαλᾶς πόθος. ὁ πάτερ ὁ Ζεῦ,
οὐ μόνος ἡράσθην καὶ τὸ γυναικοφίλας.

60

ταῦτα μὲν ὧν, δι' ἀμοιβαίων οἱ παιδες ἀεισαγ
τὰν πυματάν δ' φόδαν οὐτως ἔξαρχε Μενάλκας·

Φείδεν τὰν ἐρίφων, φείδεν λύκε τὰν τοκάδων μεν.
μηδ' ἀδίκει μ', δτε μικκὸς ἔων πολλαῖσιν ὄμαρτίω.
ὁ Λάμπαντε κύον, σῦτω βαθὺς ὑπνος ἔχει τν;
οὐ χρὴ κοιμᾶσθαι βαθέως σὺν παιδὶ νέμοντα.
ταὶ δ' διες, μηδ' ὑμμες ὑκνεῖθ' ἀπαλᾶς κορέσασθας
ποίας· οὐ τι καμεῖσθ', ὅκκα πάλιν ἄδε φύηται.

¹ καλέ school : μησ από school. καλέ ² οὐ Meis : μησ οὐ
³ Κροίσεια Jortin : μησ χρέεσι ⁴ σύνυομε Οινείδη : μησ
σύνυομε ⁵ καλ' Mein : μησ μᾶλ'

THEOCRITUS VIII, 51-68

Go, buck, and "Fairest Milon" say,
"A God kept seals once on a day."

[*Daphnis' reply is lost*]

MENALCAS

I would not Pelops' tilth untold
Nor all Croesus' coffered gold,
Nor yet t' outfoot the storm-wind's breath,
So I may sit this rock beneath,
Pretty pasture-mate, wi' thee,
And gaze on the Sicilian sea.

DAPHNIS

Wood doth fear the tempest's ire,
Water summer's drouthy fire,
Beasts the net and birds the snare,
Man the love of maiden fair;
Not I alone lie under ban;
Zeus himself 's a woman's man.

So far went the lads' songs by course. Now 'twas
the envoy, and Menalcas thus began:

Spare, good Wolf, the goats you see,
Spare them dam and kid for me;
If flock is great and flockman small,
Is't reason you should wrong us all?
Come, White-tail, why so sound asleep?
Good dogs wake when boys tend sheep.
Fear not, ewes, your fill to eat;
For when the new blade sprouteth sweet,
Then ye shall no losers be;

"A God kept seals": Proteus; the message means "Do not despise your lover because he keeps sheep." "Lie under ban": the Greek has "have fallen in love."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

σίττα νέμεσθε νέμεσθε, τὰ δὲ οὐθατα πλιήσατε
πᾶσαι,
ώς τὸ μὲν ὄρνες ἔχωντι, τὸ δὲ ἐς ταλάρως ἀποθῶμαι. τοῦ

δεύτερος αὖ Δάφνις ληγυρῶς ἀνεβάλλετε¹ ἀείδεν-

Κῆμ² ἐκ σπῆλυγγος³ σύνοφρυς κόρα ἔχθες ἰδοῖσα
τὰς δαμάλας παρελάντα καλὸν καλὸν ἦμεν
ἔφασκεν.

οὐ μάν οὐδὲ λέγων ἐκρίθην ἀπὸ τὸν πικρὸν αὐτᾶς,⁴
ἀλλὰ κάτω βλέψας τὰν ἀμετέραν ὁδὸν εἴρπον.

ἀδεῖ⁵ ὁ φωνὴ τᾶς πόρτιος, ἀδὺ τὸ πνεῦμα⁶ 76

ἀδὺ δὲ τῷ θέρεος παρ' ὑδωρ ρέουν αἰθριοκοιτεῖν. 78

τῷ δρυὶ ταὶ βάλανοι κύσμος, τῷ μαλίδι μᾶλα,
τῷ βοὶ δὲ μόσχος, τῷ βουκόλῳ αἱ βόες αὐταὶ. 80

ἥς οἱ παιδεῖς ἀεισαν, ὁ δὲ αἰπόλος ὡδὲ ἀγύρενεν.
· ὁδὺ τι τὸ στόμα τοι καὶ ἐφίμερος ὁ Δάφνις φωνά.
κρέσσον μελπομένω τεν ἀκονέμεν ἡ μέλι λείχαι.
λίξεο τὰς σύριγγος⁷ ἐνίκασας γάρ ἀείδων.
αἱ δέ τι λῆγι με καὶ αὐτὸν ἄμ⁸ αἰπολίοντα διδάξαι,
τήναγ τὰν μιτύλαν⁹ δωσῶ τὰ δίδακτρά τοι αἴγα,
ἄτις ὑπὲρ κεφαλᾶς αἰεὶ τὸν ἀμολγέα πληροῖ.

¹ σπέλιογγος E, cf. 16. 53 : πας + ὁ διέτρω² λέγων and
αὐτᾶς E, taking ἀπεκρίθην as 'parted from,' supplying λέγως :
πας λέγων or λέγων and αὐτῆς³ τὰς σύριγγας Scaliger :
πας τὰς σύριγγας⁴ μιτύλαν 'youngest and smallest' E :
others as Lat. *mitulus* 'that has lost her horns': πας μιτάλας,
μιτύλας

77 ἀδὲ δὲ χά μέσχοι γαρίνεται, ἀδὺ δὲ χά βώτ. From 9. 7 ;
Valckenaeſt rightly omits.

To 't, and feed you every she,
 Feed till every udder teem
 Store for lambs and store for cream.

Then Daphnis, for his envoy, lifted up his tuneful voice, singing—

Yestermorn a long-browed maid,
 Spying from a rocky shade
 Neat and neatherd passing by,
 Cries " What a pretty boy am I ! "
 Did pretty boy the jape repay ?
 Nay, bent his head and went his way.
 Sweet to hear and sweet to smell,
 God wot I love a heifer well,
 And sweet also 'neath summer sky
 To sit where brooks go babbling by ;
 But 'tis berry and bush, 'tis fruit and tree,
 'Tis calf and cow, wi' my kine and me.

So sang those two lads, and this is what the goat-herd said of their songs : " You, good Daphnis, have a sweet and delightful voice. Your singing is to the ear as honey to the lip. Here's the pipe ; take it ; your song has fairly won it you. And if you are willing to teach me how to sing as you sing while I share pasture with you, you shall have the little she-goat yonder to your school-money, and I warrant you she'll fill your pail up to the brim and further."

" Long-browed " : the Greek is 'with meeting eye-brows.' " 'Tis berry and bush " : the Greek is 'acorn adorns oak, apple apple-tree, calf cow, and cows cowhard.'

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ώς μὲν ὁ παῖς ἔχάρη καὶ ἀνάλατο καὶ πλατάνησε
πικάσας, οὗτως ἐπὶ ματέρι νεβρὸς ἀλοίτο,
ώς δὲ κατεσμύχθη καὶ ἀνετράπετο φρένα λύπᾳ 90
ῶτερος, οὗτῳ καὶ νύμφα δμαθεῖσ'¹ ἀκάχοιτο.
κήκ τούτῳ πράτος παρὰ ποιμέσι Δάφνις ἔγεντο,
καὶ Νύμφαν ἀκρηβὸς ἐὼν ἦτι Ναΐδα γῆμεν.

¹ δμαθεῖσ' Alkēnē : μῆσα γαμιθεῖσ', γεμιθεῖσ'

At that the lad was transported, and capered and clapped hands for joy of his victory ; so capers a fawn at the sight of his dam. At that, too, the other's fire was utterly extinct, and his heart turned upside-down for grief ; so mourns a maiden that is wed against her will.

From that day forth Daphnis had the pre-eminence of the shepherds, insomuch that he was scarce come to man's estate ere he had to wife that Nais of whom he sang.

"Nais" : apparently the nymph to whom Daphnis afterwards swore the oath which, when he fell in love with Xena, he died rather than break.

IX.—THE THIRD COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

This poem would seem to be merely a poor imitation of the last. The characters are two shepherds, Daphnis and Menalcas, and the writer himself. We are to imagine the cattle to have just been driven out to pasture. There is no challenge and no stake. At the request of the writer that they shall compete in song before him, each of the herdsmen sings seven lines, Daphnis setting the theme; and then the writer, leaving it to be implied that he judged them equal, tells us how he gave them each a gift and what it was. The writer now appeals to the Muses to tell him the song he himself sang on the occasion, and he sings a six-line song in their praise.

IX.—ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Βουκολιάζεο Δάφνι, τὸ δὲ φόδας ἄρχεο πράτος,
φόδας ἄρχεο πράτος, ἐφεψύσθω δὲ Μενάλκας,
μόσχως βουσίν ἀφέντες ἔπι¹, στείραισι δὲ ταύρως.
χοὶ μὲν ἀμῷ βόσκοιντο καὶ ἐν φύλλοισι πλαινῶντο
μηδὲν ἀτιμαγελεῦντες· ἐμὸν δὲ τὸ βουκολιάζεν
ἐκ τύθεν,² ὅλλωθεν δὲ ποτικρίνοιτο Μενάλκας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

Ἄδην μὲν ἀ μόσχος γαρίεται, ἀδὴ δὲ χά βῶς,
ἀδὴ δὲ χά συριγξ χώ βουκόλος, ἀδὴ δὲ κήργάν.
ἴστι δέ μοι παρ' ὕδωρ ψυχρὸν στιβάς, ἐν δὲ
μένασται

λευκᾶν ἐκ δαμαλᾶν καλὰ δέρματα, τάς μοι ἀπύσας 10
λίψ κόμαρον τρωγοίσας ἀπὸ σκοπιᾶς ἐτίναξε.
τῷ δὲ θέρευς φρύγοντος ἐγὼ τύσσον μελέδαινο,
δσσον ἐρῶν τὸ πατρὸς μύθων καὶ ματρὸς ἀκούειν.

οὗτος Δάφνις ἀεισεν ἐμίν, οὗτος δὲ Μενάλκας

Ἄιτια μάτερ ἐμά, κίγγα καλὸν ἄντρον ἐνοικέω
κοίλαις ἐν πέτραισιν· ἔχω δέ τοι, ὅσσ' ἐν ὄνείρῳ
φαίνονται, πολλὰς μὲν δις, πολλὰς δὲ χυμαίρας,
ῶν μοι πρὸς κεφαλῆ καὶ πρὸς ποσὶ κώεα κεῖται.

¹ ἀφέντες ἐπι Κ: μηδέποτε ὅπε (Vat. 915 επι) from 4. 47

² ἐπι τόθεν Cholmeley from Ap. Rhod. 2. 531 (of time); μηδε Schöhl. ἀποθεν and ἐπι τοθεν

IX.—THE THIRD COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Sing a country-song, Daphnis. Be you the first
and Menalcas follow when you have let out the
calves to run with the cows and the bulls with the
barren heifers. As for the cattle, may they feed
together and wander together among the leaves and
never stray alone, but do you come and sing me your
song on this side and Menalcas stand for judgment
against you on that.

DAPHNIS (*sings*)

O sweet the cry o' the calf, and sweet the cry o' the
cow,
And sweet the tune o' the neatherd's pipe, and I
sing sweet now;
And a greenbed's mine by the cool brook-side
Piled thick and thick with many a hide
From the pretty heifers wi' skin so white
Which the storm found browzing on the height
And hurled them all below:
And as much reck I o' the scorching heat
As a love-struck lad of his father's threat.

So sang me Daphnis, and then Menalcas thus:—

Etna, mother o' mine! my shelter it is a grot,
A pretty rift in a hollow clift, and for skins to my
bed, God wot,
Head and foot 'tis goats and sheep
As many as be in a vision o' sleep,

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἐν πυρὶ δὲ δρυίνῳ χόρια ξεῖ, ἐν πυρὶ δὲ αὖται
φαγοὶ χαιμαίνοντος· ἔχω δὲ τοι οὐδὲ δσον ὥραν 20
χείματος ἡ νωδὸς καρύων ἀμύλοιο παρόντος.

τοῖς μὲν ἐπεκλατάγησα καὶ αὐτίκα δῶρον ἔβωκα,
Δάφνιδι μὲν κορύναν, τάν μοι πατρὸς ἔτραφεν
ἀγρός,
αὐτοφυῆ, τὰν δὲ οὐδὲ ἄν ίσως μμάσατο¹ τέκτων,
τήνῳ δὲ στρόμβῳ καλὸν δστρακον, ὡ κρέας αὐτὸς
σιτήθην πέτραισιν ἐν Ἰκαρίαισι δοκεύσας
πέντε ταμῶν πέντε οὖσιν δὲ δὲ ἐγκαναχήσατο
κόχλῳ.

Βουκολικαὶ Μοῖσαι μᾶλα χαίρετε, φαίνετε δὲ
ψδάν,²
τὰν τόκ' ἐγὼ τήνοισι παρὸν λεισα νομεῦσι·
μηκέτ' ἐπὶ γλώσσας ἀκρας ὀλοφυγγόνα φύσῃ³ 30

Τέττιξ μὲν τέττιγι φίλοι, μύρμακι δὲ μύρμαξ,
ἱρηκες δὲ Ἱρηξιν, ἐμὸν δὲ ἀ Μοῖσα καὶ ψδά.
τὰς μοι πᾶς εἴη πλεῖος δόμιος. οὔτε γὰρ ὑπνος
οὐτὲ ἔαρ ἔξαπίνας⁴ γλυκερώτερον, οὔτε μελίσ-
σαις
ἄνθεα· τόσσον ἐμὸν Μοῖσαι φίλαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ⁵
όρεῦντι⁶
γαθεῦσαι,⁷ τούσδε οὐ τι ποτὲ δαλήσατο Κίρκα.

¹ μμάσατο Adler; ταῦ μμάσατο ² ταῦ also ψδᾶς τὰς
² φέρει Wil; ταῦ φέρει ⁴ Ποτησπα ἔξαπιναντί, cf. Hipp.
de Ajf. 517, 19 (adv.) and ἔξαπιναντί LXX, N.T., and
Byzant. ⁵ ταῦ also οὐδὲ μὲν ⁶ Schol. also δρῦτε, ἄρωται
⁷ γαθεῦσαι: ταῦ and Schol. γαθεῦσαι(ν)

And an oaken fire i' the winter days
 With chestnuts roasting at the blaze
 And puddings in the pot:
 And as little care I for the wintry sky
 As the toothless for nuts when porridge is by.

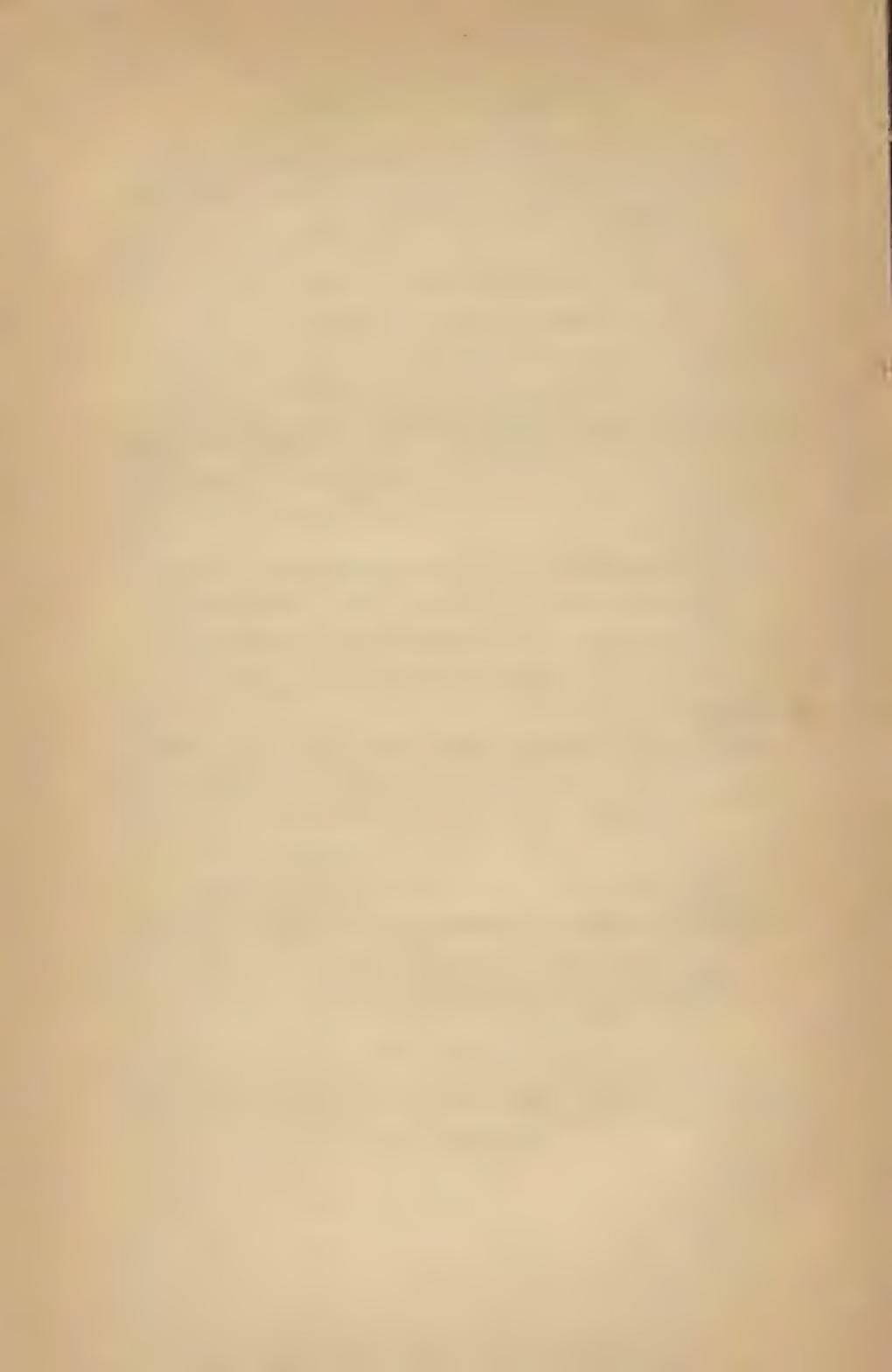
Then clapped I the lads both, and then and there
 gave them each a gift, Daphnis a club which grew
 upon my father's farm and e'en the same as it grew—
 albeit an artificer could not make one to match it—,
 and Menalcas a passing fine conch, of which the fish
 when I took it among the Icarian rocks furnished
 five portions for five mouths,—and he blew a blast
 upon the shell.

All hail, good Muses o' the countryside! and the
 song I did sing that day before those herdsmen, let
 it no longer raise pushes on the tip o' my tongue,
 but show it me you:

(the song)

O cricket is to cricket dear, and ant for ant doth
 long,
 The hawk's the darling of his fere, and o' me the
 Muse and her song :
 Of songs be my house the home alway,
 For neither sleep, nor a sudden spring-day,
 Nor flowers to the bees, are as sweet as they;
 I love the Muse and her song :
 For any the Muses be glad to see,
 Is proof agen Circé's witcherye.

"Pushes": pimples on the tongue, the scholiast tells us, were a sign that one refuses to give up what another has entrusted to him.



X.—THE REAPERS

The characters of this pastoral mime are two reapers, Milon, the man of experience, and Bucaeus, called also *Bucus*, the lovesick youth. The conversation takes place in the course of their reaping, and leads to a love-song from the lover and a reaping-song from his kindly mentor. When Milon calls his song the song of the divine Lityenses he is using a generic term. There was at least one traditional reaping-song which told how Lityenses, son of Midas, of Celaesae in Phrygia, after entertaining strangers hospitably, made them reap with him till evening, when he cut off their heads and hid their bodies in the sheaves. This apparently gave the name to all reaping-songs. Milon's song, after a prayer to Demeter, addresses itself in succession to binders, threshers, and reapers, and lastly to the steward. Both songs are supposed to be impromptu, and sung as the men reap on.

X.—ΕΡΓΑΤΙΝΑΙ Η ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ

ΜΙΛΩΝ

Ἐργατίνα Βουκαίε, τί νῦν φένυρέ πεπόνθεις:
οὔτε τὸν ὄγμον ἀγειν ὅρθον δύνα, ὡς τὸ πρὸν ἀγεῖ,
οὐθ' ἀμα λαποτομεῖς τῷ πλατίον, ἀλλ' ἀπολείπῃ
ῶσπερ δῆς ποίμνας, ἃς τὸν πόδα κάκτος ἔτυψε.
ποιῶς τις δεῖλαιν τὸν καὶ ἐκ μέσω ἀματος ἐσσῆ,
ὅς νῦν ἀρχόμενος τὰς αὐλακος οὐκ ἀποτρώγεις;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

Μίλων ὁφαμᾶτα, πέτρας ἀπόκομμ' ἀτερύμνω,
οὐδαμά τοι συνέβα ποθέσαι τινὰ τῶν ἀπέοντων;

ΜΙΛΩΝ

οὐδαμά. τίς δὲ πόθος τῶν ἔκτοθεν ἐργάτᾳ ἀνδρί;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

οὐδαμά νῦν συνέβα τοι ἀγρυπνήσαι δι' ἔρωτα; 10

ΜΙΛΩΝ

μηδέ γε συμβαίη χαλεπὸν χορίῳ κύνα γεῦσαι.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

ἄλλ' ἐγὼ ὦ Μίλων ἔραμαι σχεδὸν ἐνδεκαταιος·

X.—THE REAPERS

MILON

HUSBANDMAN Bucaeus, what ails ye now, good drudge? you neither can cut your swath straight as once you did, nor keep time in your reaping with your neighbour. You're left behind by the flock like a ewe with a thorn in her foot. How will it be wi' you when noon is past and day o' the wane, if thus early you make not a clean bite o' your furrow?

BUCAEUS

Good master early-and-late-wi'-sickle, good Sir chip-o'-the-flint, good Milon, hath it never befallen thee to wish for one that is away?

MILON

Never, i' faith; what has a clown like me to do with wishing where there's no getting?

BUCAEUS

Then hath it never befallen thee to lie awake o' nights for love?

MILON

Nay, and God forbid it should. 'Tis ill letting the dog taste pudding.

BUCAEUS

But I've been in love, Milon, the better part of ten days;

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΜΙΛΩΝ

ἐκ πίθω ὀντλεῖς δῆλον, ἐγὼ δὲ ἔχω οὐδὲ ἀλιτρὸν.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

τοιγάρα τὰ πρὸ θυρᾶν μοι ἀπὸ σπόρων ἄσκαλα
πάντα.

ΜΙΛΩΝ

τίς δέ τη τὰν παιῶν λυμαίνεται;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

ἀ πρᾶν ἀμώντεσσι παρ' Ἰπποκίωνι ποταύλει.

ΜΙΛΩΝ

εῦρε θεὸς τὸν ἀλιτρὸν ἔχεις πάλαι ὃν ἐπεθύμεις.
μάντις τοι τὰν νύκτα χροιξεῖθ' ἀ καλαμαία.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

μωμάσθαι μὲν ἀρχῇ τὸν τυφλὸς δὲ οὐκ αὐτὸς ὁ
Πλοῦτος,
ἄλλῃ καὶ ὠφρόντιστος Ἐρωε. μὴ δὴ μέγα μυθεῦ. 20

ΜΙΛΩΝ

οὐ μέγα μυθεῦματ τὸν μόνον κατάβαλλε τὸ λόγον,
καὶ τι κέρας φίλικὸν μέλος ἀμβάλει. ἄδιον οὐτως
ἔργαξῃ καὶ μὰν πρότερὸν ποκα μουσικὸς ἡσθα.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

Μῶσαι Πιερίδες, συναείσατε τὰν ῥαδινάρ μοι
παιδό· ὅν γάρ χ' ἀψήσθε θεαί, καλὰ πάντα ποεῖτε.

THEOCRITUS X, 13-25

MILON

Then 'tis manifest thou draw'st thy wine from the
hogshead the while I am short of vinegar-water.

BUCAEUS

—And so it is that the land at my very door since
was seed-time hath not felt hoe.

MILON

And which o' the lasses is thy undoing?

BUCAEUS

'Tis Polybotas' daughter, she that was at Hippo-
cion's t'other day a-piping to the reapers.

MILON

Lord! thy sin hath found thee out. Thou'dst
wished and wished, and now, 'faith, thou'st won.
There'll be a locust to clasp thee all night long.

BUCAEUS

Thou bid'st fair to play me fault-finder. But
there's blind men in heaven besides Him o' the
Money-bags, fool Cupid for one. So prithee talk not
so big.

MILON

I talk not big, not I; pray be content, go thou on
wi' thy laying o' the field, and strike up a song o'
love to thy leman. 'Twill sweeten thy toil. Marry,
I know thou wast a singer once.

BUCAEUS (*sings*)

Pierian Muses, join with me a slender lass to sing;
For all ye Ladies take in hand ye make a pretty
thing.

"Since was seed-time": a proverbial exaggeration; for
he has been in love only ten days, and this is harvest-time.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

Βομβύκα χαρίεσσα. Σύραν καλέοντί τη πάντες,
ισχνὰν ἀλιάκανστον, ἐγὼ δὲ μόνος μελίχλωρον,
καὶ τὸ ίον μέλαν ἔστι καὶ ὁ γραπτὰ ὑάκινθος,
ἄλλ' ἔμπας ἐν τοῖς στεφάνοις τὰ πράτα λέγονται.
ἀ αἰξ τὰν κύτισον, ὁ λόκος τὰν αἴγα διώκει, 30
ἀ γέρανος τῶροτρον, ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ τὸν μεμάνημαι.
αἴθε μοι ἵς, δόσσα Κροῖσόν ποκα φαντὶ πεπᾶσθαι,
χρύσεοι ἀμφότεροι κ' ἀνεκείμεθα τῷ Ἀφροδίτᾳ,
τῶς αὐλῶς μὲν ἔχοισα καὶ ἡ ρόδον ἡ τίγα
μῆλον,
σχῆμα δ' ἐγὼ καὶ καινὰς ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν
ἀμύκλας.
Βομβύκη χαρίεσσ'², οἱ μὲν πόδες ἀστράγαλοι τεν
ἀ φωνά δὲ τρύχνος τὸν μὰν τρόπον οὐκ ἔχου
εἶπεν.

ΜΙΑΩΝ

ἡ καλὰς ἄμμε¹ ποῶν ἐλελάθει Βοῦκος ἀοιδάς.
ἀς εὖ τὰν ἴδεαν τὰς ἄρμονίας ἐμέτρησεν.
ῶμοι τῷ πώγωνος, δν ἀλιθίως ἀνέφυστα. 40
θᾶσαι δὴ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ τῷ θείῳ Διτυέρσα.

Δάματερ πολύκαρπε πολύσταχν, τοῦτο τὸ
λᾶον

δῆμος : πόλις also ἄμμη

Bombyea fair, to other folk you may a Gipsy be;
Sunburnt and lean they call you; you're honey-
brown to me.
Of flowers the violet's dark, and dark the lettered
flag-flower tall,
But when there's nosegays making they choose them
first of all.
Dame Goat pursues the clover, Gray Wolf doth goat
pursue,
Sir Stork pursues the plough; and I—O! I am wild
for you.
Would all old Croesus had were mine! O then
we'd figured be
In good red gold for offerings rare before the Love-
Ladye,
You with your pipes, a rose in hand or apple, I bedight
Above with mantle fine, below, new buskins left and
right.
Bombyea fair, your pretty feet are knucklebones,
and O!
Your voice is poppy, but your ways—they pass my
power to show.

三三〇

Marry, 'twas no 'prentice hand after all. Mark how cunningly he shaped his tune! Alackaday, what a dolt was I to get me a beard! But come hear this of the divine Lityerses: (sings) Demeter, Queen of fruit and ear, bless O bless our field:

"Gipay": the Greek is "Syrian." "Knucklebones": Bombyca pipes, dances, and sings by profession (cf. II. 16 and 34); she flings her feet about as a player tosses the knucklebones, lightly and easily, and her singing soothes the listener like a narcotic. "What a dol! was I": "what a thing it is to be young!"

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ενεργόν τ' εἶη καὶ κύρπιμον δττι μάλιστα.

σφίνγγετ' ἀμαλλοδέται τὰ δράγματα, μὴ παριῶν
τις

εἴπη· ¹ σύκινοι ὄνδρες· ¹ ἀπώλετο χρῦτος ὁ μισθός·²
ἐε βορέαν ἀνεμον τᾶς κόρθυος ἡ τομὰ ὑμμιν
καὶ ζέφυρον² βλεπέτω· πιαίνεται ὁ στάχυς οὗτως·
σῖτου ἀλοιῶντας φεύγειν τὸ μεσαμβριῶν ὅπνου·
ἐκ καλάμας ἄχυρον τελέθει τημόσδε μάλιστα.

ἄρχεσθαι δ' ἀμῶντας ἐγειρομένω κορυδαλλῷ,
καὶ λήγειν εὔδοντος, ἐλιμῆσαι δὲ τὸ καῦμα.

εὐκτὸς ὁ τῷ βατράχῳ, παῖδες, βίος· οὐ μελεδαίρει
τὸν τὸ πιεῖν ἐγχεῦντα· πάρεστι γὰρ ἀφθονον
αἰτῷ.³

καλλίον⁴ ὁ πιμελητά φιλάργυρε τὸν φακὸν
ἔψειν·

μὴ πιτάμῃς τὰν χείρα καταπρίων τὸ κύμιον.

ταῦτα χρὴ μοχθεῦντας ἐν ἀλίφ ἀνόρας ἀείδειν,
τὸν δὲ τεὸν Βουκαΐε πρέπει λιμηρὸν ἔρωτα
μυθίσθειν τῷ ματρὶ κατ' εἰνάν δρθρευοίσα.

¹ εἴτε Brunck: ταῦς «τεῖαι» ἄνδρες E: ταῦς ἀνδρες, ² αἱ E; *τεῖς βορείος καὶ ζέφυρον* means "North-west," cf. Schol. Pind. *P.* 10. *ἢ* εστιν ἡρδει ἀνατολῇ καὶ μεσημβριᾳ = South-east: *ταῦς ζέφυρος*, ³ cf. Phococ. ap. Athen. 10. 430 and Zenob. 2. 78. ⁴ καλλίον E, cf. II. 44: ταῦς καλλίον

Grant our increase greatest be that toil therein may yield.

Grip tight your sheaves, good Binders all, or passers-by will say

'These be men of elder-wood ; more wages thrown away.'

Twixt Northwind and Westwind let straws endlong be laid ;

The breeze runs up the hollow and the ear is plumper made.

For Threshers, lads, the noontide nap's a nap beside the law,

For noontide's the best tide for making chaff of straw :

But Reapers they are up wi' the lark, and with the lark to bed ;

To rest the heat o' the day, stands Reapers in good stead.

And 'tis O to be a frog, my lads, and live aloof from care !

He needs no drawer to his drink ; 'tis plenty everywhere.

Fie, fie, Sir Steward ! better beans, an't please ye, another day :

Thou'lt cut thy finger, niggard, a-splitting caraway.

That's the sort o' song for such as work i' the sun ;
but that starveling love-ditty o' thine, Buceaus,
would make brave telling to thy mammy abed of a morning.

"Elder-wood": the Greek has "figwood," which was useless ; cf. Shaks. *Merry Wives* 2.3.30 "My heart of elder."
"Tis O to be a frog": the steward is stingy with the drink as with the lentils.

XI.—THE CYCLOPS

THEOCRITUS offers a consolatio amoris to his friend the poet-physician Nicias of Miletus,¹ with whom he studied under the physician Erasistratus. After a brief introduction by way of stage-direction, he tells him the song the Cyclops sang to his love the sea-nymph. Metrical and grammatical considerations make it probable that the poem was an early one; it may well be anterior to *The Distaff*. There is 'tragic irony' in the Cyclops' reference to his eye when speaking of singeing his beard, and also in his mention of the possible advent of a stranger from overseas.

¹ For another interpretation see the Introduction.

ΧΙ.—ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

Ούδεν ποττὸν ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμακον ἄλλο,
 Νικία, οὐτ' ἔγχριστον, ἐμὲν δοκεῖ, οὐτ' ἐπίπαστον,
 ἡ ταὶ Πιερίδες· κοῦφον δέ τι τοῦτο καὶ ἀδύνατο
 γίνεται· ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, εὑρεῖν δὲ οὐ φάδιόν ἔστι.
 γυνασκειν δὲ σῆμαί τυν καλῶς ιατρον ἔοντα
 καὶ ταὶς ἑννέα δὴ πεφιλημένον ἔξοχα Μοίσαις.
 οὗτοι γοῦν φίλιστα διάγειροι Κύκλωψ οἱ παρ' ὅμινοι,
 ὥρχαιοις Πολύφαμος, ὃκλοις ἡρατο ταὶς Γαλατείας,
 ἀρτὶ γενειάσθων περὶ τὸ στόμα τως κροτάφως τε-
 ἡρατο δὲ οὐ μᾶλις οὐδὲ φόδροι αὐδὲ κικίννοις, 10
 ἀλλ' ὄρβαις μανίαις, ἀγέντο δὲ πάντα πάρεργα,
 πολλάκι ταὶ διες ποτὶ τωῦλιον αὐταὶ ἀπήγνθον
 χλωρᾶς ἐκ βοτάνας· οἱ δὲ τὰν Γαλάτειαν ἀείσων
 αὐτὸς ἐπ' αἰόνιος κατετάκετο φυκιοέσσας
 οὐδὲν, ἔχθιστον ἔχων ὑπακάρδιον ἐλκος,
 Κύπριδος ἐκ μεγάλας τύοι οἱ ἡπατι πάξει βέλεμνον.
 ἀλλὰ τὸ φάρμακον εὑρε, καθεζόμενος δὲ τὴν
 πέτρας
 ὑψηλᾶς ἐς πόντον ὄρῶν ἀειδε τοιαῦτα·

"Ω λευκὰ Γαλάτεια, τί τὸν φιλέοντ' ἀποβάλλῃ,
 λευκοτέρα πακτᾶς ποτιδεῖν, ἀπαλωτέρα ὄρυός, 20
 μόσχῳ γαυροτέρα, φιαρωτέρα¹ διμφακος ὡμᾶς;

¹ Μη φιαρωτέρα: Schol. also εφρυγγανιστέρα (i.e. εφρυγγανιστέρα)

XI.—THE CYCLOPS

It seems there's no medicine for love, Nicias,
neither salve nor plaster, but only the Pierian Maids.
And a gentle medicine it is and sweet for to use
upon the world, but very hard to find, as indeed one
like you must know, being both physician and well-
belov'd likewise of the Nine. "Twas this, at least,
gave best comfort to my countryman the Cyclops,
old Polyphemus, when he was first showing beard
upon cheek and chin and Galatea was his love. His
love was no matter of apples, neither, nor of rose-
buds nor locks of hair, but a flat frenzy which recked
nought of all else. Time and again his sheep would
leave the fresh green pasturage and come back
unbidden to fold, while their master must peak and
pine alone upon the wrack-strown shore a-singing
all the day long of Galatea, sick at heart of the spite-
ful wound the shaft of the great Cyprian had dealt
him. Nevertheless he found the medicine for it, and
sitting him down upon an upstanding rock looked
seawards and sang :

O Galatea fair and white, white as curds in whey,
Dapper as lamb a-frisking, wanton as calf at play,
And plump o' shape as ruddying grape, O why deny
thy lover?

THE BUCOLIC POETS

φοετής δαῦθ¹ οὐτωτή, δικα γλυκὺς ὑπνος ἔχη με,
οἰχη δ' εὔθὺς ιοῖσ², δικα γλυκὺς ὑπνος ἀνγ με,
φεύγεις δ' ὥσπερ δις πολιὼν λύκον ἀθρήσασα.
ἡράσθην μὲν ἐγώντα τεοῦς κόρα, ἀνίκα πρᾶτον
ἡρθες ἐμῷ σὺν ματρὶ θέλοισ³ ὄνακτίνα φύλλα
ἴξ δρεος δρέψασθαι, ἐγὼ δ' ὁδὸν ἀγεμόνευον.
τανσασθαι δ' ἐσιδών τυ καὶ ὑστερον οὐδ⁴ ἔτε
πα νῦν
ικ τήνω δύναμαι τὸν δ' οὐ μέλει, οὐ μὰ δι
οὐδέν.

γιώσκω χαρίεσσα κόρα, τίνος ὄνεκα φεύγεις 20
ῶνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὀφρὺς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετώπῳ
ἴξ ὥτὸς τέταται ποτὶ θώτερον ὡς μα μακρα,
εἰς δ' ὀφθαλμὸς ὑπεστι,⁵ πλατεῖα δὲ φίς ἐπὶ⁶
χεῖλει.
ἄλλ' οὗτος τοιοῦτος ἐὼν βοτὰ χίλια βόσκω,
κῆκ τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα
πίνω.
τυρὸς δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὐτ' ἐν θέρει οὐτ' ἐν ὄπώρᾳ,
οὐ χειμῶνος ἄκρω ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπεραχθέες αἰεί.
συρίσδεν δ' ὡς οὐτις ἐπίσταμαι ὅδε Κυκλώπων,
τίν τε φίλοι γλυκύμαλον ἀμῷ κῆμαντὸν ἀείδω⁷
πολλάκι νικτὸς ἀωρί. τρέφω δέ τοι ἐνδεκα
νεβρώς 40

πάσας μαννυφόρως⁸ καὶ σκύμνως τέσσαρας
ἄρκτων.

¹ δαῦθ̄ (οὐ δαῦθ̄!) E “hither,” cf. Ale. fr. 19 δεῦτε, New Frag. 2, 6 δεῦτ̄, Sappho New Frag. 1, 15 δαῦτ̄; τις δ' αἴρ̄

² δεῦτ̄ Winckl.; τις δεῦτ̄τ̄. ³ το and ἀείδω E; he could

⁴ μαννυφόρως Schol. v. I; τις ἀμνοφόρως

O soon know thou'rt here, I trow, when sweet sleep
comes me over,
But up and gone when sleeping's done—O never
flees so fast
Ewe that doth spy gray wolf anigh, as thou when
slumber's past.
My love of thee began, sweeting, when thou—I
mind it well—
Wast come a-pulling luces wi' my mother on the fell;
I showed ye where to look for them, and from that
hour to this
I've loved ye true; but Lord! to you my love as
nothing is.
O well I wot pretty maid, pretty maid, for why
thou shun'st me so,
One long shag eyebrow ear to ear my forehead o'er
doth go,
And but one eye beneath doth lie, and the nose
stands wide on the lip;
Yet be as I may, still this I say, I feed full a
thousand sheep,
And the milk to my hand's the best i' the land, and
my cheese 'tis plenty also;
Come summer mild, come winter wild, my cheese-
racks ever o'erflow.
And, for piping, none o' my kin hereby can pipe
like my piping,
And of thee and me, dear sweet-apple, in one song
oft I sing,
Often at dead of night. And O, there's gifts in store
for thee,
Eleven fawns, all white-collars, and cosset bear's cubs
four for thee.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἄλλ' ἀφίκευσο ποθ' ἀμέ, καὶ ἔξεις οὐδὲν ἄλασσαν,
—τὸν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἡα ποτὶ χέρσον ὁρεχ-
θεῖν.

ἄδιον¹ ἐν τῶντρῳ παρ' ἐμὸν τὰν μύκτα διαξεῖς
ἐντὶ δάφναι τηνεῖ, ἐντὶ ράδιναι ευπάρισσοι.
ἴστι μέλας κισσός, ἔστ' ἄμπελος ἢ γλυκύκαρ-
πος,

ἴστι ψυχρὸν ὄδωρ, τό μοι ἡ πολυδένδρεος Λίτνα
λευκᾶς ἐκ χιόνος ποτὸν ὄμβροσιον προΐηται.
τίς κα τῶνδε θάλασσαν ἔχειν καὶ κύματ² ἔλοιτο;

αἱ δέ τοι αὐτὸς ἐγὼν δοκέω λασιώτερος ἥμεν, 50
ἐντὶ δρυδὸς ξύλα μοι καὶ ὑπὸ σποδῶ ἀκάματοι
πῦρ·

κα δύμενος δὲ ὑπὸ τεῦς καὶ τὰν ψυχὴν ἀνεχούμαν
καὶ τὸν ἐν' ὀφθαλμόν, τῷ μοι γλυκερώτερον
οὐδέν.

ὤμοι, δτ' οὐκ ἔτεκέν μ' ἡ μάτηρ βράγχι³ ἔχοντα,
ώς κατέδυν ποτὶ τίν καὶ τὰν χέρα τεῦς ἐφί-
λησα,

αἱ μὴ τὸ στόμα λῆσ, ἔφερον δέ τοι ἡ κρίνα
λευκά

ἡ μάκων⁴ ἀπαλὰν ἐρυθρὰ πλαταγώνι⁵ ἔχουσαν. 57
ὑὸν μὲν δὲ κόριον, μῦν αὖ τὸ γα νεῖν μαστεῦμαι,⁶ 60
αἱ κα τίς σὺν ναὶ πλέων ξένος δᾶδ' ἀφίκηται,
ώς εἰδῶ, τί πόχ' ἀδὺ κατοικεῖν τὸν βυθὸν ὄμμαν.

¹ ἄδιον E. cf. 10. 54; πισσάς Εβραϊκός ² καὶ κύματ² Ahr. from Schol.; πισσάς ἡ κόρη. ³ αἱ τό γα νεῖν μαστεῦμαι (i.e. μαστεύομαι, which occurs in the Scholiast's paraphrase) Ahr.; πισσάντε γα νεῖν μαστεῦμαι (γε μαστεῦμαι)

58 Ήλλα τὰ μὲν φίρεσι, τὰ δὲ γλυκταὶ ἐπ' χειρῶν.

ἴστησεν δὲ τοι ταῦτα φίρεσι διη τάρτη ἀλευάθηρ.

The reasons for rejecting these lines against the mass are too long to be given here. See *Class. Rev.* 1912, p. 246.

O leave it be, the blue blue sea, to gasp an 't will
 o' the shore,
 And come ye away to me, to me ; I'll lay ye'll find
 no ill store.
 A sweeter night thou'l pass i' the cave with me
 than away i' the brine ;
 There's laurel and taper cypress, swart ivy and sweet-
 fruit vine,
 And for thy drinking the cool water woody Etna
 pours so free
 For my delight from his snow so white, and a
 heav'nly draught it be.
 Now who would choose the sea and his waves, and a
 home like this forgo ?
 But if so be the master o' t too shag to thy deem-
 ing show,
 There's wood in store, and on the floor a fire that
 smoulders still,
 And if thou wouldst be burning, mayst burn my
 soul an thou will,
 Yea, and the dear'st of all my goods, my one dear
 eye. O me !
 That I was not born with fins to be diving down to
 thee,
 To kiss, if not thy lips, at least thy hand, and give
 thee posies
 Of poppies trim with scarlet rim or snow-white
 winter-roses !
 And if a stranger a-shipboard come, e'en now, my
 little sweeting,
 E'en now to swim I'll learn of him, and then shall I
 be weeting
 Wherfore it be ye folk o' the sea are so lief to be
 living below.

έξένθοις, Γαλάτεια, καὶ ἔξενθοῖσα λάθοιο
ἀσπερ ἐγὼν μὲν ὅδε καθίμενος οἰκαδὸς ὑπερθεῖν,
ποιμαίνειν δ' ἐθέλοις σὺν ἡμῖν ἄμα καὶ γάλ' ἀμελγεῖν
καὶ τυρὸν πᾶξαι τάμισον δριμεῖαν ἐνεῖσα.
ἄ μάτηρ ἀδικεῖ με μόνα, καὶ μέμφομαι αὐτῷ·
οὐδὲν πήποχ' δλως ποτὶ τὸν φίλον εἶπεν ὑπέρ
μεν,
καὶ ταῦτ' ἄμαρ ἐπ' ἄμαρ ὄρευσά με λεπτύνοντα.³
φασῶ² τὰν κεφαλὰν καὶ τὰς πόδας ἀμφοτέρους
μεν
σφύζειν, ὡς ἀνιαθῆ, ἐπεὶ κῆργών ἀνιῶμαι.

ὦ Κύκλωψ Κύκλωψ, πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπο-
τασαι;
αἰκ³ ἐνθῶν ταλάρως τε πλέκοις καὶ θαλλὸν
ἀμάσας
ταῖς ἀρνεσσι φέροις, τάχα κα πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχοις
νῦν.
τὰν παρεοῖσαν ἀμελγε· τί τὸν φεύγοντα διώκεις;
τύρησεῖς Γαλάτειαν ἵσως καὶ καλλίον' ἄλλαν.
πολλαὶ συμπαίσθεν με κόραι τὰν νύκτα κέλονται,
κιχλίζοντι δὲ πᾶσαι, ἐπεὶ κ' αὐταῖς ὑπακούσω.
δῆλον δέτ' ἐν τῷ γῇ κῆργών τις φαίνομαι ἥμεν.

οὕτῳ τοι Πολύφαμος ἐποίμανεν τὸν ἔρωτα
μουσίσθων, ἥδον δέ διᾶγ' ή εἰ χρυσὸν ἔδωκεν.

¹ Λεπτύνοντα Meineke: με λεπτὸν ἔστα ² Με φαγῆ οι
μλαφῶ, Schol. φασῶ ³ αἰκ (i.e. εἰ, εἰς εἴη) Wil, cf.
Erichsenius and Oracle in Hist. L. 174: με εἴη'

Come forth and away, my pretty fay, and when
thou comest, O
Forget, as he that sitteth here, thy ways again to go;
Feed flock wi' me, draw milk wi' me, and if 't my
darling please,
Pour rennet tart the curds to part and set the good
white cheese.
'Tis all my mother's doing ; she sore to blame hath
bin ;
Never good word hath spoke you o' me, though she
sees me waxing so thin.
I'll tell her of throbbing feet, I'll tell her of aching
eyne ;
I am fain that misery be hers sith misery be mine.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where be your wits gone flying ?
Up, fetch you loppings for your lambs, or go a withy-
plying ;
The wearier's oft the wiser man, and that there's no
denying.
Milk the staying, leave the straying, chase not them
that shy ;
Mayhap you'll find e'en sweeter Galateas by and by.
There's many a jill says ' Come an you will and play
all night wi' me,'
And the laugh I hear when I give ear is soft and
sweet as can be ;
E'en I, 'tis plain, be somebody, ashore, if not i' the sea.

Thus did Polyphemus tend his love-sickness with
music, and got more comfort thereout than he
could have had for any gold.

"Throbbing feet"; headache and footache—the latter from waiting on the beloved's threshold—were conventional signs of being in love.

XII.—THE BELOVED

The Greeks sometimes exalted friendship to a passion, and such a friendship doubtless inspired this fine poem. Theocritus acknowledges his indebtedness to the Ionian lyricists and elegists by using their dialect. The passage rendered here in verse contains what at first sight looks like a mere display of learning, but has simply this intention : ‘Our love will be famous among so remote a posterity that the very words for it will be matter for learned comment.’

XII.—ΑΙΤΗΣ

Πίλυθες ὁ φίλε κοῦρε· τρίτη σὺν νυκτὶ καὶ ἡσι
ἡλυθες^{1.} οἱ δὲ ποθεῦντες ἐν ἡματι τηράσκουσιν.
ὅσσον ἔαρ χειμῶνος, ὅσσον μῆλον βραβίλοιο
ἥδιον, δόσον δίς σφετέρης λασιωτέρη ἀριός,
ὅσσον παρθενικὴ προφέρει τριγάμοιο γυναικός,
ὅσσον ἐλαφροτέρη μύσχου νεβρός, ὅσσον ἀηδῶν
συμπάντων λαγύφινος ἀσιδοτάτη πετεηνῶν,
τόσσον ἐμ' εὐφρηνας σὺ φανεῖς. σκιερήν δὲ ὑπὸ¹⁰
φηγὸν
ἴελίου φρέγοντος ὄδοιπόρος ἔδραμον ὡς τις.
εἰθ' ὄμαλοὶ πνεύσειαν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροιν^{2.} Ἐρωτες
νῶι, ἐπεσσομένοις δὲ γενοίμεθα πᾶσιν ἀοιδῇ
· δίω³ δῆ τινε τώδε μετὰ προτέροισι⁴ γενέσθην
φῶθ', δὲ μὲν εἰσπιηλος, φαίη χ' Ωμυκλαιάζων,
τὸν δὲ ἔτερον⁵ πάλιν, ὡς κεν ὁ Θεσσαλὸς εἶποι,
άίτην.
ἀλλήλους δὲ ἐφίλησαν ἵσφ ζυγῷ. ἡρα τότ' ἤσαν
χρύσειοι πάλιν ἄνδρες, δτ' ἀντεφίλησ' ὁ φιλη-
θεῖς.

^{1.} For punctuation cf. Sappho in Julian Epist. 59 p. 379
Hercher ^{2.} ἀμφοτέροιν^{2.} Ε : παν -οισι ^{3.} Ήν Αἰτεν :
παν ανδ εοιοι. δίω ^{4.} μετὰ προτέροισι Taylor from schol. :
παν μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι ^{5.} τὸν ἔτερον attracted for δ Ετερος

XII.—THE BELOVED

Thou'rt come, dear heart ; thou'rt come after two days and nights, albeit one will turn a lover gray. As spring is sweeter than winter, and pippin than damson-plum ; as mother-ewe is shaggier than her lambkin, and maiden more to be desired than a thrice-wed wife ; as the fawn is nimbler-footed than the calf, and the nightingale clearest-tongued of all the wing'd songsters ; so am I gladded above all at the sight of thee, and run to thee as a wayfarer runneth to the shady oak when the sun is burning hot. And 'tis O that equal Loves might inspire thee and me, and we become this song and saying unto all them that follow after :—

*Here were two men of might
The antique years among,
The one Inspirant hight
I th' Amyclaeon tongue,
The other Fere would be
In speech of Thessalge ;
Each lov'd each, even-peise :
O other golden dags,
Wheras love-I love-you
All men did hold for true !*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

εἰ γάρ τοῦτο, πάτερ Κρονίδη, πέλοι, εἰ γάρ, ὀγήρῳ
ἀθάνατοι, γενεῆς δὲ διηκοσίησω ἐπετα
ἀγγείλειν ἐμοὶ τις ἀνέξοδον εἰς Ἀχέροντα·
‘ἡ σὴν οὐν φιλότης καὶ τοῦ χαρίεντος ἄλτεω
πᾶσι διὰ στόματος, μετὰ δὲ ήθεοισι μᾶλιστα·’
ἄλλ’ ἡτοι τούτων μὲν ὑπέρτεροι Οὐρανίωνες
ἔσσονθ¹ ὡς ἔθελουσιν ἐγώ δέ σε τὸν καλὸν αἰνέων
ψεύδεα ρινὸς ὑπερβεν ἀραιῆς οὐκ ἀναφίσω.
ἥν γάρ καὶ τι δάκης τὸ μὲν ἀθλαβὲς εἰθὺς
ἔθηκας,

διπλάσιον δὲ ὕνησας, ἔχων δὲ ἐπίμετρον ἀπῆλθον.

Nεσταῖοι Μεγαρῆς ἀριστεύοντες ἐρετμοῖς,
δλβιοι οἰκείοιτε, τὸν Ἀττικὸν ἀντι περιάλλα
ζεῖνον ἐτιμήσασθε Διοκλέα τὸν φιλοπαιΐδα.
αἱεὶ οἱ περὶ τύμβου ἀστλέες εἴαρι πρωτῷ
κοῦροι ἐριδμαίνοντες φιλήματος ἄκρα φέρεσθαι.
δις δὲ κε προσμάξῃ γλυκερώτατα² χαῖδεσι χαῖδη.
βριθόμενος στιφάνοισιν ἔην ἐς μαγτέρ' ἀπῆλθεν.
δλβιος, δστις παισὶ φιλήματα κεῖνα διαιτᾶ·
ἥ που τὸν χαροπὸν Γαυμῆδεα πόλλι ἐπιβῶται
Λυδὸρ Ισον ἔχειν πέτρη στόμα, χρυσὸν ὅποιη
πεύθονται μὴ φαῦλος ἐτήτυμον ὄργυραμοιβοί.

¹ Ισσαῖος Ε., cf. ισσαῖος Thuc., ισσαῖος Pind., Pr. Ολυμφ. 3. 408, ισσαῖο Εὐφορίου 99; πις ισσαῖος² γλυκερώτατα Ε., cf. 15. 139: πις -τερα

O would to thee, Father Zeus, and to you, unaging Host of Heaven, that when a hundred hundred years shall be passed away, one bring me word upon the prisoning bank of Acheron our love is yet upon every lip, upon the young men's most of all ! Be that or no the People of Heaven shall stablish as they will : for theirs is the dominion ; now, when I sing thy praises, there shall no push-o'-leasing rise upon the tip of this tongue ; for if e'er thou giv'st me torment, thou healest the wound out of hand, and I am better off than before, seeing I come away with over-measure.

Heaven rest you glad, Nisaean masters o' the oar, for that you have done such exceeding honour unto an Attic stranger that was among you, to wit unto Diocles ; about whose grave, so surely as Spring cometh round, your children vie in a kissing-match, and whosoever presseth lip sweetliest upon lip, cometh away to's mother loaden with garlands. Happy the justicer holdeth that court of kissing ! God wot he prays beamy Ganymed, and prays indeed, to make his lips like the touchstones which show the money-changer whether the gold be gold or dross.

"Push-o'-leasing": in the Greek the tell-tale pimples, themselves called 'lies,' rise, not upon the tongue, but upon the tip of the nose. "Diocles": an Athenian who, while living in exile at Megara, died in battle to save the youth he loved.

XIII.—HYLAS

Tukocurus tells his friend Nicias in epic shape the tale of the Apotheosis of Hylas, the beloved of Heracles. If, as is probable, the words 'as we seem to think' are a delicate way of saying 'as you seem to think,' the poem may well be an answer to a friendly rebuke of the author of XII, XXIX, and XXX.

XIII.—ΤΛΑΣ

Οὐχ ἀμῖν τὸν Ἐρωτα μόνοις ἔτεχ', ὡς ἔδει
κεῖμεν¹.

Νικία, φτιὴν τοῦτο θεῶν ποκα τέκνου ἔγεντο·
οὐχ ὁμίλη τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαινεται ἡμεν,
οἱ θυντοὶ πελόμεσθα τὸ δ' αὐριον οὐκ ἐσφράμεν·
ἄλλα καὶ Ἀμφιτρύωνος ὁ χαλκεακάρδιος νίός,
ὅς τὸν λίν ὑπέμεινε τὸν ἄγριον, ἥρατο παιδός,
τοῦ χαρέντος² Τλα, τὸν τὰν πλοκαμίδα φορεῦντος,
καὶ νὺν πάντ' ἔδιδαξε πατήρ ὡσεὶ φίλον νιέα,
ὅσσα μαθὼν ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀοίδιμος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο·
χωρὶς δ' οὐδέποκ' ἡς, οὐτ' εἰ μέστοι ἀμαρ ἄροιτο³, 10
οὐδὲ δικύ⁴ ἀ λεύκιππος ἀνατρέχοι⁵ ἐξ Διὸς Ἀώς,
οὐδὲ ὅποκ⁶ ὄρταλεχοι μινυροὶ ποτὶ κοῖτον δροιεν⁷
σεισαμένας πτερά ματρὸς ἐπ' αἰθαλόεντι πετεύρῳ,
ὡς αὐτῷ κατὰ θυμον ὁ παῖς πεποναμένος ἐση,
αὐτῷ δ' εὖ ἐλκων ἐς ἀλαθινὸν ὀνδρόν ἀποβαίη.

ἄλλ' ὅτε τὸ χρύσειον ἔπλει μετὰ κῶας Ἰδσων
Αἰσονίδας, οἱ δ' αὐτῷ ἀριστῆνες συνέποντο
πασᾶν ἐκ πολίων προλελεγμένον, ὃν διφελός τι,

¹ *λει τὸν κανεῖνες*, like ἡρ δρα, 'as it seems we think,' cf. *λει* 11. 2, δρα 1. 66 and 18. 1, ² *Bion* 2. 1 and *ergo ut igitur* *Propert.* 4. 6, 1. 8, 3. 5, *Ovid Trist.* 3. 2, 3. 9, *Am.* 2. 7; and for the first person cf. *Pindar P.* 3. 107. ² *ἀρτον* E, cf. 1. 12; *μει δρειτε* ³ *ἀνετρέχω* *Schaefer*: *μει -τρέχω* ⁴ *δροιεν* E, cf. *Hes. Scut.* 437: *μει δροιεν* ⁵ *αἴτη = αὐτόδιος*, see *schoel*.

XIII.—HYLAS

FROM what God soever sprung, Nicias, Love was not, as we seem to think, born for us alone; nor first unto us of mortal flesh that cannot see the morrow, look things of beauty beautiful. For Amphitryon's brazen-heart son that braved the roaring lion, he too once loved a lad, to wit the beauteous Hylas of the curly locks, and, even as father his son, had taught him all the lore that made himself a good man and brought him fame; and would never leave him, neither if Day had risen to the noon, nor when Dawn's white steeds first galloped up into the home of Zeus, nor yet when the twittering chickens went scurrying at the flapping of their mother's wings to their bed upon the smoky hen-roost. This did he that he might have the lad fashioned to his mind, and that pulling a straight furrow from the outset the same might come to be a true man.

Now when Jason son of Aeson was to go to fetch the Golden Fleece with his following of champions that were chosen of the best out of all the cities in

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ἴκετο χώ ταλαιργής ἀνήρ ἐς ἀφειὸν Τιθλόν,
 Ἀλκμήνας νίδος Μιδεάτιδος ἡρωίνας, 20
 σὺν δ' αὐτῷ κατέβαινεν" Τλας εὐεδρον ἐς Ἀργώ,
 ἅτις κυανεῦν οὐχ ἥψατο Συνδρομάδων ταῦς,
 ἄλλὰ διεξάιξε, βαθύν δ' εἰσέδραμε Φάσιν
 αἰετὸς ὃς μέγα λαῖτρα· ἀφ' οὗ τόθεν χοιράδες ἔσταν.

Δμος δ' ἀντέλλοντι Πελειάδες, ἴσχαται δὲ
 ὄρνα νέον βόσκοντι, τετραμένου εἴαρος ἥδη,
 τάμος ναυτίλιας μιμήσκετο θεῖος ἄωτος
 ἥρωαν, κοίλαν δὲ καθιδρυθέντες ἐς Ἀργώ
 Ἐλλάσποντο ίκοντο νύτῳ τρίτον Δμαρ δέντι,
 εἶσω δ' ὄρμον ἔθεντο Προποντίδος, ἔνθα Κιανῶν 20
 αὐλακας εύρύνοντι βόες τρίβοντες ἄροτρα.
 ἐκβάντες δ' ἐπὶ θῆνα κατὰ ζυγὰ δαῖτα πένοντο
 δειελιμάν, πολλοὶ δὲ μίαν σπορέσαντο χαμεύναν
 λειμῶν γάρ σφιν ἔκειτο, μέγα στιβάδεσσιν δνειαρ,
 ἔνθεν βούτομον ὅξεν βαθύν τὸ ἔταμοντο κύπειρον.

κῷχεθ" Τλας ὁ ξανθὸς ὕδωρ ἐπιδόρπιον οἶστων
 αὐτῷ θ' Ἡρακλῆι καὶ λιστεμφεῖ Τελαιμῶνι,
 οἱ μίαν ἀμφιο ἑταῖροι ἀεὶ δαίνυντο τράπεζαν,
 χάλκεον ἄγγιος ἔχων. τάχα δὲ κράναν ἐνόησεν
 ἡμένῳ ἐν χώρῳ περὶ δὲ θρία πολλὰ πεφύκει,
 κυάνεν τε χελιδόνιον χλωρὸν τὸ ἀδίαντον 40
 καὶ θάλλοντα σέλινα καὶ εἰλιτενῆς ἄγρωστιν,
 ὕδατι δὲν μέσσω Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντε,
 Νύμφαι ἀκοίμητοι, δειναὶ θεαὶ ἀγροιώταται,

² τοῦτο "θεατε," Ε : παρά τότε

the land, then came there with them to the rich Iolcus the great man of toil who was son of the high-born Alcmena of Midea, and went down with Hylas at his side to that good ship Argo, even to her that speeding ungrazed clean through the blue Clappers, ran into Phasis bay as an eagle into a great gulf, whereafter those Clappers have stood still, reefs evermore.

And at the rising of the Pleiads, what time of the waning spring the young lambs find pasture in the uplands, then it was that that divine flower of hero-folk was minded of its voyaging, and taking seat in the Argo's hull came after two days' blowing of the Southwind to the Hellespont, and made haven within Propontis at the spot where furrow is broadened and share brightened by the oxen of the Cianians. Being gone forth upon the strand, as for their supper they were making it ready thwart by thwart; but one couch was strown them for all, for they found to their hand a meadow that furnished good store of litter, and thence did cut them taper rushes and tall bedstraw.

Meanwhile the golden-haired Hylas was gone to bring water against supper for his own Heracles and for the valiant Telamon—for they two did ever eat together at a common board—gone with a brazen ewer. Ere long he espied a spring; in a hollow it lay, whereabout there grew many herbs, as well blue swallow-wort and fresh green maidenhair as blooming parsley and tangling deergrass. Now in the midst of the water there was a dance of the Nymphs afoot, of those Nymphs who, like the water, take no rest, those Nymphs who are the dread Goddesses of the

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Εύνικο καὶ Μαλίς ἡαρ θ' ὄρβωσα Νύχεια.
 ἦτοι ὁ κοῦρος ἐπέέχε ποτῷ πολυχανδέα κρωσσὸν
 βάψαι ἐπειγόμενος ταὶ δὲ ἐν χορὶ πᾶσαι ἔφυσαν
 πασάων γὰρ ἔρωτ ἀπαλλὰς φρένας ἐξεσόβησεν¹
 Ἀργεῖφ ἐπὶ παιδὶ. κατήριπτε δὲ μέλαν ὕδωρ
 ἀθρόος, ὡς δὲ πυρσὸς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἥριπεν ἀστὴρ τῷ
 ἀθρόος ἐν πῶντῷ, ναύταις δὲ τις εἶπεν ἑταίροις
 'κουφότερ' ὁ παιδες ποιεῖσθ' ὅπλα πλευστικὸς
 αῦρος².

Νύμφαι μὲν σφετέροις ἐπὶ γούνασι κοῦρον ἔχοισαν
 δακρυθεῖται³ ἀγανοῦσι παρέψυχοντ⁴ ἐπέεσσιν.

'Διφιτρυωνιάδας δὲ ταρασσόμενος περὶ παιδὶ⁵
 ὤχετο, Μαιωτιστὶ λαβὼν εὐκαμπτέα τόξα
 καὶ φόπαλον, τὸ οἱ αἰὲν ἔχάνδαι δεξιτερὰ χεῖρ.
 τρὶς μὲν "Τλαν ἀνσεν, δσον βαθὺς ἥρυγε λαιμός"
 τρὶς δὲ δρ' ὁ παιᾶς ὑπάκουσεν, ἄραια δὲ ἵκετο φωνὰ
 ἐξ ὕδατος, παρεῶν δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν εἴδετο πόρρω. 60
 νεθροῦ φθεγξαμένας τις ἐν οὐρεσιν ὠμοφάγος λίσ
 ἐξ εἰνᾶς ἐσπευσεν ἐτοιμοτάταν ἐπὶ δαῖτα·
 'Πρακλέης τοιοῦτος ἐν ἀτρίπτοισιν ἀκάνθαις
 παῖδα ποθῶν δεδόνητο, πολὺν δὲ πελάμβανε χῶρον,
 σχέτλιοι οἱ φιλέοντες, ἀλώμενος δσσὸς ἐμόγησεν
 οὐρεα καὶ δρυμούς, τὰ δὲ 'Ιάσονος ὑστερα πάντ' ἦσ.
 ναῦς γέμεν⁶ ἄρμεν ἔχοισα μετάρσια τῶν παρεόντων,

¹ ἐξεσόβησεν Jacobs, cl. 2. 137. πας ἐξερίθησεν οἱ ἀμφι-
 κάλυψεν ² πλευστικός : πας αἷος πλευστικός αἵρετος Ε:
 πας οὔρος ³ γέμενος Ήρμπαπα: πας μέρες

⁴ ἀλιτέρος ἀντίτυπος ἀπότροποι λίστακούσεναι
 Omitted by the best ms and by the schol.; for an syndetic
 introduction of simile, cf. 14, 30.

country-folk, Eunica to wit and Mabs and Nycheis with the springtime eyes. And these, when the lad put forth the capacious pitcher in haste to dip it in, lo ! with one accord they all clung fast to his arm, because love of the young Argive had fluttered all their tender breasts. And down he sank into the black water headlong, as when a falling star will sink headlong in the main and a mariner cry to his shipmates 'Hoist away, my lads; the breeze freshens.' Then took the Nymphs the weeping lad upon their knees and offered him comfort of gentle speech.

Meantime the son of Amphitryon was grown troubled for the child, and gone forth with that bow of his that was bent Scythian-wise and the cudgel that was ever in the grasp of his right hand. Thrice cried he on Hylas as loud as his deep throttle could belch sound; thrice likewise did the child make answer, albeit his voice came thin from the water and he that was hard by seemed very far away. When a fawn cries in the hills, some ravening lion will speed from his lair to get him a meal so ready; and even so went Heracles wildly to and fro amid the pathless brake, and covered much country because of his longing for the child. As lovers know no flinching, so endless was the toil of his wandering by wood and wold, and all Jason's business was but a by-end. And all the while the ship stood tackle aloft, and so far as might be, laden, and the heroes

"Tackle aloft": with the sail hoisted but not yet turned to the wind, cf. Alcaeus *N.F.* 1. 15.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐρὸν¹ δ' ἡμίθεοι μεσονύκτιον ἐξεκάθαιρον

70

Ἡρακλῆα μένοντες. οὐδὲ πόδες ἄγον ἔχωρει

μαινόμενος χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἔσω θεὺς ἡπαρ ἀμυσσειν.

οὗτοι μὲν κάλλιστοι² Τλας μακάρων ὄριθμεῖται:

Ἡρακλέην δὲ ἥρωες ἐκερτόμενον λιτοναύταν,

οῦνεκεν ἥρωησε τριακοντάζυγον³ Αργώ:

πεζῷ δὲ εἰς Κόλχους τε καὶ ἀξεινον ἵκετο Φᾶσιν.

¹ οὐρόν Ε, σι. II. 2. 153: mass *lextia* a correction of οὐρόν

passed the night a-clearing of the channel, waiting upon Heracles. But he alas ! was running whithersoever his feet might carry him, in a frenzy, the God did rend so cruelly the heart within him.

Thus came fairest Hylas to be numbered of the Blest, and the heroes to gird at Heracles for a deserter because he wandered and left the good ship of the thirty thwarts. Nevertheless he made the inhospitable land of the Colchians afoot.

"The channel": the hollow in the sand down which the ship would be launched.

XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

THE LOVE OF CYNISCA is a dialogue of common life. The scene is neither Egypt nor Sicily, perhaps Cos. The characters, middle-aged men, one of whom has been crossed in love, meet in the road, and in the ensuing conversation the lover tells the story of his quarrel with Cynisca, and ends with expressing his intention of going for a soldier abroad. His friend suggests that he should enlist in the army of Ptolemy, and gives that monarch a flattering testimonial, which betrays the hand of the rising poet who seeks for recognition at court.

XIV.—ΚΤΝΙΣΚΑΣ ΕΡΩΣ

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

Χαιρετον πολλὰ τὸν ἄνδρα Θυώνιχον.

ΕΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

ἄλλα τοιαῦτα

Αἰσχίνη.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

ὡς χρόνιος,

ΕΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

χρόνιος· τί δέ τοι τὸ μέλημα;

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

πράσσομες οὐχ ὡς ληστα Θυώνιχε.

ΕΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἄρα λεπτός,
χῶ μύσταξ πολὺς οὗτος, ἀνταλέοι δὲ κίκινοι.
τοιοῦτος πρώτην τις ἀφίκετο Πυθαγορικτάς,
ώχρὸς κάμνπόδητος· Ἀθηναῖος δέ ἔφατ' ἦμεν.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

ἡρατα μὲν καὶ τῆμος;

ΕΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

ἔμπιν δοκεῖ, ὅπτῷ ἀλεύρῳ.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

παισδεις ὥγαθ' ἔχων ἐμὲ δέ ἡ χαρίεσσα Κυνίσκα
ὑβρίσθει· λασῶ δὲ μανεῖς ποκα, θρὶξ ἄντα
μέσσον.

XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

AESCHINAS

A very good day to master Thyonichus.

THYONICHUS

To Aeschinias the same.

AESCHINAS

Well met!

THYONICHUS

Well met it is; but what ails ye?

AESCHINAS

Luck's way's not my way, Thyonichus.

THYONICHUS

Ah! that's for why thou'rt so lean and the hair o'
thy lip so lank, and thy love-locks all-to-bemoiled.
Thou'rt like one of your Pythagoreans that came
t'other day, pale-faced and never a shoe to's foot;
hailed from Athens, he said.

AESCHINAS

And was he, too, in love?

THYONICHUS

Aye, marry, was he—with a dish o' porridge.

AESCHINAS

Thou'lt be ever at thy quips, good lad. With me
'tis the pretty Cynisca, and she's playing the jade.
And I doubt 'tis but a hair's-breadth betwixt me and
a madman.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΘΑΝΙΧΟΣ

τοιούτος μὲν ἀεὶ τὸ φῖλ' Λίσχίνα, ἀσυχῆ¹ ὅξις, 10
πάντ' ἐθέλων κατὰ καιρόν ὅμως δὲ εἰπον, τί τὸ
καινόρ;

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

Πργεῖος κῆργῶν καὶ ὁ Θεσσαλὸς ἴπποδιώκτας
Ἄγις² καὶ Κλεύνικος ἐπίνομες ὁ στρατιώτας
ἐν χώρῳ παρ' ἐμίν. δύο μὲν κατέκοψα νεοσσῶς
θηλάζοντά τε χοῖρον, ἀνῆκα δὲ Βίβλινον αὐτοῖς
εὐώδη, τετόρων ἑτέον, σχεδὸν ὡς ἀπὸ λαυνῶν
Βολβοτίνα,³ κοχλίας ἔξαρέθη. ἵς πότος ἀδύς.

ἡδη δὲ προιόντος, ἔδοξ⁴ ἐπιχεῖσθαι ἄκρατον
ἀτικὸς ἡθελ⁵ ἐκαστος· ἔδει μόνου ὀτικος εἰπεῖν.
ἄμμες μὲν φωνεῦντες ἐπίνομες, ὡς ἔδεδοκτο· 20
ἢ δ' οὐδὲν παρεύντος ἐμεῦ, τίν' ἔχειν με δοκεῖς
νῦν;
'οὐ φθεγξῆ: λύκον εἶδες;' ἐπαιξέ τις. 'ώς σοφός'
εἶπε,
κῆφαπτ⁶· εὐμαρέως κεν ἀπ' αὐτᾶς καὶ λύχνου
δῆψας.

ἴστι Λύκος, Δύκος ἔστι, Δάβα τῷ γείτονος νιός,
εὐμάκης, ἀπαλός, πολλοῖς δοκέων καλὸς ἡμειν
τούτῳ τὸν ελύμενον κατετάκετο τῆνον ἔρωτα.
χάμην τούτο δι' ὧτὸς ἐγεντό ποχ' ἀσυχῆ οὕτως
οὐ μὰν ἔξήταξα μάται εἰς ἀνόρα γενειῶν.

ἡδη δ' ὧν πόσιως τοι τέσταρες ἐν βάθει ἦμει,
χὼ Λαρισταῖος⁷ τὸν ἴμὸν λύκον⁸ ἔδειν ἀπ' ὕρχας, 20

¹ ἀσυχῆ and 27 ποχ' ἀσυχῆ εἴπτω: cf. Men. Her. 20.
² "Αγις Wil: πας "Αγις" ⁴ Βολβοτίνα E: cf. Athen. 318e
where Βολβοτίνη is changed by editors to δελβοτίνη: πας
Βολβός τις from Βολβόν τις ⁴ κηρόστη(ο)ν schol: πας «Φοῖος»

THYONICHUS

'Faith, that's ever my Aeschinias; something hastier than might be; will have all his own way. But come, what is it?

AESCHINAS

There was the Argive and I and Agis the jockey out o' Thessaly, and Cleunicus the man-at-arms a-drinking at my farm. I'd killed a pair of pullets, look you, and a sucking-pig, and broached 'em a hogshead of Bibline fine and fragrant—four years in the cask, mark you, and yet, where new's best, as good as new—and on the board a cuttlefish and cockles to boot; i'faith, a jolly bout.

To't we went, and when things waxed warmer 'twas agreed we should toast every man his fancy; only we should give the name. But when we came to drink, the wench would not keep to the bond like the rest of us, for all I was there. How, think you, I liked of that? 'Wilt be mum?' says one, and in jest, 'Hast met a wolf?' 'O well said!' cries she, and falls a-blushing like fire; Lord! you might have lit a candle at her face. One Wolf there is, look you, master Wolf the son of neighbour Labas, one of your tall and sleek sort, in some folks' eyes a proper man. 'Twas he she made so brave a show of pining for out o' love. And I'd had wind o't too, mind you, softly, somehow, and so-to-speak; but there! I never raised inquiry for all my beard's so long.

Be that as it may, we four good men were well in, when he of Larissa, like the mischief he was, fell

"Hast met a wolf?" the sight of a wolf was said proverbially to make a man dumb.

Θεσσαλικόν τι μέλισμα, κακαὶ φρένες· ἀ δὲ
Κυνίσκα
ἐκλαεν ἔξαπίνας θαλερώτερον ἡ παρὰ ματρὶ⁴⁰
παρθένος ἔξαέτης κόλπῳ ἐπιθυμήσασα.
τάμος ἐγών, τὸν Ἰσαῖς τὸ Θυνώνιχε, πὺξ ἐπὶ κόρρας
ῆλασα, κάλλαν αὐθίς. ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ πέπλως
ἔξω ἀπόφχετο θάσσον· ἔμὸν κακόν, οὐ τοι ἄρέσκω;
ἄλλος τοι γλυκίων ὑποκόλπιος; ἄλλον ἴσσια
θάλπε φίλοι. τήνῳ τεὰ¹ δάκρυα μᾶλα ἔσοντι.
μάστακα δοῖσα² τέκνοισιν ὑπωροφλοισι χελιδῶν
ἀφορρον ταχινὰ πέτεται βίσον ἄλλον ἀγειρευ⁴⁵
ἀκυτέρα μαλακᾶς ἀπὸ δίφρακος ἔδραμε τήνα
ιθὺ δι' ἀμφιθύρῳ καὶ δικλιδος, οὐ πόδες ἄγον·
αἰνός θην λέγεται τις ἔβα καὶ ταῦρος³ ἀν' ὄλαι.
εἰκάδι⁴ ταὶ δὲ ὁκτώ, ταὶ δὲ ἐννέα, ταὶ δὲ δέκα⁵⁰
ἄλλαι,
σάμερον ἐνδεκάτα· ποτίθες δέκα, καὶ δύο⁵ μῆνες,
ἔξ ὧ ἀπ' ἄλλαλων οὐδὲ εἰ Θρηκιστὶ κέκαρμαι.
οὐδε. Λύκος νῦν πάντα, Λύκῳ καὶ οὐκτὸς ἀνῷκται·
ἄμμες δὲ οὐτε λόγω τιὸς ἀξιοι οὐτ' ἀριθμητοί,
δύστηνοι Μεγαρῆς ἀτιμοτάτη ἐνὶ μοίρῃ.
καὶ μὲν ἀποστέρξαιμ, τὰ πάντα κεν εἰς δέον⁵⁵
ἔρποι.

¹ ταὶ Ahtens: μησα τὰ δι τὰ σά μᾶλα νί Megara 56
² δοῖσα Schol: μησ δὲ εἰσ⁶ έβα καὶ ταῦρος some ms. and
Schol: others έβακε ταῦρος or έβα κένταυρος⁷ εἰκάδι E:
μησ εἴσατι⁸ έβα καὶ δέος E: μησ δέον καὶ έβα ορ δέος καὶ
δέος (following the corruption εἴσετι: above); with the passage
of Ar. Nub. 1116.

a-singing a Thessalian catch beginning ' My friend the Wolf' ; whereupon Cynisca bursts out a-weeping and a-wailing like a six-year-old maiden in want of a lap. Then—you know me, Thyonichus,—I up and fetched her a clout o' the ear, and again a clout. Whereat she catched up her skirts and was gone in a twink. ' Am I not good enough, my sweet mischief? Hast ever a better in thy lap? Go to, pack, and be clipping another. You's he thou weep'st apples over.' Now a swallow, mark you, that bringeth her young eaves-dwellers their pap, gives and is gone again to get her more ; so quickly that piece was up from her cushions and off through door-place and through door, howsoever her feet would carry her. Aye, 'tis an old story how the bull went through the wood.

Let me see, 'twas the twentieth o' the month. Eight, nine, ten ; to-day's the eleventh. You've only to add ten days and 'twill be two months since we parted ; and I may be Thracian-cropped for aught she knows. Ah! 'tis all Wolf nowadays ; Wolf hath the door left open for him o' nights ; as for me, I forsooth am altogether beside the reckoning, like miserable Megara, last i' the list. 'Tis true, if I would but take my love off the wench, all would go well. But slack ! how can that be? When

"Add ten days and 'twill be two months": the meaning is "in another week it will be the 20th of the next month but one"; ten is a round number, for in Greece the weeks were of ten days, cf. *oīxōs* 10, 12. The carouse took place, say, on the 20th April; in another "week" it will be the 20th June. "Thracian-cropped": cf. l. 4: the Thracian barbarians wore their hair long. "Megara": the Megarians, upon asking the oracle which was the finest people in Greece, were told that Thrace had fine horses, Sparta fine women, and Syracuse fine men, but Argos surpassed them all; and as for Megara, she was out of the reckoning altogether.

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νῦν δὲ πόθεν; μῆς, φαντὶ, Θυάνχε, γεύμεθα
πίσσας.

χώτι τὸ φάρμακόν ἔστιν ἀμηχανέαντος ἔρωτος,
οὐκ οἶδα. πλάνη Σῖμος ὁ τᾶς ἐπιχάλκῳ ἔρασθείς
ἐκπλεύσας ὑγρῆς ἐπανῆνθ', ἐμὸς δῆλικιώτας.
πλευσοῦμαι κήγαν διαπόντιος· οὔτε κάκιστος
οὔτε πρᾶτος Ἰσως, ὅμαλὸς δέ τις ὁ στρατιώτας.

ΘΑΝΙΧΟΣ

ῶφελε μὲν χωρεῖν κατὰ τῶν τεόν, ὃν ἐπεθύμεις
Αἰσχίνα, εἰ δ' οὕτως ἄρα τοι δοκεῖ ἐστὶν ἀποδαμεῖν,
μισθοδότας Πτολεμαῖος ἐλευθέρῳ οἷος ἄριστος.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

τἄλλα δ' ἀνὴρ ποιός τις ἐλευθέρῳ οἷος ἄριστος; 60

ΘΥΔΗΧΟΣ

εὐγνώμων, φιλόμουστος, ἔρωτικός, εἰς ἄκρου ἀδίνε,
εἰδὼν τὸν φιλέοντα, τὸν οὐ φιλέοντ' ἔτι μᾶλλον,
πολλοῖς πολλὰ διδούς, αἰτεύμενος οὐκ ἀνανεύων,
οἴα χρὴ βασιλῆ: αἰτεῖν δὲ δεῖ οὐκ ἐπὶ παρτὶ
Αἰσχίνα. ὥστ' εἴ τοι κατὰ δεξιὸν ὅμον ἀρέσκει
λῶπος ἄκρου περούσθαι, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις δὲ

βεβακώς

τολμασεῖς ἐπιόντα μένειν θρασὺν ἀσπιδιώταν,
φ' τάχος εἰς Αἴγυπτον. ἀπὸ κροτάφων πελόμεσθα
πάντες γηραλέοι, καὶ ἐπισχερῷ ἐν γένευν ἔρπει
λευκαίμων ὁ χρόνος· ποιεῖν τι δεῖ, μὲν γόνυν χλωρόν. 70

mouse tastes pitch, Thyonichus—; and what may be the medicine for a love there's no getting away from, 'faith, I know not—save that Simus that fell in love, as the saying is, with Mistress Brassbound and went overseas, he came home whole ; a mate of mine he was. Suppose I cross the water, like him ; your soldier's life, as 'tis not maybe o' the highest, so is it not o' the lowest, but 'tis e'en as good as another.

THYONICHUS

I would indeed thy desire had run smooth, Aeschinas. But if so be thy mind is made up to go thy ways abroad, I'll e'en tell thee the best paymaster a freeman can have ; King Ptolemy.

AESCHINAS

And what sort of man, pray, is this that is the best a freeman can have ?

THYONICHUS

A kind heart, a man of parts, a true gallant, and the top o' good-fellowship ; knows well the colour of a friend, and still better the look of a foe ; like a true king, gives far and wide and says no man nay—albeit 'tis true one should not be for ever asking alms, Aeschinas. (*in mock-heroic strain*) So an thou be'st minded to clasp the warrior's cloak about thee, and legs astride to abide the onset of the hardy foe-man, to Egypt with thee. To judge by our noddles we're all waxing old, and old Time comes us grizaling line by line down the cheek. We must fain be up and doing while there's sap in our legs.

" When mouse tastes pitch " ; the mouse that fell into the caldron of pitch was proverbial of those who find themselves in difficulties through their own folly. " Mistress Brass-bound " : contemporary slang for the soldier's shield.

XV.—THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS-FESTIVAL.

The scene of this mime is Alexandria, and the chief characters are two fellow-countrywomen of the author. Gorgo, paying a morning call, finds Praxinoa, with her two-year-old child, superintending the spinning of her maids, and asks her to come with her to the Festival of Adonis at the palace of Ptolemy II. Praxinoa makes some demur, but at last washes and dresses and walks forth with her visitor and their two maids. After sundry encounters in the crowded streets, they enter the palace, and soon after, the prima donna begins the Dirge—which is really a wedding-song containing a forecast of a dirge—with an address to the bride Aphrodite and a reference to the deification of the queen of Ptolemy I. The song describes the scene—the offerings displayed about the marriage-bed, the two canopies of greenery above it, the bedstead with its representation of the Rape of Ganymede, the coverlets which enwrap the effigies of Adonis and Aphrodite, the image of the holy bridegroom himself—and ends with an anticipation of the choral dirge to be sung on the morrow at the funeral of Adonis.

XV.—ΣΤΡΑΚΟΣΙΑΙ Η ΑΔΩΝΙΑΖΟΤΣΛΙ

ΓΟΡΓΑ

Ἐνδοι Πραξινός;

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

Γοργοῖ φίλα, ὡς χρόνως ἐνδοι.
Θαῦμ’ ὅτι καὶ νῦν ἴνθεις. δρη δίφρον Εὔνοα αὐτῷ,
ἔμβαλε καὶ ποτίκρανον.

ΓΟΡΓΟ

ἔχει κάλλιστα.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

καθίζευ.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

ῳ τᾶς ἀλεμάτῳ¹ ψυχᾶς μόλις ὑμμιν ἰσώθην,
Πραξινόα, πολλῶ μεν δχλω, πολλῶν δὲ τεθρίπ-
πων.

παντά κρηπίδες, παντά χλαμυδηφόροι ἄνδρες
ά δ’ ὅδες ἄτρυτος· τὸ δὲ ἐκαστάτῳ ὡς ἐναποικεῖς².

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ταῦθ’ ὁ πάραρος τῆνος ἐπ’ ἔσχατα γὰς ἔλαβ³
ἔγθων
ἶλεν, οὐκ οἰκησιν, δπως μὴ γείτονες ὥμες
ἄλλαλαις, ποτ’ ἔριν, φθοιερὸν κακόν, αἱὲν ὄμοιος.

¹ ἀλεμάτῳ Στερνάνιος: πινα ἀλεμάτῳ (νο Greg. Cor.), ἀλε-
μά(ν)του, ἀλεμά(ν)του ² ἐκαστάτῳ ἡ: ἐκαστάτῳ; E, c. 1, 45
τυτθὲν θέσεος ἀπωθεῖντο ἡ: “where” 1, 13; πινα ἐκαστάτῳ
(ἐκαστοτέρῳ) ἡ: ἀπωτεῖν

XV.—THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS-FESTIVAL.

Gorgo (with her maid Eutychis at the door, as the maid Eunoa opens it)

Praxinoa at home?

PRAXINOA (running forward)

Dear Gorgo! at last! she is at home. I quite thought you'd forgotten me. (*to the maid*) Here, Eunoa, a chair for the lady, and a cushion in it.

Gorgo (refusing the cushion)

No, thank you, really.

PRAXINOA

Do sit down.

Gorgo (sitting)

O what a silly I was to come! What with the crush and the horses, Praxinoa, I've scarcely got here alive. It's all big boots and people in uniform. And the street was never-ending, and you can't think how far your house is along it.

PRAXINOA

That's my lunatic; came and took one at the end of the world, and more an animal's den, too, than a place for a human being to live in, just to prevent you and me being neighbours, out of sheer spite, the jealous old wretch! He's always the same.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΑ

μὴ λέγε τὸν τεὸν ἄνδρα, φίλα, Δίνωνα τοιαῦτη
τῷ μικκῷ παρεόντος ὅρη γύναι, ὡς ποθορῆ τυ.
Θάρσει Ζωπυρίου, γλυκερὸν τέκος· οὐ λέγει ἀπφῦν.¹

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρέφος, ναὶ τὰν πότιμαν.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

καλὸς ἀπφῦν.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ἀπφῦς μὰν τῆνος τὰ πρόβαν—λέγομες δὲ πρόβαν θην
“πάππα,”² νίτρον καὶ φῦκος ἀπὸ σκανᾶς ἀγοράσ-
δειν”—
ἴνθε φέρων ἄλλας ὕμιν, ἀνήρ τρισκαιδεκάπαχν.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

χώμὸς ταῦτα³ ἔχει, φθόρος ἀργυρίω, Διοκλεῖδας
ἐπιταδράχμως κυνάδας, γραιᾶν ἀποτίλματα πηρῶν,
πέντε πόκως ἐλαβ’ ἔχθες, ἄπαν ρύπον, ἔργους ἐπ’
ἔργῳ.

ἄλλ’ ίθι τῶμπέχονον καὶ τὰν περονατρίδα λάζεν,
βάμες τῷ βασιλῆος ἐς ἀφνειῶ Πτολεμαίω
θασόμεναι τὸν “Λδωνιν” ἀκούω χρῆμα καλόν τι
κοπμένι τὰν βασιλισσαν.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ἐν δλθίω δλθια πάντα.

¹ Ζωπύριος (diminutive of Ζωπύρος) Buecheler: mss. -λεγει: πιν also λέγη ² νάπτα Wil from E. Mag.: mss. τάρτα ἀγοράσθεν Ahrens; baby-language, cf. Theophr. Char. 7, 10: πιν ἀργυρίδων ³ ταύτη Ahrens; πιν ταύτη or ταῦτα γ'

GORGO

My dear, pray don't call your good Dinon such names before Baby. See how he's staring at you.
(to the child) It's all right, Zopy, my pet. It's not dad-dad she's talking about.

PRAXINOA

Upon my word, the child understands.

GORGO

Nice dad-dad.

PRAXINOA

And yet that dad-dad of his the other day—the other day, now, I tell him 'Daddy, get mother some soap and rouge from the shop,' and, would you believe it? back he came with a packet of salt, the great six feet of folly!

GORGO

Mine's just the same. Diocleidas is a perfect spendthrift. Yesterday he gave seven shillings apiece for mere bits of dog's hair, mere pluckings of old handbags, five of them, all filth, all work to be done over again. But come, my dear, get your cloak and gown. I want you to come with me (*grandly*) to call on our high and mighty Prince Ptolemy to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's getting up something quite splendid this year.

PRAXINOA (*hesitating*)

Fine folks, fine ways.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ

ῶν ἰδει, ὅν εἶπες καὶ ἴδοίσα τὸ τῷ μὴ ἴδωτι,
ἔρπειν ὥρα κὲ εἴη.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ἀεργοῖς αἰὲν ἔορτά.

Εὖνόα, αἴρε τὸ νῆμα καὶ ἐς μέσου αἰνόδρυπτε
θές πάλιν αἱ γυλέαι μαλακῶς χρύζουτι καθεύ-
δειν.

κινεῦ δή, φέρε θᾶσσον ὕδωρ. ὕδατος πρότερον
δεῖ,

ἢ δὲ σμᾶμα¹ φέρει. δὸς δμωε. μὴ δὴ πολύ,
λαστρί·

ἐγχει ὕδωρ. δύστανε, τί μεν τὸ χιτώνιον ἀρδεις;
παῦε ὁκοῖα θεοῖς ἐδόκει, τοιαῦτα νέμιμμα.
ἢ κλάξ τὰς μεγάλας πᾶ λάρνακος; ὡδε φέρ
αὐτάν.

30

ΓΟΡΓΩ

Πραξινά, μάλα τοι τὸ καταπτυχὲς ἐμπερόναμα
τοῦτο πρέπει λέγε μοι, πόσσω κατέβα τοι ἀφ'
ιστῶ;

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

μὴ μνάσῃς Γοργοῦ πλέον ἀργυρίῳ καθαρῷ μνᾶν
ἢ δύο· τοῖς δ' ἔργοις καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ποτέθηκα.

¹ ὅτι σμᾶμα G. Hermann: τις δ' εἰς νῦν παλαιότερον Ε. Schwartz, cf. Herodas 6. 10: τις διπλῆς τε

GORGO

Yes; but sightseers make good gossips, you know, if you've been and other people haven't. It's time we were on the move.

PRAXINOA (*still hesitating*)

It's always holidays with people who've nothing to do. (*suddenly making up her mind*) Here, Eunoa, you scratch-face, take up the spinning and put it away with the rest. Cats always *will* lie soft. Come, bestir yourself. Quick, some water! (*to Gorgo*) Water's wanted first, and she brings the soap. (*to Eunoa*) Never mind; give it me. (*E. pours out the powdered soap*) Not all that, you wicked waste! Pour out the water. (*E. washes her mistress's hands and face*) Oh, you wretch! What do you mean by wetting my bodice like that? That's enough. (*to Gorgo*) I've got myself washed somehow, thank goodness. (*to Eunoa*) Now where's the key of the big cupboard? Bring it here. (*Takes out a Dorian pinner—a gown fastened with pins or brooches to the shoulders and reaching to the ground, with an overfold coming to the waist—and puts it on with Eunoa's aid over the inner garment with short sleeves which she wears indoors*)

GORGO (*referring to the style of the overfold*)

Praxinoa, that full gathering suits you really well. Do tell me what you gave for the material.

PRAXINOA

Don't speak of it, Gorgo; it was more than eight golden sovereigns, and I can tell you I put my very soul into making it up.

"Wicked waste": the Greek is "pirate-vessel."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ

ἄλλὰ κατὰ γνώμαν ἀπέβα τοι.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

τοῦτο καλὸν εἴπες.

τῶμπέχονον φέρε μοι καὶ τὰν θολίαν κατὰ
κόσμον

ἀμφίθεες. οὐκ ἀξῶ τυ τέκνον. μορμώ δάκνει
ἴππος.

δάκρυ', δοσσα θέλεις, χωλὸν δὲ οὐ δεῖ τυ γενέσθαι.
ἔρπωμες. Φρυγία, τὸν μικκὸν παῖσδε λαβοῖσα,
τὰν κύν' ἔσω κάλεσον, τὰν αὐλείαν ἀπόκλαξον.

40

ὦ θεοί, δοσσος ὄχλος· πῶς καὶ πόκα τοῦτο
περᾶσαι

χρὴ τὸ κακόν; μύρμακες ἀνάριθμοι καὶ ἀμετροι.
πολλά τοι ὡς Πτολεμαῖε πεποίηται καλὰ ἔργα,
ἔξ ὡς ἐν ἀθανάτοις ὁ τεκνών οὐδεὶς κακοεργὸς
δαλεῖται τὸν ίόντα παρέρπων Αἰγυπτιστί,
οὐα πρὶν ἔξ ἀπάτας κεκροτημένοι διδρες ἐπαισδον
ἄλλαλοις ὄμαλοι κακὰ πάγυνα πάντες ἐρειοί.¹

50

ἀδίστα Γοργοῖ, τί γενοίμεθα; τοι πολεμισταὶ
ἴπποι τῷ βασιλῆος. ἀνερ φίλε, μή με πατήσγυς.
ὁρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πυρρός· ίδὲ ὡς ἄγριος. κυνοθαρσὴς
Εὔνοα, οὐ φευξῆ; διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα.
ἀνάθημ μεγάλως, δτι μοι τὸ βρέφος μένει ἐνδοι.²

¹ ἐρειοί: πλει ἐρειοί, explained by Hesych. οὐ κανοί

² ἐνδοι Ἀγροι: πλει ἐρειού

GORGO

Well, all I can say is, it's *most* successful.

PRAXINOS

It's very good of you to say so. (*to Eunoa*) Come, put on my cloak and hat for me, and mind you do it properly (*Eunoa puts her cloak about her head and shoulders and pins the straw sun-hat to it*). (*taking up the child*) No; I'm not going to take *you*, Baby. Horse-bogey bites little boys. (*the child cries*) You may cry as much as you like; I'm not going to have you lame for life. (*to Gorgo, giving the child to the nurse*) Come along. Take Baby and amuse him, Phrygia, and call the dog indoors and lock the front-door.

(*in the street*) Heavens, what a crowd! How we're to get through this awful crush and how long it's going to take us, I can't imagine. Talk of an antheap! (*apostrophising*) I must say, you've done us many a good turn, my good Ptolemy, since your father went to heaven. We have no villains sneaking up to murder us in the streets nowadays in the good old Egyptian style. They don't play those awful games now—the thorough-paced rogues, every one of them the same, all queer!

Gorgo dearest! what *shall* we do? The Royal Horse! Don't run me down, my good man. That bay's rearing. Look, what temper! Stand back, Eunoa, you reckless girl! He'll be the death of that man. Thank goodness I left Baby at home!

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΑ

θύρσει Πραξινόα· καὶ δὴ γεγενήμεθ' ὅπισθεν,
τοῖ δὲ ἔβαν ἐς χώραν.¹

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

καῦτὰ συναγείρομαι ἥδη. 60
ἴππων καὶ τὸν ψυχρὸν ὄφιν τὰ μάλιστα δεδοίκω
ἐκ παιδός. σπεύδωμες· δχλος πολὺς ἄμμιν
ἐπιρρεῖ.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

έξ αὐλᾶς ὡς μάτερ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἔγδων, τέκνα.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

εὖμαρές;
ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἐς Τροίαν πειρώμενοι ἥρθον Ἀχαιοί,
καλλίστα παιδῶν πείρᾳ θην πάντα τελεῖται.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

χρησμὸς ἀ πρεσβύτης ἀπόφχετο θεοπίξασα.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

πάντα γυναικες ἵστατι, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἡγάγεθ' Ἡρα.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

θᾶσαι Πραξινόα, περὶ τὰς θύρας ὁσσος ὄμιλος.

¹ Cf. Xen. *Ory.* 4, 5, 37, where ἀσέντακτα ἄλη is opposed to χώραν λαβεῖν, ibid. 8, 6, 19 συναγείρειν στρατιδεῖν; Plat. Prof. 328d ἀμεντεῖν ἀσπερεῖ συναγείρειν.

GORGO

It's all right, Praxinoa. We've got well behind them, you see. They're all where they ought to be, now.

PRAXINOA (*recovering*)

And fortunately I can say the same of my poor wits. Ever since I was a girl, two things have frightened me more than anything else, a horrid slimy snake and a horse. Let's get on. Here's ever such a crowd pouring after us.

GORGO (*to an Old Woman*)

Have you come from the palace, mother?

OLD WOMAN

Yes, my dears.

GORGO

Then we can get there all right, can we?

OLD WOMAN

Trying took Troy, my pretty; don't they say where there's a will there's a way?

GORGO

That old lady gave us some oracles, didn't she?

PRAXINOA (*mock-sententiously*)

My dear, women know everything. They know all about Zeus marrying Hera.

GORGO

Do look, Praxinou; what a crowd there is at the door!

"I can say the same": the Greek has a pun on 'assembling' troops and 'collecting' one's wits. "Gave us some oracles": i.e. her sententious remarks were about as useful as oracles generally are.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΕΠΑΞΙΝΟΑ

θεσπέσιος. Γοργοί, δός τὰν χέρα μοι· λαβὲ καὶ τὸ
Εύνοια Εὐτυχίδος· πότεχ' αὐτῷ, μή τι πλαναθῆσε.
πᾶσαι ἀμ' εἰσένθωμες· ἀπρίξ ἔχεν Εύνοια ἀμῶν.
οἵμοι δεῖλαίνα, δίχα μεν τὸ θερίστριον ἥδη
ἔσχισται, Γοργοῖ. ποττῷ Διός, εἴ τι γένοιο
ἐνδαιμονῶν ἐνθρωπε, φυλάσσεσθο τῷ μπέγονορ μεν.

EENHO

οὐκ ἐπί έμίν μέν, ὅμως δὲ φυλαξεῦμαι.

PRATINOA

οὐχλος ἀθρωε·
ἀθεῦντι δισπέρ νεε·

ENODS

Θάρσει γύναι· ἐν καλῷ εἰμές.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

καὶ τὸν πάσαις ὁ τὰν νυὸν εἶπ' ἀπο-
κλάξας.

COFFEE

Πραξινά, πόταγ' ὁδε. τὰ ποικίλα πρᾶτον ἀθρησον,
λεπτὰ καὶ ὡς χαρίεστα. θεῶν περονάματα φασέτε.

THEOCRITUS XV, 66-79

PRAXINOA

Marvellous. Give me your arm, Gorgo; and you take hold of Eutychis' arm, Eunoa; and you hold on tight, Eutychis, or you'll be separated. We'll all go in together. Mind you keep hold of me, Eunoa. Oh dear, oh dear, Gorgo! my summer cloak's torn right in two. (*to a stranger*) For Heaven's sake, as you wish to be saved, mind my cloak, sir.

FIRST STRANGER

I really can't help what happens; but I'll do my best.

PRAXINOA

The crowd's simply enormous; they're pushing like a drove of pigs.

FIRST STRANGER

Don't be alarmed, madam; we're all right.

PRAXINOA

You deserve to be all right to the end of your days, my dear sir, for the care you've been taking of us. (*to Gorgo*) What a kind considerate man! Poor Eunoa's getting squeezed. (*to Eunoa*) Push, you coward, can't you? (*they push in*)

That's all right. All inside, as the bridegroom said when he shut the door.

GORGON (referring, as they move forward towards the dais, to the draperies which hang between the pillars)

Praxinoa, do come here. Before you do anything else I insist upon your looking at the embroideries. How delicate they are! and in such good taste! They're really hardly human, are they?

"Summer cloak": the festival was probably held upon the longest day.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

πότνι¹ Ἀθαναία· ποῖας σφ' ἐπόνασται ἔριθοι,
ποῖοι ζωγράφοι τάκριβέα γράμματ² ἔγραψαν.
ώς ἔτυμ³ ἐστάκαντι, καὶ ως ἔτυμ⁴ ἐνδινεῦντι
ἔμψυχ⁵, οὐκ ἐνυφαντά. σοφόν τοι⁶ χρῆμ⁷ ὄνθρωπος.
αὐτὸς δ' ως θαητὸς ἐπ' ἀργυρέας κατάκειται
ἄρμοι⁸ πρᾶτον ἰουλον ἀπὸ κροτάφων κατα-
βάλλων—
ὁ τριφίλητος Ἀδωνις, δὲ κήν⁹ Ἀχέροντι φιλεῖται.

ΕΤΕΡΟΣ ΣΕΝΟΣ

παύσασθ¹⁰ ὡς δύστανοι, ἀνάνυτα κωτίλλοισται
τριγόνες· ἐκκιναισεῦντι πλατειάσδοισται ἀπαντά.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

μᾶ, πόθεν ὄνθρωπος; τί δὲ τίν, εἰ κωτίλαι εἰμές;
πασάμενος ἐπίτασσε. Συρακοσίαις ἐπιτάσσεις. 90
ώς εἰδῆς καὶ τοῦτο, Κορίνθιαι εἰμὲς ἀνωθεν,
ώς καὶ ὁ Βελλεροφῶν¹¹ Πελοποννασιστὴ λαλεῦμεν
Δωρίσδεν δέ¹² ἔξεστι δοκῶ τοῖς Δωριέσσι.
μὴ φύη, Μελιτάδες, δε ἀμῶν καρτερὸς εἴη,
πλάνη ἐνός. οὐκ ἀλέγω. μή μοι κενεὰν ἀπομάζῃ,

ΓΟΡΓΩ

σίγα Πραξινά· μέλλει τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀείβειν
ἀ τὰς Ἀργείας θυγάτηρ, πολύϊδρις ἀοιδός,
άτις καὶ πέρυτεν¹³ τὸν ἴαλεμον ἀρίστευσι.

¹ τοι school to Soph. Ant. 343; μετε τι. ² δραῖ Καίσαλ,
cf. Callim. fr. 44, Ap. Rhod. 1. 972: μετε κλισμᾶ: with
ἀργυρέας supply κλίναι. ³ πέρυτε Reinke: μετε πέρχεν οι
πεπίρχιν

THEOCRITUS XV, 80-98

PRAXINOA

Huswife Athena! the weavers that made that material and the embroiderers who did that close detailed work are simply marvels. How realistically the things all stand and move about in it! they're living! It is wonderful what people can do. And then the Holy Boy; how perfectly beautiful he looks lying on his silver couch, with the down of manhood just showing on his cheeks,—(*religioso*) the thrice-beloved Adonis, beloved even down below!

SECOND STRANGER

Oh dear, oh dear, ladies! do stop that eternal cooing. (*to the bystanders*) They'll weary me to death with their ah-ah-ah-ing.

PRAXINOA

My word! where does that person come from? What business is it of yours if we do coo? Buy your slaves before you order them about, pray. You're giving your orders to Syracusans. If you *must* know, we're Corinthians by extraction, like Bellerophon himself. What we talk's Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorians may speak Doric, mayn't they? Persephone! let's have no more masters than the one we've got. I shall do just as I like. Pray don't waste your breath.

GORGO

Be quiet, Praxinoa. She's just going to begin the song, that Argive person's daughter, you know, the "accomplished vocalist" that was chosen to sing

"Don't waste your breath": the Greek has 'don't scrape the top of an empty measure.' "Accomplished vocalist"; the Greek phrase is Epic, perhaps a quotation from an advertisement or the like.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

φθεγξεῖται τι, σάφ' οἶδα, καλόν διαθρυπτεται
ἴδη.

ΙΤΝΗ ΑΟΙΔΟΣ

Δέσποιν, ἡ Γολγώς τε καὶ Ἰδάλιον ἐφίλησας,
αἰπεινόν τ' Ἐρυκα, χρυσωπίζοις¹ Ἀφροδίτα,
οἵον τοι τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀπ' ἀεράῳ Ἀχέροντος
μηνὶ δυωδεκάτῳ μαλακαίποδες² ἄγαγον Ὄραι,
βάρδισται μακάρων Ὄραι φύλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθεῖναι
έρχονται πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἱέτι τι φορεῦσαι.
Κύπρι Διωναία, τὺ μὲν ἀθανάται ἀπὸ θνατᾶς,
ἀνθρώπων ὡς μῆθος, ἐποίησας Βερενίκαν
ἀμβροσίαν ἐξ στῆθος ἀποστάξασα γυναικός·
τὴν δὲ χαριζομένα, πολυώνυμε καὶ πολύναε,
ἀ Βερενικεία θυγάτηρ Ἐλένη είκυία
Ἀρσιώδα πάντεσσι καλοῖς ἀτετάλλει Ἀδωνιν.
πάροι³ δρια κεῖται, ὅσα δρυὸς ἄκρα φέρονται,
πάρο δ' ἀπαλοὶ κάποι πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλα-
ρίσκοις

ἀργυρέοις, Συρίω δὲ μύρῳ χρύσει' ἀλάβαστρα·
εἴδατά θ' δσσα γυναικες ἐπὶ πλαθάνῳ πονέονται
ἀνθεα μίσγοισαι λευκῷ παντοῖα μαλεύρῳ,
δσσα τ' ἀπὸ γλυκερῶ μέλιτος τά τ' ἐν ὑγρῷ
δλαίῳ,
πάντ' αὐτῷ πετεηνὰ καὶ ἔρπετὰ τεῖδε πάρεστι.

¹ χρυσωπίζειν Ludwich, εἰ καλλωπίζω αὐτὸν χρυσῶπιος : MSS
χρυσῷ παίζειν ² MSS also μαλακαὶ τέβας ³ πάροι E :
πάρο μὲν αἱ

the dirge *last year*. You may be sure *she'll* give us something good. Look, she's making her bow.

The Dirge

Lover of Golgi and Idaly and Eryx¹ steepy hold,
O Lady Aphrodite with the face that beams like gold,
Twelve months are sped and soft-footed Heav'n's
pretty laggards, see,

Bring o'er the never-tarrying stream Adonis back to thee.

The Seasons, the Seasons, full slow they go and come,
But some sweet thing for all they bring, and so they
are welcome home.

O Cypris, Dion's daughter, of thee anealed, 'tis said,
Our Queen that was born of woman is e'en immortal
made;

And now, sweet Lady of many names, of many shrines
Ladye,

Thy guerdon's giv'n; for the Queen's daughter, as
Helen fair to see,

Thy lad doth dight with all delight upon this holyday;
For there's not a fruit the orchard bears but is here
for his hand to take,

And cresses trim all kept for him in many a silver tray,
And Syrian balm in vials of gold; and O, there's
every cake

That ever woman kneaded of bolted meal so fair
With blossoms blent of every scent or oil or honey
rare—

Here's all outlaid in semblance made of every bird
and beast,

¹ "Last year": the day of the festival was apparently regarded as the first day of Adonis' six months' stay upon the earth, the other six being spent in Hades. "Anealed": "anointed."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

χλωρὰ δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βρίθοντ' ἀντίθημ¹
δέδμαινθ'. οἱ δέ τε κῶροι ὑπερπωτῶνται Ἐρωτεῖ, 129
οἵσι ἀηδοιοῦνται μεξομενῆν ἐπὶ δένδρῳ²
πωτῶνται πτερύγων πειρώμενοι δέοντες ἀπ' δέω.
ὦ ἔβενος, ὡς χρυσός, ὡς ἐκ λευκῶν ἐλέφαντος
αἰετοί³ οἴνοχόν Κρονίδᾳ Διὶ παιδα φέροντες.
πορφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἄνω μαλακώτεροι ὑπνῶν
ἀ Μήλατος ἔρει χώ τὰν Σαμίαν καταβόσκων
· ἔστρωται κλίνα τΩδόνιδι τῷ καλῷ ἀμά.⁴
τὸν μὲν Κύπριον ἔχει, τὸν δέ⁵ ὁ βοδόπαχος
· Λδωμις:

οκτωκαιδεκέτης ἡ ἐγνεακαΐδεχ' ὁ γαμβρός· 130
οὐ κευτεῖ τὸ φίλημ', ἔτι οἱ περὶ χείλεα πυρρί.
εῦν μὰν Κύπριον ἔχοισα τὸν αὐτᾶς χαιρέτω
ἄνδρα·
ἀδόθεν δ' ἀμμες νιν ἄμα δρόσῳ ἀθρόαι ἔξω
οἰστεῦμες ποτὶ κύματ' ἐπ' ἀιόνι πτύνοντα.
λύσπασαι δὲ κόμαν καὶ ἐπὶ σφυρὰ κόλπου ἀνεῖσαι
στιθεσι φαινομένοις λιγυρᾶς ἀρξεύμεθ⁶ ἀοιδᾶς·
· ἔρπεις, ὡς φῖλ' "Λδωμι, καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖς" Αχίροντα

¹ χλωρὰ δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βρίθοντ' (dual) ἀντίθημ E, cf. I. 73, 18, 5, and Jebb on Soph. O.C. 1676: μηδ χλωροί δι σκιάδες μαλακῷ βρίθονται ἀνέθη. ² μεξομενάς (gen. pl.) ἔτι δένδρῳ Ahrens: μηδ -τες επὶ δένδρῳ ³ αἰετοί: μηδ also αἰετοί ⁴ διαδ Ahrens: μηδ δαλοί ⁵ τὸν μὲν and τὸν Ε E (there were two coverlets, but one wedding-couch): μηδ τὸν μὲν and τὸν δ' ⁶ ἀρξεύμεθ G. Kiessling: μηδ ἀρξέμεθ'

Two testers green they have plighted ye, with dainty
 dill well dressed,
 Whereon, like puny nightingales that flit from bough
 to bough
 Trying their waxing wings to spread, the Love-babes
 hovering go.
 How fair the ebony and the gold, the ivory white
 how fair,
 And eagles twain to Zeus on high bringing his cup-
 bearer!
 Aye, and the coverlets spread for ye are softer spread
 than sleep—
 Forsooth Miletus town may say, or the master of
 Samian sheep,
 “The bridal bed for Adonis spread of my own
 making is;
 Cypris hath this for her wrapping, Adonis that for
 his.”
 Of eighteen years or nineteen is turned the rose-
 limbed groom;
 His pretty lip is smooth to sip, for it bears but flaxen
 bloom.
 And now she's in her husband's arms, and so we'll
 say good-night;
 But to-morrow we'll come wi' the dew, the dew, and
 take hands and bear him away
 Where plashing wave the shore doth lave, and there
 with locks undight
 And bosoms bare all shining fair will raise this
 shrilling lay :—
 “O sweet Adonis, none but thee of the children of
 Gods and men

“Miletus, Samian sheep”: Milesian and Samian wool was famous.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ημιθέων, ὡς φαντί, μονώτατος. οὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνων
τοῦτ' ἔσπειρ, οὐτ' Λίας ὁ μέγας, βαρυμάνιος ἥρως,
οὐθ' Ἔκτωρ Ἐκάβας ὁ γεραιτάτος¹ εἴκατι
παῖδεσν,

οὐ Πατροκλῆς, οὐ Πύρρος ἀπὸ Τροίας πᾶλιν
ἐνθάντινον,¹⁴⁹

οὐθ' οἱ ἔτι πρότερον Δαπίθαι καὶ Δευκαλίωνες,
οὐ Πελοπηίάδαι τε καὶ Ἀργεος ἄκρα Πελασγοί.
Ἴλαθι νῦν, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐς νέον², εὐθυμήσας
καὶ νῦν ἡγεμενὸς Ἀδωνι, καὶ δική ἀφίκη, φίλος
ἡξεῖται.³

GORGO

Πραξινόδα, τὸ χρῆμα σοφώτατον ἀθῆλεια⁴
ἄλεια δσσα Ἰσατί, πανολεια ὡς γλυκὺ φωνεῖ.
Ὥρα ὅμως κεῖται οἰκον. ἀνάριστος Διοκλείδας.
χῶνήρ δέξονται, πεινάντι δὲ μηδὲ ποτένθησ.
χαῖρε Ἀδωνι ἀγαπατὲ καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀφίκνευτον.⁵

¹ Μεταλλούσιος γεραιτάτος; ² Μεταλλούσιος γεραιτάτος; ³ ἀθῆλεια = τὸ θῆλεν; there is the common confusion in 146 between general and particular. ⁴ Μεταλλούσιος γεραιτάτος;

"Twixt overworld and underworld doth pass and pass
 agen :
 That cannot Agamemnon, nor the Lord o' the
 Woeful Spleen,
 Nor the first of the twice-ten children that came of
 the Troyan queen,
 Nor Patroclus brave, nor Pyrrhus bold that home
 from the war did win,
 Nor none o' the kith o' the old Lapith nor of them
 of Deucalion's kin—
 E'en Pelops line lacks fate so fine, and Pelasgian
 Argos' pride.

Adonis sweet, Adonis dear,
 Be gracious for another year ;
 Thou'rt welcome to thine own alway,
 And welcome we'll both cry to-day
 And next Adonis-tide."

GORGO

O Praxinoa ! what clever things we women are !
 I do envy her knowing all that, and still more having
 such a lovely voice. But I must be getting back.
 It's Diocleidas' dinner-time, and that man's all
 pepper : I wouldn't advise anyone to come near him
 even, when he's kept waiting for his food. Good-
 bye, Adonis darling ; and I only trust you may find
 us all thriving when you come next year.

"The Lord o' the Woeful Spleen" : Ajax. "The first
 of the twice-ten children" : Hector. "All pepper" : in
 the Greek 'all vinegar.'

XVI.—THE CHARITES

The traditional name of this poem, *The Charites* or *Graces*, may have been really the title Theocritus had given to the whole volume of a small collection of poems, for which this poem was now written as a special dedication. In it he bewails the indifference of a money-loving age, and asks for the patronage of Hiero, then general-in-chief, afterwards king, of Syracuse, even as Simonides had the patronage—not of the first Hiero, as he would have said had this Hiero then been king, but—of the great lords of Thessaly.

XVI.—ΧΑΡΙΤΕΣ Η ΙΕΡΩΝ

Αἰεὶ τοῦτο Διὸς κούραις μέλει, αἰεὶ ἀοιδοῖς,
ὑμνεῖν ἀθανάτους, ὑμνεῖν ἀγαθῶν κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
Μόνσαι μὲν θεαὶ ἐντί, θεοὺς θεαὶ ἀείδοιτο
ἄμμες δὲ βροτοὶ οἵδε, βροτοὺς βροτοὶ ἀείδωμεν.

τίς γὰρ τῶν ὄπόσοι γλαυκὰν ναίοντιν ὑπ' ἀῳ,
ἡμετέρας Χάριτας¹ πετάσας ὑποδέξεται οἴκῳ
ἀσπασίως, οὐδὲ ἀθιας ἀδωρήτους ἀποπέμψει,
αἱ δὲ σκυζόμεναι γυμνοῖς ποσὶν οίκαδι λασι,
πολλά με τωθάζοισαν, δτ' ἀλιθίαν ὅδον ἡνθον,
όκνηραι δὲ πάλιν κενεᾶς ἐν πυθμένι χῆλοῦ
ψυχροῖς ἐν γονάτεσσι κάρη μίμνοντι βαλοῖσαν,
ἐνθ' αἱεὶ σφισιν ἔδραι, ἐπὴν ἀπρακτοὶ ἵκωνται;
τίς τῶν τούτων τοιόσδε; τίς εὖ εἰπόντα φιλήσει;
οὐκ οἶδε· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' ἄνδρες ἐπ' ἔργμασιν ὡς προς
ἔσθλοις

αἰνεῖσθαι σπεῦδοντι, νενίκηνται δέ ὑπὸ κερδέων
πᾶς δέ ὑπὸ κόλπωφ χεῖρας ἔχων πόθεν οἰστεται ἀλιρεὶ²
ἀργυρον, οὐδὲ κεν λὸν ἀποτρίψας τινὶ δοῖη,
ἄλλ' εὐθὺς μυθεῖται· ἀπωτέρῳ ἡ γόνυν κυάμα-
αὐτῷ μοι τί γένοιτο³; θεοὶ τιμῶσιν ἀοιδούς.

¹ Καυτίρας Χάριτας; schol. τὰ οἰκεῖα ταῖκατα ² τι
γένοτο; E. cf. Theophr. Char. 14. 2 λογισάμενος ταῖς φήμοις
καὶ ανθράκαις ταῖκαις ἤρωτάς τὸν ταρακαθημένον τι γίγνεται
³ what does it come to?; πώς τι στι τι

XVI.—THE CHARITES

"Tis ever the care of Zeus' daughters and ever of the poets to magnify the Immortal Gods and eke to magnify the achievements of great men. But the Muses are Gods, and being Gods do sing of Gods, while as for us we are men, and being men let us sing of men.

Now who of all that dwell beneath the gray dawn, say who, will open his door to receive my pretty Graces gladly, and not rather send them away empty-handed, so that they get them home frowning and barefoot, there to fleer at me for sending them a fool's errand, there to shrink once again into the bottom of an empty press, and sinking their heads upon their chill knees to abide where they ever lodge when they return unsuccessful from abroad? Who, I say, in this present world will let them in, and who in the present days will love one that hath spoke him well? I cannot tell. The praise once sought for noble acts is sought no more; pelf reigns conqueror of every heart; and every man looks hand in pocket where he may get him silver; nay, he would not give another so much as the off-scrapings of the rust of it, but straightway cries "Charity begins at home. What comes thereout for

"Charity begins at home"; in the Greek 'the skin lies farther than the knee.'

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τίς δέ κεν ἄλλου ἀκούσαι; ἄλις πάντεσσιν¹ Ομηρος. 20
οὗτος ἀοιδῶν λόφστος, δε ἐξ ἐμεῦ οἰσεται αὐδέν.²

δαιμόνιοι, τί δὲ κέρδος ὁ μυρίος ἐνδοθι χρυσὸς
κείμενος; οὐχ ἄδε πλλόντου φρονέουσιν δινασις,
ἄλλα τὸ μὲν ψυχᾶ, τὸ δέ πού τινι δοῦναι ἀοιδῶν
πολλοὺς¹ εὑ ἔρξαι παῖν, πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ ἄλλων
ἀνθρώπων, αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἐπιβώμια ῥέζειν,
μηδὲ ξεινοδόκου κακὸν ἐμμεναι, ἄλλα τραπέζῃ
μεδίξαντ' ἀποπέμψαι, ἐπὴν ἐθέλωντι² νέεσθαι,
Μουσάων δὲ μάλιστα τίειν Ἱεροὺς ὑποφήτας,
ὅφρα καὶ εἰν 'Λίθαιο κεκρυμμένος ἐσβλὸς ἀκούσγε, 20
μηδ' ἀκλεής μύρηαι ἐπὶ ψυχροῦ 'Λχέροντος,
ώσει τις μακέλᾳ τετυλωμένος ἐνδοθι χεῖρας
ἀχῆν ἐκ πατέρων πενίαν ἀκτήμσνα κλαίων.

πολλοὶ ἐν 'Αντιόχαιο δόμοις καὶ ἀνακτος 'Αλεύα
ἄρματιάν ἐμμηνον ἐμετρήσαντο πειέσται
πολλοὶ δὲ Σκοπάδαισιν ἐλαυνόμενοι ποτὶ σακοὺς
μόσχοι σὺν κερασίσιν ἐμυκήσαντο βόεσσι,
μυρία δ' ἀμ πεδίον Κραυνώνιον ἐνδιάσκον
ποιμένες ἕκκριτα μῆλα φιλοξείνοισι Κρεώνδαις.
ἄλλ' οὖ σφι τῶν ἡδος, ἐπεὶ γλυκὺν ἐξεκένωσαν
θυμὸν ἐς εὔρειαν σχεδίαν στυγνοῖ γέροντος,³ 40
ἄμιναστοι δὲ τὰ πολλὰ καὶ δλβια τῆνα λιπόντες;

¹ τόλλοις Wil: πασ τόλλοις, §² Μηδ θίλαστη

² στυγνοῖ γέροντοι Homsterhus from Propert. 3. 18. 24:
πασ στυγνοῦ ἀχέρονται

me? 'Tis the Gods that honour poets. Homer is enough for all. Him rank I best of poets, who of me shall get nothing."

Poor simple fools! what profits it a man that he have thousands of gold laid by? To the wise the enjoyment of riches is not that, but rather to give first somewhat to his own soul, and then something, methinks, to one of the poets; to wit, it is first to do much good as well to other men as to his kinsfolk, to make offering of sacrifice unceasingly upon the altars of the Gods, and, like one hospitably minded, to send his guests, when go they will, kindly entreated away; and secondly and more than all, it is to bestow honour upon the holy interpreters of the Muses, that so you may rather be well spoken of even when you lie hid in Death, than, like some horny-handed delving son of a poor father bewailing his empty penury, make your moan beside chill Acheron's brink without either name or fame.

Many indeed were the bondmen earned their monthly meed in the houses of Antiochus and King Aleuas, many the calves that went lowing with the horned kine home to the byres of the Scopads, and ten thousand were the fine sheep that the shepherds of the plain of Crannon watched all night for the hospitable Creondae; but once all the sweet wine of their life was in the great cup, once they were embarked in the barge of the old man loathsome, the joyance and pleasure of those things was theirs no more: and though they left behind

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δειλοῖς ἐν τεκύεσσι μακροὺς αἰῶνας ἔκειτο,
εἰ μὴ θεῖος ἀοιδὸς ὁ Κῆπος αἰόλα φωνέων
βάρβιτον ἐξ πολύχορδου ἐν ἀνδράσι θῆκ' ὄνο-
μαστοὺς

ὑπλοτέρους, τιμᾶς δὲ καὶ ωκέες ἔλλαχον ἵπποι,
οἵ σφισιν ἐξ Ἱερῶν στεφανηφόροι ἡνθον ἀγάνων.

τίς δ' ἀν ἀριστῆς Λυκίων ποτέ, τίς κομόωντας
Πριαμίδας ή θῆλυν ἀπὸ χροῖης Κύκνου ἔγνω,
εἰ μὴ φυλόπιδας προτέρων ὑμνησαν ἀοιδοί: 50
οὐδέ 'Οδυσσεὺς ἑκατόν τε καὶ εἴκοσι μῆνας ἀλαθεὶς
πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, 'Αΐδαι τ' εἰς ἐσχατον ἐνθὸν
ζωὸς καὶ σπῆλιν γρα φυγὴν ὀλοοῖο Κύκλωπος
δημαιὸν κλέος ἔσχεν, ἐσυγάθη δ' ἀν ὑφορβός
Ἐνδυμιος καὶ βουσὶ Φιλοίτιος ἀμφ' ἀγελαίαις
ἔργον ἔχων, αὐτὸς τε περίσπλαγχνος Λαέρτης,
εἰ μὴ σφεας ὄνασαν Ἰάονος ἀνδρὸς ἀοιδαί.

ἐκ Μοισῶν ἀγυθὸν κλέος ἔρχεται ἀνθρώποισι,
χρήματα δὲ ζώοντες ἀμαλδόνιοντι θαυμόντων.
ἄλλ' ἵσος γάρ οἱ μόχθοις ἐπ' φόνι κύματα μετρεῖν, 60
διστὸς ἀνεμος χέρσονδε κατὰ γλαυκᾶς ἀλὸς ὥθει.
ἡ ὕδατι μέζειν θολερὰν διαειδεῖ πλίνθον,
καὶ φιλοκερδείᾳ βεβλαμμένον ἀνδρα παρειπεῖν.²
χαμέτω δόστις τοῖος, ἀνάριθμος δέ οἱ εἶη
ἀργυρος, αἰεὶ δὲ πλεονῶν ἔχοι ἴμερος αὐτόν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τιμᾶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων φιλότατα
πολλῶν ἡμίονων τε καὶ ἵππων πρόσθεν ἐλοίμαν.

¹ λατά Buscheler: πας μετὰ ειρεθεῖς

² παρειπεῖν: πας also

them all that great and noble wealth, they had lain among the vile dead long ages unremembered, had not the great Ceian cried sweet varied lays to the strings and famoured them in posterity, and had not the coursers that came home to them victorious out of the Games achieved the honour and glory which called the poet to his task.

Then too the lords of the old Lycians, then the long-haired children of Priam or that Cycnus that was wan as a woman,—say who had known aught of them, had not poets hymned the battle-cries of an elder day? Moreover Odysseus had wandered his hundred months and twenty through all the world, come to uttermost Hades alive, and gone safe from out the cave of the fell Cyclops, and then had never enjoyed the long and lasting glory of it all; and as well great-heart Laertes himself as Eumeus the hog-ward and Philoetius the keeper of herded kine, all alike had been under silence had it not profited them of the lays of a man of Ionia.

Yes; good fame men may get of the Muses, but riches be wasted of their posterity after they are dead. But seeing one may as well strive to wash clean in clear water a sun-dried brick, as well stand on the beach and number the waves driven shoreward of the wind from the blue sea, as seek to win by words one whose heart is wounded with the love of gain, I bid all such a very good day, and wish them silver beyond counting and long life to their craving for more. For myself, I would rather the esteem and friendship of my fellow-men than hundreds of mules and horses.

"The great Ceian": Simonides. "A man of Ionia": Homer. "Sun-dried brick": when wetted this becomes clay again.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δίξημαι δ', δτιν θνατῶν κεχαρισμένος ἐνθω
σὺν Μοίσαις· χαλεπαὶ γὰρ ὅδοι τελέθουσιν ἀοιδοῖς
κουράων ἀπάνευθε Διὸς μέγα βουλεύοντος.

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οὐπώ μῆνας ἄγων ἔκαμψ' οὐρανὸς οὐδὲ ἐνιαυτούς·
πολλοὶ κινήσουσιν ἔτι τροχὸν ἀματοῦ¹ ἵπποι.
ἔσσεται οὐτος ἀπήρ, δε ἐμέν κεχρήστε² ἀοιδοῦ
ῥέζας ἡ Ἀχιλεὺς δόσσον μέγας ἡ Βαρὺς Αἴας
ἐν πεδίῳ Σιμόεντος, δθι Φρυγὸς ἡρίον³ Πλου.

ἡδη νῦν Φοίνικες ἵπ⁴ ἀελίῳ δύνοντες
οἰκεῦντες Λιλύβας⁵ ἀκρον σφυρὸν ἐρρίγαστι
ἡδη βαστάζουσι Συρακόσιοι μέσα δούρα
ἀχθόμενοι τακλεσσι βραχίονας ἰτεινοισιν
ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς Ἱέρων προτέροις ἴσος ἡρώεστι
ζώντυται, ἵππειαι δὲ κόρυν σκιάσουσιν⁶ ἥθειραι.
αἱ γὰρ Ζεῦν κύδιστε πάτερ καὶ πότνι⁷ Ἀθάνα
κώρα θ', ἡ σὺν ματρὶ πολυκλάρων⁸ Ἐφυραίων
εἱληχας μέγα ἀστυ παρ' ὑδαστὶ Λυσιμελείας,
ἐχθροὺς ἐκ νάστοι κακαὶ πέμψειαν ἀνάγκαι
Σαρδόνιον κατὰ κῦμα φίλων μόρον ἀγγεῖλλοντας
τέκνοις ἡδη ἀλόχοισιν ἀριθμητοὺς ἀπὸ πολλῶν
ἀστεα δὲ προτέροιστι πάλιν ναίστο πολίταις,
διυσμενέων δσα χεῖρες ἐλαβήσαντο κατ' ἄκρας,
ἀγροὶ δὲ ἐργάζοντο τεθαλότες,⁹ αἱ δὲ ἀνάριθμοι
μάλων χιλιάδες βοτάνα διαπιαυθεῖσαι
ἄμ πεδίον βλαχῷντο, βόες δὲ ἀγελαδὸν ἐς αὖλιν

80

90

¹ δημοτος Wil.: πινε ἀρματος
Λιλίδεις

² Λιλύβας Krieger: πινε
³ σκιάσουσιν: πινε also σκεπάσσων
⁴ ἄγροι Ε
ἐργάζειντο (passive) τεθαλότει Ε: πινε ἀγρεῖται Ε ιργ. τιθαλότεις

And so now I am on my way to seek to whom in all the world I with the Muses may come and be welcome ;—with the Muses, for 'tis ill travelling for your poet if he have not with him the Daughters of the Great Counsellor. Not yet are the heavens wearied of bringing round the months nor the years ; many the horses yet will roll the wheel of the day ; and I shall yet find the man who therefore shall need me for his poet because he shall have done as doughtily as ever did great Achilles or dread Aias by the grave of Phrygian Ilus in Simoeis vale.

For lo ! the Phoenician dweller in the foot of Lilybē in the west shudders already and shakes ; the Syracusan hath already his spear by the middle and his wicker targe upon his arm ; and there like one of the olden heroes stands Hiero girding his loins among his men, a horse-hair plume waving on his crest. And I would to thee, renowned Father, and to thee, Lady Athena, I would to thee, Maiden who with thy Mother dost possess by Lysimeleia's side the great city of the rich Ephyreans, I would that evil necessities may clear our island of hostile folk and send them down the Sardinian wave with tidings of death to wives and children, a remnant easy to number of a mighty host ; and I pray that all the towns the hands of enemies have laid so utterly waste, may be inhabited again of their ancient peoples, and their fields laboured and made to bring forth abundantly, their lowlands filled with the bleating of fat flocks in their tens of thousands, and the twilight

"Lilybē" : the western angle of Sicily, the promontory of Lilybēcum. The reference to the coming campaign against the Carthaginians dates the poem in the year 274. "The Maiden" : the maiden is Persephone, the mother Demeter, and the city Syracuse.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἔρχόμεναι σκυνθαῖον ἐπισπείδοιεν ὁδίταν
 νειοὶ δὲ ἐκπολέοιντο¹ ποτὶ σπόρου, ἀνίκα τέττιξ
 ποιμένας ἐνδίους πεφυλαγμένος ὑψόθι δένδρων
 ἀχεῖ ἐν ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἀράχνα δὲ εἰς δπλὸν ἀράχναι
 λεπτὰ διαστάσαντο, βοᾶς δὲ τι μηδὲ δνομένην
 ὑψηλὸν δὲ Ἰέρωνι κλέος φορέοιεν ἀσιδοί
 καὶ πόντου Σκυθικοῦ πέραν καὶ δθι πλατὺ τεῖχος
 ἀσφάλτῳ δῆσασα Σεμίραμις ἐμβασίλευσεν.

100

εἰς μὲν ἔγώ, πολλοὺς δὲ Διὸς φιλέοντι καὶ ἄλλους
 θυγατέρες, τοῖς πάσι μέλοι Σικελίᾳν Ἀρέθοισαν
 ὑμεῖν σὺν λαοῖσι καὶ αἰχμητὰν Ἰέρωνα.

Ἄντιον Ετεόκλειος Χάριτες θεαί, ἦ Μινύειον
 Ὁρχομενὸν φιλέοισαι ἀπεχθόμενόν ποτε Θήβαις,
 ἀκλητοὶ μὲν ἔγωγε μένοιμι κεν, ἐν δὲ καλέννυτων
 θαρσήσας Μοίσαισι σὺν ἀμετέραισιν ιοιμ' ἄν,²
 καλλείψω δὲ οὐδὲ ὅμμε τί γὰρ Χαρίτων ὑγαπατὸν
 ἀνθρώποις ἀπάνευθεν; ἀεὶ Χαρίτεσσιν ἄμ' εἶην.

¹ ἐπολέοιντο E, 'be ploughed not here and there only
 but throughout the landscape': ms̄ ἐπονέοιντο, ἐπλέοιντο,
 ἐπελέοιντο ² ιοιμ' ἦ Wil: ms̄ ιοίματ, ιοίματ

"Eteocles": this early king of Orchomenus in Boeotia, was
 said to have been the first to offer sacrifice to the Graces, and
 Thebes had reason to hate the same Orchomenus because a

traveller warned to hasten his steps by the home-going of innumerable herds ; and I pray likewise that against the time when the cricket is fain to sing high in the twigs overhead because of the noontide-resting shepherds, against that time, the time of sowing, none of the fallows be left unturned of the plough, and as for the weapons of war, may spiders weave over them their slender webs, and of the war-cry the very name be forgot. And the glory of Hiero, that may poets waft high both over the Seythian main and eke where Semiramis reigned within that broad wall she made with mortar of pitch ; and of these poets I am one, one of the many beloved by the daughters of Zeus, which are concerned all of them to magnify Sicilian Arethuse with her people and her mighty man of war.

O holy Graces first adored of Eteocles, O lovers of that Minyan Orchomenus which Thebes had cause to hate of old, as, if I be called not, I will abide at home, so, if I be called, I will take heart and go with our Muses to the house of any that call. And you shall come too; for mortal man possesseth nothing desirable if he have not the Graces, and 'tis my prayer the Graces be with me evermore.

certain Erginus in revenge for the murder of his father had made Thebes tributary to Orchomenus ; Theocritus hints at a wish that Hiero may follow the example of Eteocles in the matter of patronage, and Syracuse prevail over Carthage as Orchomenus did over Thebes. "The Graces": he plays on two meanings of the word *Charites*, thanks or gratitude or favour, and the Graces who were the spirits of beauty and excellence and handmaidens of the Muses.

XVII—THE PANEGYRIC OF PTOLEMY

A PANEGYRIC of *Ptolemy II, Philadelphus*, who reigned from 285 to 247. The references to historical personages and events, coupled with a comparison with XVI, point to 273 as the date of the poem. The Ptolemies, like Alexander, traced their descent from *Heracles*. *Ptolemy I, son of Lagus*, was deified about 283, and his queen *Berenice* between 279 and 275.

XVII.—ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ ΕΙΣ ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΝ

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα καὶ ἐς Δία λίγητε Μοῖσαι,
ἀθανάτων τὸν ἄριστον ἐπὴν αἰδώμεθ¹: ἀοιδαῖς
ἀνδρῶν δὲ αὐτὸν Πτολεμαῖος ἐνὶ πρώτοισι λεγέσθω
καὶ πύματος καὶ μέσσος δὲ γὰρ προφερέστατος
ἀνδρῶν.

ἵρωες, τοι πρόσθεν ἀφ' ἡμιθέων ἐγένοντο,
ῥέξαντες καλὰ ἔργα σοφῶν ἐκύρησαν ἀοιδῶν
αὐτῷρ ἐγὼ Πτολεμαῖον ἐπιστάμενος καλὰ εἰπεῖν
ὑμνήσαιμ². Ὅμνοι δὲ καὶ ἀθανάτων γέρας αὐτῶν.
Ίδαν ἐς πολύδευνδρον ἀνὴρ ὑλατάμος ἐλθὼν
παπταίνει, παρεόντος ἀδην, πάθεν ἀρξεται ἔργουν· 10
τῇ πρώτον καταλέξω; ἐπεὶ πάρα μυρία εἰπεῖν,
οἷσι θεοί τὸν ἄριστον ἐτίμησαν βασιλήων.

ἐκ πατέρων οἶος μὲν ἦν τελέσαι μέγα ἔργουν
Λαγγεῖδας Πτολεμαῖος, δικα φρεσὶν ἐγκατάθοιτο
βουλάν, ἵν οὐκ ἄλλος ἀνὴρ οἶος τε νοῆσαι.
τῆνον καὶ μακάρεσσι πατὴρ ὄμβτιμον ἔθηκεν
ἀθανάτοις, καὶ οἱ χρύσεος δόμος ἐν Διὸς οἴκῳ
δίδομηται· παρὰ δὲ αὐτὸν Ἀλέξανδρος φίλα εἰδὼς
ἔδριάει, Πέρσαις βαρὺς θεός αἰολομέτρας.

¹ αἰδώμεθ² Ε; πιπε ἀειδέμετε οὐ βοσκειν

XVII—THE PANEGYRIC OF PTOLEMY

With Zeus let us begin, Muses, and with Zeus I
pray you end when the greatest of Gods is shown
honour in our song : but for men first, midst and
last be the name of Ptolemy ; for he is of men the
chiehest.

The heroes that came of demigods of yore found
skilly singers of the glorious deeds which they did ;
and in like manner a cunning teller of praises shall
raise the hymn to Ptolemy, seeing hymns make the
meed even of the Gods above.

Now when the feller goes up to thick woody Ida
he looks about him where to begin in all that
plenty ; and so I, where now shall I take up my
tale when I might tell of ten thousand ways wherein
the Gods have done honour to the greatest of kings ?

"Twas in the blood. First what an achiever of
mighty exploits was Ptolemy Lagid when his mind
conceived a device such as no other mind could
come by ! Whom now the Father hath made of
equal honour with the Blessed : a golden mansion
is builded him in the house of Zeus, and seated
friendly beside him is the Lord of the Glaneing
Baldric, that God of woe to the Persians, Alexander,

"Twas in the blood" : the Greek is "twas from his fathers,"
fathers meaning parents, as in Lougus 4. 33 ; Theocritus
deals first with his father Ptolemy Lagid and then with his
mother Berenice.

ἀντία δ' Ἡρακλῆος ἔδρα κενταυροφόνοιο¹ 20
 ἰδρυται στέρεοϊ τετυγμένα ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
 ἐνθα σὺν ἄλλοισιν θαλίας ἔχει Οὐρανίδαισι,
 χαίρων νίωνων περιώσιου νίωνοῦσιν,
 ὅττι σφεων Κρονίδας μελέων ἔξειλετο γῆρας,
 ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῦνται ἑοὶ² μέποδες γεγαῶτες.
 ἀμφω γὰρ πρόγονός σφιν ὁ καρτερὸς Ἡρακλεῖδας,
 ἀμφότεροι δ' ὑριθμεῦνται ἐς ἐσχατον Ἡρακλῆα.
 τῷ καὶ ἐπεὶ δαίτηθεν ίοι κεκαρημένοις ἥδη
 νέκταρος εὐόδμοιο φίλας ἐς δῶμαν ἀλόχοιο,
 τῷ μὲν τόξον ἔδωκεν ὑπωλέμον τε φαρέτραν, 30
 τῷ δὲ σιδύρειον σκύταλον κεχαραγμένον ὅζοις·
 οἱ δ' εἰς ἀμβρόσιου θάλαμον λευκοσφύρου³ Ηβας
 ὅπλα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀγουσι γενειήταν Διὸς νίōν.

οἴα δ' ἐν πινυταῖσι περικλειτὰ Βερενίκα
 ἐπρεπε θηλυτέραις, ὄφελος μέγα γεινομένοισι.³
 τῷ μὲν Κύπρον ἔχοισα Διώνας πότνια κούρα
 κόλπον ἐς εὐόδη ράδινάς ἐσεμπίξατο χείρας·
 τῷ οὖτῳ τινὰ φαντὶ ἀδεῶν τόσον ἀνδρὶ γυναικῶν,
 δισσοι περ Πτολεμαῖος ἐὰν ἐφίλησεν ἀκοιτιν,
 ἦ μὰν ἀντεφίλειτο πολὺ πλέον ὡδέ κε παισὶ 40
 θαρσήσας σφετέροισιν ἐπιτρέποι οἰκουν ἄπαντα,
 ὑπόπτε κεν φιλέων βαίνη λέχος ἐς φιλεοίσας,
 ἀστόφγου δὲ γυναικὸς ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίῳ νόος αἰεί,
 φαῖδοι δὲ γοναῖ, τέκνα δ' οὐ ποτεοικότα πατρί.

¹ Θρα κένταυροφόνοιο G. Kisseling: πᾶσα θρακε ταύρος.
² ἑοὶ Heinseius: πᾶσαι θεοὶ ³ γεινομένοισι E, generalising plural: πᾶσαι γεινομέναισι

while over against him is set the stark adamantine seat of Centaur-slayer Heracles, who taketh his meat with the other Sons of Heaven, rejoicing exceedingly that by grace of Zeus the children of his children's children have old age now lift from their limbs and they that were born his posterity are named and known of the Immortals. For unto either king the valiant founder of his race was a son of Heracles; both in the long last reckon Heracles of their line. And therefore now when the same Heracles hath had enough of the fragrant nectar and goes from table to seek the house of the wife he loves, he gives the one his bow and hanging quiver and the other his knaggy iron-hard club, to carry beside him as he goes, this bush-bearded son of Zeus, to the ambrosial chamber of the white-ankle Hebe.

Then secondly for his mother; how bright among dames discreet shone the fame of Berenice. what a boon to her progeny was she! Of whom the lady possessor of Cypras that is daughter of Dionè laid taper fingers upon the sweet soft bosom, and such, they say, did make her that never woman gave man so great delight as Ptolemy took in his love of that his wife. Aye, he got all as much as he gave and more; for while the wife that loves not sets her heart ever upon things alien, and has offspring indeed at her desire albeit the children favour not the father, 'tis when the love of the marriage-bed is each to each that with good courage one may leave, like Ptolemy, all his house to be ordered of his children. O Lady

"The wife that loves not": this refers to no definite woman, which would be not only in the worst taste but certain to defeat the object of the poem, the winning of Ptolemy's

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κάλλει ἀριστεύοντα θεάων πότν^ο Ἀφροδίτα,
σοὶ τίνα μεμέλητο· τέθεν δὲ ἐνεκεν Βερείκα
ἐνειδής· Λχέροντα πολύστονον οὐκ ἐπέρασεν,
ἄλλα μν ἀρπάξασα, πάροιθ' ἐπὶ νῦν κατέλθειν
κυαρέαν καὶ στυγρὸν ἀεὶ πορθμῆα καμόντων,
ἔς ναὸν κατέθηκας, ἔὰς δὲ ἀπεδάσσαο τιμάς·
πᾶσιν δὲ ἡπιοῖς ἄδε βροτοῖς μαλακοὺς μὲν ἔρωτας
προσπνείει, κούφας δὲ διδοῖ ποθέοντι μερίμνας.

⁵⁰ 'Αργεία κυάνοφρυ, σὺ λαοφόνον Διομήδεα
μισγομένα Τυδῆι τέκες, Καλυδώνιον ἄνδρα,
ἄλλα Θέτις βαθύκολπος ἀκοντιστὰν· Ἀχιλῆα
Αιακίδᾳ Πηλῆι, σὲ δὲ αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαΐε
αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαΐφ ἀρίζηλος Βερείκα.

καὶ σε Κόως ἀτίταλλε βρέφος νεογιλλὸν ἔοντα,
δεξαμένα παρὰ ματρός, ὅτε πρώταν ἴδεις ἦν.
Ἐνθα γὰρ Εἰλείθυιαν ἐβώσατο λυσίζωνον
⁶⁰ 'Αντιγόνας θυγάτηρ βεβαρημένα ἀλίνεσσιν
ἄ δέ οἱ εὐμενέοισα παρίστατο, καὶ δὲ ἡρα πάντων
γνωδυνίαν κατέχεντε μελῶν· ὃ δὲ πατρὶ ἐοικῶς
παῖς ἀγαπατός ἔγεντο. Κόως δὲ ὁλόλυξεν ἴδοισα,
φῦ δὲ καθαπτομένα βρέφεος χείρεσσι φίλαισιν·
· δλβιε κοῦρε γένοιο, τίοις δέ με τόσσον, δσον περ
Δᾶλον ἐτίμασεν κυανάμπυκα Φοῖβος· Ἀπόλλων
ἐν δὲ μιᾷ τιμῇ Τρίοπον¹ καταθεῖο κολώναν

¹ Τρίοπος see imm.: Stephanus perhaps rightly Τρίετος

Aphrodite, chiefest beauty of the Goddesses, as 'twas thou that hadst made her to be such, so 'twas of thee that the fair Berenice passed not sad lamentable Acheron, but or e'er she reached the murky ship and that ever-sullen shipman the ferrier of the departed, was rapt away to be a Goddess in a temple, where now participating in thy great prerogatives, with a gentle breath she both inspires all mankind unto soft desires and lightens the cares of him that hath loved and lost.

Even as the dark-browed Argive maid did bear unto Tydeus Diomed of Calydon the slayer of peoples, but and even as deep-bosom'd Thetis bare unto Peleus Aeacid javelineer Achilles, in like manner, O my liege, did renowned Berenice bear to warrior Ptolemy another warrior Ptolemy.

And when thou first saw'st the dawn, she that took thee from thy mother and dandled thee, poor babe, on her lap, was the good lady Cos; for there in Cos island had the daughter of Antigone cried aloud to the Girdle-Looser in the oppression of pain, there had the Goddess stood by to comfort her and to shed immunity from grief upon all her limbs, and there was born in the likeness of his father the beloved son. And when she beheld him, good Cos broke into a cry of joy, and clasping the babe in her loving arms 'Heaven bless thee, boy,' said she, 'and grant I may have all as much honour of thee as bluemooded Delos had of Phoebus Apollo; and not I only, but Heaven send thou assign equal privilege to

patronage. The phrase is simply a foil. Theocritus means that Ptolemy I would not have abdicated had he not had his wife's love and all that that entails. "the Argive maid": Delphylé.

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Ιστον Δωριέεσσι νέμων γέρας ἐγγὺς τοῦσιν
Ιστον καὶ Ρήναιαν ἄναξ ἐφίλησεν 'Απόλλων.' 70
Θεὸς ἄρα νάσος ἔειπεν δὲ δὲ ὑψόθεν ἔκλαγε φωνῇ
ἔει τρὶς ἀπὸ νεφέων μέγας αἰετὸς αἴσιος δρυις.
Ζηνός που τόδε σᾶμα. Διὸς Κρονίωνι μέλοντε
αἰδοῖοι βασιλῆες δὲ δὲ ἔξοχος, διν κε φιλήσῃ
γεινόμενον τὰ πρῶτα· πολὺς δέ οἱ δλβος ὄπαδει,
πολλᾶς δὲ κρατέει γαίας, πολλᾶς δὲ θαλάσσας.

μυρίαι ἀπειροὶ τε καὶ ἔθνεα μυρία φωτῶν
λιήσιν ἀλδήσκουσιν ὄφελλόμεναι Διὸς δμβρω·
ἄλλ' οὕτις τόσα φύει ὅσα χθαμαλὰ Αἴγυπτος,
Νεῖλος ἀναβλύζων διεράν δτε βάλακα θρύπτει, 80
οὐδέ τις ἄστεα τόσσα βροτῶν ἔχει ἔργα δαέντων.
τρεῖς μέν οἱ πολίων ἐκατοντάδες ἐνδέδμηνται,
τρεῖς δὲ ἄρα χιλιάδες τρισσαῖς ἐπὶ μυριάδεσσι,
δουαὶ δὲ τριάδες, μετὰ δέ σφισιν ἐνιεάδες τρεῖς
τῶν πάντων Πτολεμαῖος ἀγήνωρ δμβασιλεύει.
καὶ μὰν Φοινίκας ἀποτέμνεται 'Λρραβίας τε
καὶ Συρίας Λεβάνας τε κελαινῶν τ' Λιθιοπήσιν
Παμφύλοισι¹ τε πᾶσι καὶ αἰχμηταῖς Κιλίκεσσι
σαμάινει, Λυκίοις τε φιλοπτολέμοισι τε Καρσί,
καὶ νάποις Κυκλάδεσσιν ἐπει οἱ νάες ἄρισται² 90
πόντον ἐπιπλάσονται, θάλασσα δὲ πᾶσα καὶ αλα
καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδοντες ἀνάσσονται Πτολεμαῖο.

¹ Παμφύλοισι: Schrader: πας Παμφύλοισι. ² ἄρισται: Στράβων: πας δρυται θrough misunderstanding οι

all the neighbour Dorian cities in the joint honour of the Triopian Hill; for Apollo gave Rheneia equal love with Delos.' Thus far the Island; and lo! from the clouds above came thrice over the boding croak of a great eagle. And 'faith, 'twas of Zeus that sign; for Zeus Cronion, as he watches over all reverend kings, so especially careth he for a king that he hath loved from his earliest hour. Such an one is attended of great good-fortune, and wins himself the mastery of much land and of many seas.

Ten thousand are the lands and ten thousand the nations that make the crops to spring under aid of the rain of Zeus, but there's no country so fruitful as the low-country of Egypt when Nile comes gushing up to soak the soil and break it, nor no country, neither, possessed of so many cities of men learned in labour. The cities builded therein are three hundreds and three thousands and three tens of thousands, and threes twain and nines three, and in them the lord and master of all is proud Ptolemy. Aye, and of Phoenicia and Arabia he taketh to him a hantle, and eke of Syria and Libya and of the swart Aethiop's country; and he giveth the word to all them of Pamphylia and all the warriors of Cilicia; and to the people of Lycia and warlike Caria and to the Cyclad Isles he giveth it; and this because he hath a noble navy sailing the main, so that all the sea, every land, and each of the sounding rivers doth acknowledge his dominion, and full many are the mighty warriors

"Rheneia": an island near Delos; Triopum is a promontory of Caria where the Dorian Pentapolis of Cos and the neighbouring cities celebrated a common worship of Apollo and other Gods. The Pentapolis was apparently asking Ptolemy for some privilege at this time.

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πολλοὶ δὲ ιππῆς, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἀσπιδιῶται
χαλκῷ μαρμαίροντι σεσάγμενοι ἀμφαγγέρονται.

ὅλβῳ μὲν πάντας κε καταβρίθοι βασιλῆας
τόσσου ἐπ' ἀμαρ ἔκαστον ἐς ἄφιεν ἕρχεται
οἶκον

πάντοθε. λαοὶ δὲ ἔργα περιστέλλονται¹ ἔκηλοι.
οὐ γάρ τις ὅηιων πολυκήτεα Νεῖλον ὑπερβάς
πεζὸς ἐν ἀλλοτρίαισι βούν ἐστίσατο κώμαις,
οὐδέ τις αἰγαλόνδε θοᾶς ἔξαλατο ναὸς
θωρηχθεῖς ἐπὶ βουσὶν ἀνάρσιος Λίγυπτίαιαι
τοῖος ἀνὴρ πλατέεσσιν ἐνδρυται πεδίοισι
ξανθοκόμας Πτολεμαῖος, ἐπιστάμενος δόρυ
πάλλειν.

φέπτεπαγχυ μέλει πατρῶα πάντα φυλάσσειν
οἵ ἀγαθῷ βασιλῆη, τὰ δὲ κτεατίζεται αὐτός.
οὐ μιν ἀχρεῖος γε δόμῳ ἐνὶ πίονι χρυσὸς
μυρμάκων ἄτε πλοῦτος ἀεὶ κέχυται μογεόντων
ἄλλα πολὺν μὲν ἔχογτι θεῶν ἐρικυδέες οἴκοι,
αἱὲν ἀπαρχομένου σὺν ἀλλοισιν γεράετσι,
πολλὸν δὲ ἴφθιμοισι δεδώρηται βασιλεῦσι.
πολλὸν δὲ πτολείσσι, πολὺν δὲ ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐταῖροις.
οὐδὲ Διωνύσου τις ἀνὴρ ἱεροὺς κατ' ἀγῶνας
ἴκετ' ἐπιστάμενος ληγυρὰν ἀναμέλψαι ἀοιδάν,
φοῦ δοτίναν ἀντάξιον ὅπασε τέχνας.

Μουσάων δὲ ὑποφῆται δείδοντι Πτολεμαῖον
ἀντ' εὑργεσίας. τί δὲ κάλλιμν ἀνδρί κεν εἴη
ὅλβῳ ἡ κλέος ἁσθλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὀρέσθαι;
τοῦτο καὶ Ἀτρεΐδαισι μένει· τὰ δὲ μωρία τῆρα,

¹ περιστέλλεσθαι; πινα αἷμα περιστέλλεσθαι

a-horseback and full many the burnished brass-clad targeteers afoot that rally for the battle around his standard.

For wealth, his would outweigh the wealth of all the princes of the earth together,—so much comes into his rich habitation both day by day and from every quarter. And as for his peoples, they occupy their business without let or hindrance, seeing that no foeman hath crossed afoot that river of monsters to set up a cry in alien townships, nor none leapt from swift ship upon that beach all mailed to make havoc of the Egyptian kine,—of such noble sort is the flaxen-haired prince that is throned in these level plains, a prince who not only hath cunning to wield the spear, but, as a good king should, makes it his chiefest care both to keep all that he hath of his father and to add somewhat for himself. But not to no purpose doth his gold lie, like so much riches of the still-toiling emmet, in his opulent house ; much of it—for never makes he offerings of firstfruits but gold is one—is spent upon the splendid dwellings of the Gods, and much of it again is given in presents to cities, to stalwart kings, or to the good friends that bear him company. Nay, no cunning singer of tuneful song that hath sought part in Dionysus' holy contests but hath received of him a gift to the full worth of his skill.

But 'tis not for his wealth that the interpreters of the Muses sing praise of Ptolemy ; rather is it for his well-doing. And what can be finer for a wealthy and prosperous man than to earn a fair fame among his fellow-men ? This it is which endureth even to the sons of Atreus, albeit all those ten thousand

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δόσσα μέγαν Πριώμοιο δόμον κτεάτισσαν ἀλόντες
ἀέρι παρά κέκρυπται, ὅθεν πᾶλιν οὐκέτι νόστος.

120

μοῦνος ὅδε προτέρων τε καὶ ὃν³ ἔτι θερμὰ κονία
στειβομένα καθύπερθε ποδῶν ἐκμάσσεται ἵχνη,
ματρὶ φίλῃ καὶ πατρὶ θυάδεας εἴσατο ναούς·
ἐν δ' αὐτοὺς χρυσῷ περικαλλέας ἡδὸν ἐλέφαντι
ἴδρυται πάντεσσιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀρωγοῖς.

πολλὰ δὲ πιανθέντα βοῶν δύγε μηρία καλεῖ
μησὶ περιπλομένοισιν ἐρευθομένων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
αὐτός τ' ἴφθιμα τὸν ἀλοχόν, τὰς οὐτις ἀρείων
νυμφίον ἐν μεγάροισι γυνὰ περιβάλλετ' ἀγοστῷ,
ἔκ θυμοῦ στέργυισα καστήγνητόν τε πόσιν τε.

130

ἄδει καὶ ἀθανάτων ιερὸς γάμος ἐξετελέσθη,
οὓς τέκετο κρείουσα "Ρέα βασιλῆας" Ολύμπου·
ἐν δὲ λέχος² στέρνυνται λαύειν Ζανὶ καὶ "Ηρα
χεῖρας φοιβήσασα μύροις ἔτι³ παρθένος" Ιρις.

χαῖρε ἄναξ Πτολεμαῖε σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ ἵστα καὶ
ἀλλων
μνάσομαι ἡμιθέων, δοκέω δ' ἕπος οὐκ ἀπόβλητον
φθέγγομαι ἐσσομένοις· ἀρετάν γε μὲν ἐκ Δίδο
αἴτεν.⁴

¹ τοις καὶ λαοῖς Briggs: πιστούς τεκίνων οὐ τοιςέων ² ἐν δὲ λέχοις:
πιστούς λέγοντες δὲ (Διηγ. δύνην δὲ) ³ ίτι = ἀλι ην in Epiq. 20
αὐτοὶ δηρ. Bion. 92 ⁴ αἴτεν: πιστούς ίξεις

possessions that fell to them when they took Priam's great house, they lie hid somewhere in that mist whence no return can be evermore. And this man hath done that which none before hath done, be he of them of old, be he of those whose footmarks are yet warm in the dust they trod ; he hath builded incense-fragrant temples to his mother and father dear, and hath set therein images of them in gold and ivory, very beautiful, to be the aid of all that live upon the earth. And many are the thighs of fatted oxen that as the months go round he consumes upon the reddening altars, he and that his fine noble spouse, who maketh him a better wife than ever clasped bridegroom under any roof, seeing that she loveth with her whole heart brother and husband in one. So too in heaven was the holy wedlock accomplished of those whom august Rhea bare to be rulers of Olympus, so too the myrrh-cleansed hands of the ever-maiden Iris lay but one couch for the slumbering of Zeus and Hera.

And now farewell, Lord Ptolemy; and I will speak of thee as of other demi-gods, and methinks what I shall say will not be lost upon posterity ; 'tis this—excellence ask from none but Zeus.

XVIII.—THE EPITHALAMY OF HELEN

This is a short Epic piece of the same type as XIII. Both begin, as do XXV and Bion II, with a phrase suggesting that they are consequent upon something previous; but this, like the ergo or igitur of Propertius and Ovid, is no more than a recognised way of beginning a short poem. The introduction, unlike that of XIII, contains no dedication. The scholia tell us Theocritus here imitates certain passages of Stesichorus' first Epithalamy of Helen. He seems also to have had Sappho's book of Wedding-Songs before him.

XVIII.—ΕΛΕΝΗΣ ΕΠΙΘΑΛΛΑΜΙΟΣ

Ἐν ποκ' ἄρα Σπάρτᾳ ξανθότριχῃ πάρ Μενέλαῳ
 παρθενικαὶ θάλλοντα κόμαις ὑάκινθον ἔχοισται
 πρόσθε νεογυράπτω θαλάμῳ χορὸν ἐστάσαντο,
 δῶδεκα ταὶ πράται πόλιος, μέγα χρῆμα Δακαινᾶν,
 ἀνίκα Γυνδαρίδη κατεκλάζετο τὰν ἀγαπατὰν
 μναστεύσας Ἐλέναν ὁ νεώτερος Ἀτρέος υἱῶν.
 Λειδον δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι ἐς ἐν μέλος ἐγκροτέοισται
 ποσσὶ περιπλικτοῖς, ὑπὸ δὲ ίαχε δῶμ' ὑμεναίων.

Οὗτῷ δὴ πρώιξα κατέδραθες ὁ φίλε γαμβρέ ;
 ἥρα τις ἐσσὶ λίαν βαρυγόνιατος. ἥρα φίλυππος, 10
 ἥρα πολὺν τιν' ἐπινεις, δοκ'¹ εἰς εὐνὴν κατεβάλλεν ;
 εῦδειν μὰν σπεύδοντα καθ' ὅραν αὐτὸν ἐχρῆν
 τυ,

παιᾶδα δέ ἔαν σὺν παισὶ φιλοστόργῳ παρὰ ματρὶ²
 ταισδειν ἐς βαθὺν δρθρον, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἵνας καὶ ἐς
 ἀῶ
 κείς ἔτος ἐξ ἔτεος, Μενέλα, τεὰ ἀ³ νυὸς ἄδε.

¹ δοκ' Wil : παππά έτι

² Μενέλας τεά ἡ Μείνεκε : παπ-

XVIII.—THE EPITHALAMY OF HELEN

It seems that once upon a time at the house of flaxen-haired Menelaus in Sparta, the first twelve maidens of the town, fine pieces all of Laconian womanhood, came crowned with fresh flowering laces, and before a new-painted chamber took up the dance, when the younger child of Atreus shut the wedding door upon the girl of his wooing, upon the daughter of Tyndareus, to wit the beloved Helen. There with their pretty feet criss-crossing all to the time of one tune they sang till the palace rang again with the echoes of this wedding-song:—

What Bridegroom! dear Bridegroom! thus early
abed and asleep?

Wast born a man of sluggardye,
Or is thy pillow sweet to thee,
Or ere thou cam'st to bed maybe
Didst drink a little deep?

If thou wert so fain to sleep betimes, 'twere better
sleep alone,

And leave a maid with maids to play
By a fond mother's side till dawn of day,
Sith for the morrow and its morn,
For this and all the years unborn,
This sweet bride is thine own.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δλβιε γάμθρ', ἀγαθός τις ἐπέπταρεν ἐρχομένῳ

τοι.

ἐς Σπάρταν ἀπερ ὅλλοι ἀριστέες ὡς ἀνέσαιο.
μοῦνος ἐν ἡμιθέοις Κρονίδαιν Δία πενθερὸν ἔχειν
Ζανός τοι θυγάτηρ ὑπὸ τὰν μίαν ἵκετο χλαιναν,
οἴα 'Αχαιαδῶν γαῖαν πατεῖ οὐδεμί' ἄλλα. 20
ἢ μέγα καὶ τι τέκοιτ', εἰ ματέρι τίκτου ὄμοιον
ἄμμες ταὶ¹ πᾶσαι συνομάλικες, αἱς δρόμος αύτὸς
χρισταμέναις ἀνδριστὶ παρ² Εὐρώταο λοετροῖς,
τετράκις ἔξήκοντα κόραι, θῆλυς νεολαία—
τὰν οὐδὲ³ ἦν⁴ τις ἀμωμος, ἐπεὶ χ' 'Ελένῃ παρ-
σωθῆ.

ἀλλὰ ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφανε⁵ πρόσωπον,
πότινα Νύξ, ἀτε λευκόν ἔαρ χειμῶνος ἀνέντον
ὅδε καὶ ἀ χρυσέα 'Ελένα διαφαίνετ' ἐν ὀμῶν.
πιείρᾳ μέγα λόγον⁶ ἀνέδραμε κόσμος ἀρούρῃ
ἢ κάπτῳ κυπάρισσος ἢ ἄρματι Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος. 20
ὅδε καὶ ἀ ροδόχρως 'Ελένα λακεδαιμονι κόσμος.

¹ τοι E : πασὶ δὲ αἱ οὐ γάρ. ² δι E : πασὶ δὲ, a correction of the corruption δη¹ ³ διέφανε Ahrens : πασὶ διέφανε ⁴ μέγα λόγον Eichstaedt : πασὶ μεγάλα δέντρα

THEOCRITUS XVIII, 16-31

When thou like others of high degree com'st here
thy suit a-pressing,

Sure some good body, well is thee, sneezed thee a
proper blessing;

For of all these lordings there's but one shall be son
of the High Godhead,

Aye, 'neath one coverlet with thee
Great Zeus his daughter is come to be,
A lady whose like is not to see

Where Grecian women tread.

And if she bring a mother's bairn 'twill be of a
wondrous grace;

For sure all we which her fellows be, that ran with
her the race,

Anointed lasses like the lads, Eurótas' pools beside—
O' the four-times threescore maidens that were
Sparta's flower and pride

There was none so fair as might compare with
Menelaius' bride.

O Lady Night, 'tis passing bright the face o' the
rising day;

'Tis like the white spring o' the year

When winter is no longer here;

But so shines golden Helen clear

Among our meinie so gay.

And the crops that upstand in a fat ploughland do
make it fair to see,

And a cypress the garden where she grows,

And a Thessaly steed the chariot he knows;

But so doth Helen red as the rose

Make fair her dear countrye.

"The white spring": white with flowers. "Meinie":
company.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐτε τις ἐκ ταλάρῳ πανίσθεται ἔργα τοιῶτα,
οὐτ' ἐνὶ δαιδαλῷ πυκινώτερον ἄτριον ἴστη
κερκῖδι συμπλέξασα μακρῶν ἑταμ' ἐκ κελεόντων
οὐ μάν οὐδὲ λύραν¹ τις ἐπίσταται ὅδε κροτῆσαι
Ἄρτεμιν ἀείδοισα καὶ εὑρύστερνον Ἀθάναν,
ὣς Ἐλένα, τᾶς πάντες ἐπ' θυμασιν ἴμεροι ἔντι.

ώ καλὰ ὡ χαρίεσσα κόρα, τὸ μὲν οἰκέτις ἥδη,
ἄμμες δὲ ἐς δρόμον ἦρι καὶ ἐς λειμῶνα φύλλα
ἐργεῦμες στεφάνως δρεψεύμεναι ἀδὲ πνέοντας,
πολλὰ τεοῦς Ἐλένα μεμναμέναι ὡς γαλαθηναὶ
ἄρνες γενναμέναι δίος μαστὸν ποθέοισαι.
πράτᾳ² τοι στέφανον λωτῷ χαμαὶ αὐξομένοιο
πλέξασαι σκιερὰν καταθήσομες ἐς πλατάνιστον,
πράτᾳ δὲ ὄργυρέας ἐξ δλπιδος ὑγρὸν ἀλειφαρ
λαζύμεναι σταξεῦμες ὑπὸ σκιερὰν πλατάνιστον.
γράμματα δὲ ἐν φλοιῷ γεγράψεται, ὡς παριών

τις

ἀννείμη, Δωριστή· 'σέβεν μ', Ἐλένας φυτὸν
ἔμμι.³

χαίροις ὡ νύμφα, χαίροις εὐπένθερε γαμβρέ.
Λατὼ μὲν δοΐη, Λατὼ κουροτρόφος ὕμμιν

50

¹ οὐδὲ λύρα : πισταὶ αἴτιοι αἱ κιθάραι ² πράτῃ Reiske :
πισταὶ πράται ³ σέβεν and ἔμμι Hermann : πισταὶ σέβεν and
εἶμι

And never doth woman on bobbin wind such thread
 as her baskets teem,
 Nor shuttlework so close and fine cuts from the
 weaver's beam,
 Nor none hath skill to ply the quill to the Gods of
 Women above
 As the maiden wise in whose bright eyes dwells all
 desire and love.

O maid of beauty, maid of grace, thou art a huswife
 now ;
 But we shall betimes to the running-place i' the
 meads where flowers do blow,
 And cropping garlands sweet and sweet about our
 brows to do,
 Like lambs athirst for the mother's teat shall long,
 dear Helen, for you.
 For you afore all shall a coronal of the gay ground-
 ling trefoil
 Hang to a shady platan-tree, and a vial of running
 oil
 His offering drip from a silver lip beneath the same
 platan-tree,
 And a Doric rede be writ i' the bark
 For him that passeth by to mark,
 'I am Helen's ; worship me.'

And 'tis Bride farewell, and Groom farewell, that be
 son of a mighty sire,
 And Leto, great Nurse Leto, grant children at your
 desire,

"Quill": the plectrum of the lyra. "The Gods of
 Women": the Greek has "Artemis and Athena."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

εύτεκνίαν, Κύπρις δέ, θεὰ Κύπρις ἵσον ἔρασθαι
ἄλλαλων, Ζεὺς δέ, Κρονίδας Ζεὺς ἀφθιτον
δλβον.

ἴως ἐξ εὐπατριδᾶν εἰς εὐπατρίδας πάλιν ἐνθῇ.
εῦδετ' ἐτι τοιούτην στέρνον φιλότατα πιέσοντες
καὶ πόθον ἔγρεσθαι δὲ πρὸς ἄλλο μῆπιλάθησθε.
νεύμεθα κάμμες ἐς δρόμον, ἐπει τα πράτοτ
ἀσιδδος
ἐξ εὐνᾶς κελαδήσῃ ἀνασχῶν εὔτριχα δειράν.
Τυμὴν ω Τυμέναιε, γάμῳ ἐπὶ τῷδε χαρεῖης.

And Cypris, holy Cypris, an equal love alway,
And Zeus, high Zeus, prosperitye
That drawn of parents of high degree
Shall pass to a noble progenye
For ever and a day.

Sleep on and rest, and on either breast may the
love-breath playing go ;
Sleep now, but when the day shall break
Forget not from your sleep to wake :
For we shall come wi' the dawn along
Soon as the first-waked master o' song
Lift feathery neck to crow.

*Sing Hey for the Wedding, sing Ho for the Wedder,
and thanks to him that made it !*

XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

This little poem probably belongs to a later date than the Bucolic writers, and was brought into the collection merely owing to its resemblance to the Runaway Love of Moschus.

XIX.—ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ

Τὸν κλέπταν ποτ᾽ Ἐρωτα κακὰ κέντασε μέλισσα
κηρίου ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον, ἀκρα δὲ χειρῶν
δάκτυλα πάνθ' ἵπτενυζεν. ὁ δὲ ἀλγες καὶ χέρ
έφύση
καὶ τὰν γάν οπάταξε καὶ ἄλατο, τῷ δὲ Ἀφροδίτῳ
δεῖξεν ἐλέν¹ ὀδόναυ καὶ μέμφετο, ὅττι γε τυτθὸν
θηρίον ἔστι μέλισσα καὶ ἀλίκα τραύματα ποιεῖ.
χά μάτηρ γελάσασα· τί δ; οὐκ Ἰσος ἔσσι
μελίσσαις,
δε τυτθὸς μὲν ἔεις,² τὰ δὲ τραύματα ταλίκα³
ποιεῖς;

¹ οὐκ Wil: μη τάρ ² οὐ Valkenaer: μη χε ³ Wil thinks probable: μη τοι ⁴ ταλίκα Person: μη ἀλίκα

XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

WHEN the thievish Love one day was stealing honeycomb from the hive, a wicked bee stung him, and made all his finger-tips to smart. In pain and grief he blew on his hand and stamped and leapt upon the ground, and went and showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made complaint that so a little a beast as a bee could make so great a wound. Whereat his mother laughing, 'What?' cries she, 'art not a match for a bee, and thou so little and yet able to make wounds so great?'



XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

A NEATHURD, chafing because a city wench disdains him, protests that he is a handsome fellow, and that Gods have been known to make love to country-folk, and calls down upon her the curse of perpetual celibacy. This spirited poem is a monologue, but preserves the mime-form by means of dumb characters, the shepherds of line 19. Stylistic considerations belie the tradition which ascribes it to Theocritus.

XX.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΣΚΟΣ

Εύνικα μ' ἐγέλαξε θέλοντά μιν ἀδύ φιλῆσαι,
καὶ μ' ἐπικερπομέοισα τάδ̄ ἔννεπεν· ἔρρ' ἀπ' ἔμειο.
Βουκόλοις ὃν ἐθέλειτ με κύσαι τάλαν· οὐ μεμίθηκα
ἀγροίκως φιλέειν, ἀλλ' ἀστικὰ χεῖλεα θλίβειν.
μη τύχε μεν κύσσῃς τὸ καλὸν στόμα μηδὲ ἐν
οὐείρους.

οἰα βλέπεις, ὅποια λαλεῖς, ὡς ἀστικὰ παισδεῖς, 6
χεῖλεά τοι νοτέοντι,¹ χέρες δέ τοι ἐντὶ μέλαιναι,²
καὶ κακὸν ἐξόσδεις. ἀπ' ἔμεν φύγε, μή με
μολύνῃς.

τοιάδε μυθίζοισα τρὶς εἰς ἐὸν ἐπτυσε κόλπουν,
καὶ μ' ἀπὸ τᾶς κεφαλᾶς ποτὶ τῷ πόδε συνεχὲς
εἶδε

χεῖλεσι μυγθίζοισα καὶ δύμασι λοξὰ βλέποισα,
καὶ πολὺ τῷ μορφῷ θηλύνετο, καὶ τι σέσαρὸς
καὶ σοβαρὸν μ' ἐγέλαξεν. ἐμοὶ δ' ἀφαρ ἔξεστε
αἷμα,

καὶ χρόα φοιωίχθην ὑπὸ τῶλγεος ὡς ρόδον ἔρση.
Χά μὲν ἔβα με λιποῖσα· φέρω δὲ ἵποκάροιον
ὄργαν,

ὅττι με τὸν χαρίεντα κακὰ μωμῆσαθ' ἐταίρα.

¹ νοτέοντι Σαυρρε : παι νοτέοντι

7 ὡς τριφερὸν καλέειτ, ὡς κατίλα ρήματα φράσσειτ-

λε μαλακὸν τὴ γίνεσσον ἔχειτ, ὡς ἀδία χαίτα.

As Wil sees, these lines cannot belong here.

XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

WHEN I would have kissed her sweetly, Eunice scoffed at me and flouted me saying, 'Go with a mischief! What? kiss me a miserable clown like thee? I never learned your countrified bussing; my kissing is in the fashion o' the town. I will not have such as thee to kiss my pretty lips, nay, not in his dreams. Lord, how you look! Lord, how you talk! Lord, how you antie! Your lips are wet and your hands black, and you smell rank. Hold off and begone, or you'll besoul me!' Telling this tale she spit thrice in her bosom, and all the while eyed me from top to toe, and mowed at me and leered at me and played the jade at me, and anon did right broadly, scornfully, and disdainfully laugh at me. Trust me, my blood boiled up in a moment, and my face went as red with the anguish of it as the rose with the dewdrops. And so she up and left me, but it rankles in my heart that such a filthy drab should cavil at a well-favoured fellow like me.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ποιμένες, εἴπατέ μοι τὸ κρίγυον οὐ καλὸς ἐμμί;
 ἀρά τικ ἔξαπίνας με θεύς βροτὸν ἄλλον ἔτευξε; 20
 καὶ γάρ ἐμοὶ τὸ πάροιθεν ἐπάνθεεν ἄδυ τι καλλος
 ὡς κισσὸς ποτὶ πρέμνον, ἐμὰν δὲ ἐπύκαζεν
 ὑπῆραν,
 χαῖται δὲ οἴα σέλινα περὶ κροτάφοισι κέχυντο,
 καὶ λευκὸν τὸ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὄφρύσι λάμπε μελαι-
 ναῖς.
 δηματά μοι γλαυκᾶς χαροπώτερα πολλὸν Ἀθάνας,
 καὶ στόματ' αὖ πακτᾶς γλαφυρώτερα, κήκ¹ στομά-
 των δὲ
 ἔρρεέ μοι φωνὰ γλυκερωτέρα ἡ μελίκηρον.²
 ἄδυ δέ μοι τὸ μελισμα, καὶ ἡν σύριγγι μελίσδω,
 κήν αὐλῷ λαλέω, κήν δάνακι, κήν πλαγιαῦλῳ.
 καὶ πᾶσαι καλὸν με κατ' ὥρεα φαντὶ γυναικες, 30
 καὶ πᾶσαι με φιλεῦντι τὰ δέ ἀστικά μὲν οὐκ
 ἐφίλησεν,
 ἀλλ' ὅτι βουκόλος ἐμμί, παρέδραμε κού ποτάκουε.³
 οὐ καλὸς Διόνυσος ἐν ἄγκεσι ταῦρον⁴ ἐλαίνει;
 οὐκ ἔγνω δέ, ὅτι Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀνέρι μῆνατο βούτῃ
 καὶ Φρυγίοις ἐνόμευσεν ἐν ὥρεσιν; οὐ τὸν⁵ Λάδωνιν
 ἐν δρυμοῖσι φίλησε καὶ ἐν δρυμοῖσι ἐκλαυσεν;
 Ἐνδυμίων δὲ τίς ἦν; οὐ βουκόλος; δν γε Σελάνα
 βουκολέοντα φίλησεν, ἀπ' Οὐλύμπῳ δέ μολοῦσα
 Λάτμιον ἀν νύπος ἤλθε καὶ εἰς ἡὰ παιδικὰ νεύσε⁶;
 καὶ τὸ Τέα κλαίεις τὸν βουκόλον. οὐχὶ δέ καὶ τὸ 40

¹ στόματ' αὖ πακτᾶς E: πας στόμα δὲ π. ορ στόμα ἡ καὶ δε²
 ἀλτὺς γλαφυρώτερα Wil (but -ρον): πας γλυκερώτερος
 from below πήκ E: πας δὲ μελίκηρον E: πας μελι-
 κήρως οὐ μέλι πήρω³ ποτάκουε Ziegler: πας -άκουε
 * αὖ E: πας δὲ χά ταῦρον E, cf. e.g. Gethard Ausser-

Tell me true, master Shepherds; see you not here a proper man, or hath some power taken and transmewed him? Marry, 'twas a sweet piece of ivy bloomed ere now on this tree, and a sweet piece of beauty put fringe to this lip; the hair o' these temples lay lush as the parsley; this forehead did shine me white above and these eyebrows black below; these eyes were beamy as the Grey-eyed Lady's, this mouth trim as a cream-cheese; and the voice which came forth o' this mouth was even as honeycomb. Sweet also is the music I make, be it o' the pipe, be it o' the babbling hautboy, be it o' the flute or the crossflute. And there's not a lass in the uplands but says I am good to look to, not one but kisses me, neither; but your city pieces, look you, never a kiss got I o' them, but they ran me by and would not listen because I herd cows.

Doth not the beautiful Dionysus ride a bull i' the dells? Wist she not Cypris ran mad after a neatherd and tended cattle i' th' Phrygian hills? And the same Cypris, loved she not Adonis in the woods and in the woods bewailed him? And what of Endymion? Was it not a neatherd the Lady Moon loved when he was at his labour, and came down from Olympus into Latmos vale to bow herself over him of her choice? Thou too, great Rhea, dost bewail a neatherd; and didst not e'en thou, thou Son of Cronus, become a

lesene Vasenbilder 47: *μητρίς* through misinterpretation of *θησέας*, cf. 5. 116, Ar. *Ecd.* 39 * *οὐ τὸν Ια.* Vossius: *μητρὶς* * *Ἄρτμις* Musurus; *μητρὶς* *παιδιῶν* velut Wil: *μητρὶς καθεύδει*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἄ Κρονίδα διὰ παιᾶν βοηθόμον ὅρνις ἐπλάγχθη;
Εἰνίκα δὲ μόνα τὸν βουκόλον οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,
ἀ Κυβέλας κρέσσων καὶ Κύπριδος ἡδὲ Σελάνας.
μηκέτι μηδὲν ἄ,¹ Κύπρι, τὸν ἀδέα μήτε κατ' ἀστυν
μήτ' ἐν δρει φιλέοι, μῶνα δ' ἀνὰ νύκτα καθεύδοι.²

¹ μηδὲν & Wil.; ταῦ μηδὲν ἂν οὐ μηδὲν ² φιλέοι and καθεύδοι
Αλιενα; ταῦ φιλέσιν αὐτὶ καθεύδειν

THEOCRITUS XX, 41-45

wandering bird for the sake of a lad o' the kine?
Nay, 'twas left to mistress Eunica to deny a neatherd
her love, this piece that is a greater than Cybelé and
Cypris and the Lady Moon! Wherefore I beseech
thee, sweet Cypris, the sunne may never more
whether in upland or in lowland come at the love of
her leman, but may lie lone and sleep sole for
the rest of her dayes.



XXI.—THE FISHERMEN

The poet begins with a dedication in the manner of XI, and passes quickly to his story. Two fishermen lie awake at night in their cabin on the shore, and one of them tells a dream he has just had of the catching of a golden fish. He asks his friend what the dream may mean, for he fears he may have to break his dream-oath that he would be a fisherman no longer. To this the friend replies that it was no oath he took, and that the moral of the dream is that his only wealth is of the sea. Many considerations go to show that the traditional ascription of the poem to Theocritus is mistaken.

XXI.—ΑΛΙΕΙΣ

'Α πεντα Διόφαντε μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἔγειρε·
αὗτα τῷ μόχθῳ διδίσκαλος οὐδὲ γάρ εὑδειν
ἀνδράσιν ἐργατίναισι κακαὶ παρέχοντε μέριμνας,
καὶ οὐλίγον πυκτὸς τις ἐπιβρίσσης;¹ τὸν ὑπνον
αιφνίδιον θορυβεῦσιν ἐφιστάμεναι μελεδῶναι.

Ιχθύος ἀγρευτῆρες ὅμως δύο κείνο τρέοντες
στρωστάμενοι βρύον αἷνον ἵππο πλεκταῖς καλύβαισι,
κεκλιμένοι κοίτῳ ποτὶ φυλλίνῳ ἐγγύθι δ' αὐτοῖς
κεῖτο τὸ τῶν χειρῶν² ἀθλήματα, τοὶ καλαβίσκοι,
τοὶ κάλαμοι, τάγκιστρα, τὰ φυκιόεντά τε λίνα,³ 10
ὅρμαι κύρται τε καὶ ἐκ σχοίνων λαβύριθοι,
μήριαθοι κώπται⁴ τε γέρων τ' ἐπ'
ἐρείσμασι λέμβος
νέρθεν τὰς κεφαλὰς φορμὸς βραχός εἶματα
πύσσοι.⁵

οὗτος τοῖς ἀλιεῦσι ὁ πᾶς πόρος,⁶ οὗτος ὁ πλοῦτος,
οὐ κλεῖδος, οὐχὶ θύραν ἔχον;⁷ οὐ κίνα πάντα περισσὰ
ταῦτ' ἔδοκε τίνοις ἢ γάρ πενία σφας ἔτήρει.
οὐδεὶς δὲ ἐν μέσσῳ γέντων πέλεγ⁸ ἀ⁹ δὲ παρ' αὐτάν
θλιβομένα¹⁰ καλύβαιν τρυφερὸν προσέναχε
θάλασσα.

¹ ἐπιβρίσσης: Beiske: πας -θησίεστι ² τὰς χειρῶν
Musarus: πας ταῖς (or ταῖς) χεροῖς στραῖται χρίνεσσι ³ λίνα
E (already suspected by Wil), cf. Mosch. fr. 3. 7, Headlam
Journ. of Philol. 1907, p. 315: οἴησται θελήται: πας λίνα
⁴ εὖσται Stroth-Kiesseling: πας κώπη ⁵ πίσσαι 'thick
(coats)', cf. πικέδη, πίκη, δίμυσσοι, βίσσοι E: Fritzsche πύσσαι,

XXI.—THE FISHERMEN

THERE'S but one stirrer-up of the crafts, Diophantus, and her name is Poverty. She is the true teacher of labour; for a man of toil may not so much as sleep for the disquietude of his heart. Nay, if he nod ever so little o' nights, then is his slumber broke suddenly short by the cares that beset him.

One night against the leafy wall of a wattled cabin there lay together upon a bed of dry tangle two old catchers of fish. Beside them were laid the instruments of their calling: their creels, their rods, their hooks, their weedy nets and lines, their weels and rush-woven lobster-pots, some net-ropes, a pair of oars, and upon its props an aged coble. Beneath their heads lay a little mat, and for coverlets they had their jackets of frieze. This was all the means and all the riches of these poor fishermen. Key, door, watchdog, had they none; all such things were ill-store to the likes of them, seeing in that house kept Poverty watch and ward; neither dwelt there any neighbour at their gates, but the very cabin-walls were hemmed by the soft and delicate up-flowing of the sea.

Musurus *πίλοι*: mss *πίλαι*. * *πόροι* Kochler: mss *πάνερ* from line 20. * *αὐτὸς κλεῖδος* Buecheler: mss *αὐτὸς θύρα* § from below *αὐτὴ* *θύρα* Briggs: mss *αὐτὸς χθέρας* Tyer Kalbel: mss *αὐτὸς* * *πάνερ* Wil: mss *πάνερ* * *αὐτὸς θύρας* Reiske: mss *πάνερ* *αὐτὸς θύρας* Ahrens: mss *θύρη* * *πίλαι* * *θύρας* Reiske: mss *πάνερ* from above * *θλιβομέτρα* Reiske: mss *πάνερ*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοῦπω τὸν μέσατον δρόμον ἄνυεν ἄρμα Σελάνας,
τοὺς δὲ ἀλιεῖς ἥγειρε φίλος πάνος, ἐκ βλεφάρου δὲ 20
ύπνου ἀπωσάμενος σφετέραις φρεσὶν ἥρεθεν αὐδάν.¹

ΑΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

ψεύδοντ' ὁ φίλε πάντες, ὅσοι τὰς οὐκτας ἔφασκον
τῷ θέρεος μυνθειν, ὅτε τάματα μακρὰ φέρουσιν.
ἡδη μυρὶ ἐσεῖδον ὄνειρατα, κούδέπω ἀώς.
ἢ λαθόμαν, τί τὸ χρῆμα χρόνου ταὶ² οὐκτες ἔχοντι:

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

Ἄσφαλίων, μέμφη τὸ καλὸν θέρος οὐ γάρ ὁ καιρὸς
πίπτομάτως παρέβα τὸν ἑὸν δρόμον ἀλλὰ τὸν ὑπνον
ἄ φροντις κόπτοισα μακρὰν τὰν οὐκτα ποιεῖ τοι.³

ΑΣΦΑΛΙΠΠΗ

ἄρ' ἔμαθες κρίνειν πόκ' ἐνύπνια; χρηστὰ γάρ εἶδον.
οὐ σε θέλω τῷμῷ φαντάσματος ἡμεν ἄμοιρον.

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

ώς καὶ τὰν ἄγραν, τῶνειρατα πάντα μερίζευ,
οὐ γάρ σ' εἰκάξω κατὰ τὸν λόγον,⁴ οὗτος ἀριστος
ἐστιν ὄνειροκρίτας, ὁ διδάσκαλός ἐστι παρ' φιονε;
ἄλλως⁵ καὶ σχολά ἔντι: τί γάρ ποιεῖν ἀν ἔχοι τις
κείμενος ἐν φύλλοις ποτὶ κύματι μηδὲ καθεύδων;
ἄλλ' οιος ἐν ῥάμνῳ τὸ τε λύχνιον ἐν πρυτανείῳ
φαντὶ γάρ ἀγρυπνίαν⁶ τάδ' ἔχειν. λέγε: ὅπποτε
οὐκτὸς

δύνιν πᾶς τις ἐφ γε φιλεῖ⁷ μαρνέν ἐταίρῳ.

¹ ἀπωσάμενος απὸ ἥρεθεν Ε: πας ἀπωσάμενοι απὸ ἥρεθον
αἰδὼς I. H. Voss: πας ἀδάρ ² δὲ Ε: πας μὴ χρέοντας
Martin: πας χράσας δὲ al. ³ πατεὶ τη Hermann: πας
τατεῦσται. ⁴ σ' εἰκάξω Ε: πας εικάξῃ, a correction following
on the corruption of λέγον ⁵ λέγον Ε. πας νέαν, originally
an incorrect gloss on λέγον ⁶ ἀλλατος Μυσαρες: πας δλατος
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Now or ever the chariot of the Moon was half-way of its course, the fishermen's labour and trouble did rouse them, and thrusting slumber from their eyelids stirred up speech in their hearts.

ASPHALION

It seems they speak not true, friend, that say the summer nights grow less when they bring us the long days. Already I have had a thousand dreams, and the dawn is not yet. Or am I wrong when I say how long the watches of these nights are?

FRIEND

Asphalion, the pretty summer deserves not thy fault-finding. 'Tis not that Time hath truly and in himself over-run his course, but Care makes thy night long by curtailing thy slumber.

ASPHALION

Hast ever learnt to interpret a dream? I've had a good one this night, and am fain thou go shares in't,

FRIEND

Aye, we share our catch, and e'en let's share all our dreams. For shall I not be making conjecture of thee according to the saying, the best interpreter of dreams is he that learns of understanding? And what's more, we have time and to spare, for there's little enough for a man to do lying sleepless in a greenbed beside the sea. 'Faith, 'tis the ass in the thorns and the lamp in the town-hall, and they are the morals for waking. Come, thy dream; for a friend, look you, is always told a man's dreams.

παχεῖδις λέτη Reiske: μηδὲ παχελοῦτι * ἀγρυπνίας Reiske: μηδὲ λέγωσι. λέγεται δέ τοι Η. of. 15, 32 and 24, 130: μηδὲ λέγουσι (οὐ λέγω) περὶ τὸν τὸν δὲ λέγει (from λέγει originally a gloss on πάρον)

"The morals for waking": i.e. "proverbial for keeping awake."

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΞΦΑΛΙΩΝ

δειλινὸν ἀς κατέδαρθον ἐπ' εἰναδίοισι πάροισιν
 (οὐκ ἡν μᾶν πολύσιτος, ἐπεὶ δειπνεῦντες ἐν ὄρᾳ,
 εἴ μέμη, τᾶς γαστρὸς ἐφειδόμεθ') εἶδον ἐμαυτὸν
 ἐν πέτρῃ μεμαῶτα, καθεξόμενος δὲ ἔδοκενον
 ἰχθύας, ἐκ καλάμῳ¹ δὲ πλάνον κατέστειν ἐδωδάν.
 καὶ τις τῶν τραφερῶν ὠρέξατο· καὶ γάρ ἐν ὑπνοῖς
 τῦσα κύων ἄρκορ² μαυτεύεται, ἰχθύα κῆγιόν.
 χῶ μὲν τάγκιστρῳ ποτεφύετο, καὶ ῥέεν αἷμα,
 τὸν κάλαμον δὲ ὑπὸ τῷ κινήματος ἀγκύλον εἶχον
 τῷ χερὶ τεινόμενον, περικλώμενον, εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,³
 τῶς μελετῷ⁴ μέγαν ἰχθύν ἀφαιροτέροισι σιδάροις.
 εἴθ' ὑπομιμάσκων τῷ τρόματος ἡρέμ⁵ ἔνυξα,
 καὶ νῦξας ἔχαλαξα, καὶ οὐ φεύγοντος ἔτεινα.
 ἤρυστα δὲ δὲν τὸν ἀεθλον. ἀνεῖλκυσα χρύσεον ἰχθύν,
 πάντα τοι χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένον εἰχέ με δεῖμα,⁶
 μῆτι Ποσειδάσων πέλει πεφιλημένος ἰχθὺς
 ἢ τάχα τᾶς γλαυκᾶς κειμῆλιον Ἀμφιτρέτης.
 ἡρέμα δὲ αὐτὸν ἐγὼν ἐκ τάγκιστρῳ ἀπέλυσα,
 μὴ ποτε τῷ στόματος τάγκιστρια χρυσὸν ἔχοιεν.⁷
 τὸν μὲν ἐπιστὰς ἄστα καλάγρετον ἀπειράταν,⁸
 ὥμοστα δὲ οὐκέτι λοιπὸν ὑπὲρ πελάγους πόδα θεῖναι,
 ἀλλὰ μενεῖν ἐπὶ γῆς καὶ τῷ χρυσῷ βασιλεύειν.⁹

¹ καλάμῳ Valckenaer: μην -ας ² ἄρκορ = ἄρκτος E. cf. Herwerden Lex. Suppl.: μην ἄρκτος αγ. ἄρκτη ³ τῷ χερὶ E.: μην τῷ χειρὶ For asyndeton cf. Isogon 3. 34 εἰρῆς χρυσος I. 25. 274 and II. 23. 253 ⁴ μελετῇ E. cf. Hipp. e.g. 554. 31 lo 'treat' = patient: μην μὴ τάχει ⁵ ὕρεις Eldijk: μην ἡρέμη ⁶ με Mus: μην δὲ οὐ σε δεῖμα Μύε: μην εἶρε

ASPHALION

When I fell asleep last night after my labours o' the sea—and faith, 'twas not for fulness, if you mind, seeing we supped early to give our bellies short commons—I dreamt I was hard at my work upon a rock, seated watching for the fish and dangling my piece of deception from my rod's end, when there rose me a right gallant fellow—for mark you, I surmise a fish as a sleeping dog will a bear—, well hooked too, for 'a showed blood, and my rod all bended wi' the pull of him, bended straining and bowing in my hand, insomuch that I questioned me sore how I was to deal with so great a fish with so weak tools to my hand. Howbeit I gently pricked him to mud him o' the hook, and pricking let him have line, and when he ran not away showed him the butt. Now was the prize mine. I drew up a golden fish, a fish smothered in gold, such indeed that I feared me lest he were a fish favoured of Poseidon, or mayhap a treasured possession of sea-green Amphitrite; aye, and unhooked him very carefully and slow lest ever the tackle should come away with gold from his mouth. Then, standing over, I sang the praises of that my glorious catch, my seaman made landsman, and sware I'd nevermore set foot o' the sea, but I would rest ashore rather and king it there with my gold. And

⁷ ξυστεῖος Μυς: mss. ξυστεῖος or ξυσταῖος ⁸ τὸν μὲν ἀποτάξας ἔργον
E. cf. 12. 23: mss. καὶ τὸν μὲν παραβάσιον καθίσπενον
Ribbeck: mss. καλά γέ τὸν ἀκεψάντα Hermann; cf. Timoth.
Pers. 44 ηγούμενας: mss. ἀκεψάντας

"Let him have line": not, of course, from a reel.

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ταῦτά με κάξηγειρε, τὸ δὲ ἡ ξένε λοιπὸν ἔρειδε
τὰν γνώμαν ὅρκον γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν ἐπώμοσα—

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

θάρρει,¹
καὶ σίγης μὴ² τρέσσηται· οὐκέ ὥμοσας· οὐδὲ γὰρ
ἰχθὺν
χρύσεον ως ἵδες εἶδες· ίσα δὲ ἐν φεύδεσι νῶσις.³
εἰ γὰρ μὴ κινώσσων τὸ τὰ χωρία ταῦτα⁴ ματεύεις,
ἔλπις τῶν ὑπνων ζάτει τὸν σάρκινον ἰχθύν·
μὴ σὺ θάνης λιμῷ καὶ χρυσείοισιν⁵ ὄνειροις.

¹ θάρρει. Ε: others, giving it to Asph., ταρβῶ: πᾶς θαρρῶ
² σίγης μὴ Μυ: cf. 10. 34: πᾶς σίγης ³ ιδεις εἶδες Ε: πᾶς
εἶδες εἶπεις ⁴ φεύδεσι νῶσις Ε, cf. 25. 263 and 17. 60:
others ήτε (or έτε) φεύδεσιν δῆμοις: πᾶς έτε φεύδεσιν δῆμοις ⁵ γὰρ
μὴ Ε: πᾶς με γὰρ τὸ τὰ Μυ: πᾶς ταῦτα οὐ ταῦτα
⁶ καὶ χρυσείοισι Ε: πᾶς καίτοι χρυσείοισι

THEOCRITUS XXI, 61-67

with that I awoke. And now, good friend, it remains
for you to lend me your understanding : for troth,
that oath I swear—

FRIEND

Be of good cheer : never you fear that. 'Twas no
swearing when you swore that oath any more than
'twas seeing when you saw the golden fish. Howbeit
there's wisdom to be had of empty shows ; for if you
will make real and waking search in these places
there's hope of your sleep and your dreams. Go
seek the fish of flesh and blood, or you'll die of
hunger and golden visions.

"There's hope of your dreams": 'hope of your getting
some advantage from them.'

XXII.—THE DIOSCURI

This hymn to Castor and Polydeuces consists, first, of a prelude common to both, and secondly, of two main parts concerned one with Polydeuces and the other with Castor. The first of these, in a combination of the Epic style with the dialogue, tells how Polydeuces fought fistcuffs with Amycus on his way to Colchis, and the second how, when the brothers carried off the daughters of Leucippus, Castor fought Lynceus with spear and sword.

XXII.—ΤΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΤΣ

Τμνέομεν Δήδας τε καὶ αἰγιόχου Διὸς νίῳ,
 Κόστορα καὶ φοβερὸν Πολυδεύκεα πὺξ ἐρεθίζειν
 χεῖρας ἐπιζεύξαντα μέσας βοέοισιν ἴμασιν.
 ὑμνέομεν καὶ δις καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἄρσενα τέκνα
 κούρης Θεστιάδος, Λακεδαιμονίους δῦ δέδελφούς,
 ἀνθρώπων σωτῆρας ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἡδη ἔονταν,
 ἵππων θ' αἵματοεντα ταρασσομένων καθ' ὅμιλον,
 νηῶν θ', αἱ δίνοντα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐσανιόντα¹
 ἄστρα βιαζόμεναι χαλεποῖς ἐνέκυρσαι ἀμταις:
 οἱ δέ σφεων κατὰ τρύμναν ἀεράντες μέγα κῦμα
 ἥε καὶ ἐκ πρῷηθεν ἡ ὄπη τη θυμὸς ἐκάστου
 ἐς κολὴν ἔρρεψαν, ἀνέρρηξαν δὲ ὑρα τοίχους
 ἀμφοτέρους· κρέμαται δὲ σὺν ἰστίῳ ἄρμενα πάντα
 εἰκῇ ἀποκλασθέντα· πολὺς δὲ ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ὅμβρος
 νυκτὸς ἐφερπούσης· παταγεῖ δὲ εὐρεῖα θάλασσα,
 κοποτομένη πνοιαῖς τε καὶ ἀρρήκτοισι χαλάζαις.
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης ὑμεῖς γε καὶ ἐκ βυθοῦ ἐλκετε νῆας
 αὐτοῖσιν ναύτησιν δίομένοις θανέεσθαι·
 αἴψα δὲ ἀποληγοντ' ἀνεμοι, λιπαρὴ δὲ γαλήνη
 ἀμ πέλαγος· νεφέλαι δὲ διέδραμον ἀλλυσδις ἀλλαι·²⁰
 ἐκ δὲ "Ἄρκτοί τ' ἐφάνησαν, "Ονων τ' ἀνὰ μέσσον
 ἀμαυρὴ
 Φάτη σημαίνοντα τὰ πρὸς πλάνον εῦδια πάντα.
 ὃ ἀμφω θηγτοῖσι βοηθόοι, ὃ φίλοι ἀμφω,

¹ εἰρωδε εἰσαγιέντα Meineke: ιπτα οὐρανοῦ δεξιούδετα

XXII.—THE HYMN TO THE DIOSCURI

Our song is of the sons of Leda and the Aegis-Bearer, Castor to wit and with him Polydeuces, that dire wielder of the fist and of the wrist-harness of the leathern throng. Twice is our song and thrice of the boys of Thestius' daughter, the two Spartan brethren which went to save both men that are come upon the brink and horses that are beset in the bloody press; ay, and ships also, that because they sail in despite of rise or set of the stars do fail upon evil gales, which, or fore or aft or where they list, upraise a great surge, and both hurl it into the hold and rive with it their timbers whether on this side or on that. Then hang sail and shroud by the board; and night comes, and with it a great storm from the sky, and the broad sea rattles and plashes with the battery of the blast and of the irresistible hail. But for all that, ye, even ye, do draw both ship and despairing shipmen from out the hell; the winds abate, the sea puts on a shining calm, the clouds run asunder this way and that way; till out come the Bears peeping, and betwixt the Asses lo! that Manger so dim, which betokens all fair for voyaging on the sea. O helpers twain of men, O friends both of mortals, O horseman harpers, O

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ιππῆς κιθαρίσται, δεθλητῆρες ἀοιδοί·

Κάστορος ἡ πρώτου Πολυδεύκεος ἄρξομ¹ ἀείδειν;
ἄμφοτέρους ὑμνέων Πολυδεύκεα πρῶταν ἀείσω.

Ἡ μὲν ἄρα προφυγοῦσα πέτρας εἰς ἐν ξυμαίνας
 Ἀργώ καὶ νιφόεντος ἀπαρτηρὸν στόμα Ηώντου,
 Βεβρυκας εἰσαφίκανε θέων φίλα τέκνα φέρουσα.
 ἔνθα μῆς πολλοὶ κατὰ κλίμακος ἄμφοτέρων ἐξ
 τολχῶν ἀνδρες ἔβαινον Ἰησονίης ἀπό νησος,
 ἐκβάντες δέ ἐπὶ θῖνα βαθὺν καὶ ὑπήνεμον ὥκτην
 εὐνάς τ' ἐστόρυνυστα πυρεῖά τε χερσὶν ἐνόμοιν.
 Κάστωρ δέ αἰσλιθπωλος δέ τ' οἰνωπὸς Πολυδεύκης
 ἄμφοι ἔρημάζεσκοι ἀποτλαγχθέντες ἵτσίριν,
 παντοίην ἐν δρει θηεύμενοι ἄγριον ὅλην.
 ἔρον δέ ἀέναιον κρήμην ὑπὸ λισσᾶς πέτρῃ
 ὕδατι πεπληθυίαν ἀκηράτῳ, αἱ δέ ὑπένερθεν
 λᾶλλαι¹ κρυστάλλῳ ἡδὲ ἀργύρῳ ἴρδαλλοντο
 ἐκ βυθοῦ ὑψηλαὶ δὲ πεφύκεσαν ἀγχόθι πένκαι
 λεῦκαι τε πλατανοί τε καὶ ἀκρόκομοι κυπάρισσοι,
 ἄνθεά τ' εὐώδη, λασίαις φίλα ἔργα μελίσσαις,
 ὅσσ' ἔαρος λιγγούστας ἐπιβρύνει ἀν λειμῶνας.
 ἔνθα δέ ἀνήρ ὑπέροπλος ἐνίμενος ἐνδιάσκει,
 δεινὸς ἰδεῖν, σκληρῆσι τεθλασμένος οὖατα πυγ-
 μαῖς.

στήθεα δέ ἐσφαίρωτο πελώρια καὶ πλατύ μόνται
 σαρκὶ σιδηρείη σφυρίλατος οἴα κολοσσός.
 ἐν δὲ μίνες στερεοῖσι βραχίοσιν ἀκρον ὑπὲν ὅμοι
 ἐστασαν ἡύτε πέτροι ολοιτροχοι, οὔστε κυλίνδων
 χειμίρρους ποταμὸς μεγάλαις περιέξεσε δίναις
 αὐτὰρ ὑπὲρ μάτοιο καὶ αὐχένος ημερεῖτο
 ἀκρων δέρμα λέντος οφημένον ἐκ ποδεύιων.

¹ Λάλλαι Κυκλικοί : μίσσ ζλλαι

boxer bards, whether of Castor first or Polydeuces shall I sing? Be my song of both, and yet the beginning of it of Polydeuces.

The Together-coming Rocks were safely passed and the baleful mouth of the snowy Pontic entered, and Argo with the dear children of the Gods aboard her had made the country of the Bcbrycians. Down the ladders on either side went crowding the men of Jason's ship, and soon as they were out upon the soft deep sand of that lee shore, set to making them greenbeds and rubbing fire-sticks for fire. Then went Castor of the nimble coursers and Polydeuces ruddy as the wine together wandering afield from the rest, for to see the wild woodland of all manner of trees among the hills. Now beneath a certain slabby rock they did find a freshet brimming ever with water pure and clear. The pebbles at the bottom of it were like to silver and crystal, and long and tall there grew beside it, as well firs and poplars and planes and spiry cypresses, as all fragrant flowers which abound in the meadows of outgoing spring to be loved and laboured of the shag bee. In that place there sat taking the air a man both huge and terrible. His ears were crushed shapeless by the hard fist, and his giant breast and great broad back were orb'd with iron flesh like a sledge-wrought effigy; moreover the sinews upon his brawny arms upstood beside the shoulder like the boulder-stones some torrent hath rolled and rounded in his swirling eddies; and, to end all, over his neck and about his back there was hung by the claws a swinging lion-skin.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὸν πρότερος προσέιπεν ἀεθλοφόρος Πολυδείκης:
Χαῖρε ξῦν¹, ὅτις ἐστι. τίνες βροτοί, ὃν ὅδε
χῶρος;

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

χαῖρω πῶς, ὅτε τ' ἄνδρας ὄρω, τοὺς μὴ πρὸ²
ὅπωπα;

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

θύρσει. μῆτ³ ἀδίκους μῆτ³ ἐξ ἀδίκων φάθι λεντ-
σειν.

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

θαρσέω, κοῦκ ἐκ σεῦ με διδάσκεσθαι τοῦ ἔοικεν.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ἄγριος εἰ πρὸς πάντα παλίγκοτος ἥδ⁴¹ ὑπερόπτηρι;

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

τοιόσδε οἷον ὄρᾶς τῆς σῆς γέ μεν οὐκ ἐπιβαίνω.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

Δλθοις, καὶ ξείνοιν κε² τυχῶν πάλιν οἴκαδ³ Ιεάνοις, οὐ

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

μήτε σύ με ξείνιζε, τά τ' ἐξ ἐμεῦ οὐκ ἐτοίμω.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

δαιμόνι, οὐδὲ ὅν τοῦδε πιεῖν ὕδατος σύγε δοίης;

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

γνιόσεαι, εἶτε σε δίψος ἀνειμέρα χεῖλεα τέρσῃ.⁵

¹ ἥδ³ Hemsterhuys: πασὶ ² κε² Alcibiades: πασὶ γε ³ οἴκαι
πε Wil: πασὶ εἰσαο ⁴ τέρσῃ Wil: πασα τέρσῃ

THEOCRITUS XXII. 53-63

First spoke the champion Polydeuces. 'Whoever you may be, Sir,' says he, 'I bid you good morrow. Pray tell me what people possessth this country.'

AMYCUS

Is it good-morrow, quotha, when I see strangers before me?

POLYDEUCES

Be of good cheer. Trust me, we be no evil men nor come we of evil stock.

AMYCUS

Of right good cheer am I, and knew it or ever I learnt it of you.

POLYDEUCES

Pray are you a man o' the wilds, a churl come what may, a mere piece of disdain?

AMYCUS

I am what you see; and that's no goer upon other's ground, when all's said.

POLYDEUCES

Come you upon my ground and welcome; you shall not go away empty.

AMYCUS

I'll none of your welcomes and you shall none of mine.

POLYDEUCES

Lord, man! would you have me denied even a drink of this water?

AMYCUS

That shall you know when there comes you the parching languor o' thirst on the lips.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ἀργυρος ἡ τις ὁ μισθός; ἔρεις, φέτεν σε πίθοιμεν.

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

εἰς ἐνὶ χεῖρας ἀειροι ἐναυτίος ἀνδρὶ κιταστάς.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ

πυγμάχος, ἡ καὶ ποσσὶ θένω σκέλος; δύματα δὲ
ὅρθα.¹

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

πὺξ διατεινάμενος σφετέρητ μὴ φεῖδεο τέχνης.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ

τις γάρ, δτῳ χεῖρας καὶ ἐμοὺς συνερέσιο ίμάτα;

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

ἐγγὺς ὄρθῃς οὐ γύννις ἔσων² κεκλήσεις ὁ πύκτης.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ἡ επὶ ἀελθοφ ἑτοῖμον, ἐφ' ὧ δηρισόμεθ' ὅμφω;

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

σὸς μὲν ἐγώ, σὺ δὲ ἐμὸς κεκλήσεαι, αἴ κε κρατήσω.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ

δρνίθων φοινικολάφων τοιοίδε κυδοιμοί.

ΑΜΥΚΟΣ

εἶτ' οὖν δρνίθεσσιν ἕοικότες εἴτε λέουσι
γινόμεθ', οὐκ ἀλλῷ κε μαχεσσαιμεσθ' ἐπ' ἄβθλῳ.

ἢ βῆ Αμυκος, καὶ κόχλον ἐλῶν μυκήσατο κοίλην,
οἱ δὲ θῶσι συνάγερθεν ὑπὸ σκιερὰς πλατανίστους

¹ σέων Wil: ταῦτα φίρειν οτ τέσσαρας οἷς αὐτὸς ὄφειται: the meaning is doubtful. ² γύνις δὲν: ταῦτα αὐτὸς τέ τοι με ἄρδε

THEOCRITUS XXII, 64-76

POLYDEUCES

Would you silver or aught else for price? Say what you'll take.

AMYCUS

Up hands and fight me man against man.

POLYDEUCES

Fisticuffs is 't? or feet and all? mind you, I have a good eye.

AMYCUS

Fists be it, and you may do all your best and cunningest:

POLYDEUCES

But who is he for whom I am to bind thong to arm?

AMYCUS

You see him nigh; the man that shall fight you may be called a woman, but faith, shall not deserve the name.

POLYDEUCES

And pray is there a prize we may contend for in this our match?

AMYCUS

Whethersoever shall win shall have the other to his possession.

POLYDEUCES

But such be the mellays of the red-crested game-cock.

AMYCUS

Whether we be like cock or lion there shall be no fight betwixt us on any other stake.

With these words Amycus took and blared upon his hollow shell, and quickly in answer to his call

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοχλου φυσηθέντος ἀλεῖ¹ Βέβρυκες κομόωντες,
 ὡς δ' αὐτοις ἥρωας ἴων ἐκαλέσσατο πάντας
 Μαγνήστης ἀπὸ ιηδὸς ὑπέροχος ἐν δαὶ Κάστωρ.
 οἱ δὲ ἐπεὶ οὖν σπείρηστιν ἐκαρτύναντο βοέαις
 χεῖρας καὶ περὶ γυνία μακροὺς ἐδιέζαν ἴμάντας,
 ἐς μέσσαν σύναγον φόνον ἀλλῆλοισι πνέοντες.

Ἐνθα πολὺς σφισι μόχθοις ἐπευγομένοισιν ἐτύχθη,
 ὅππότερος κατὰ νῶτα λάβοι φάος ἡελίοιο·
 Ἰδρέη μέγαν ἄνδρα παρῆλυθες ὁ Πολύδευκες,
 Ζάλλετο δὲ ἀκτίνεσσιν ἄπαν Ἀμύκοιο πρόσωπου·
 αὐτῷ δὲ ἐν θυμῷ κεχολωμένος ἔτο πρόσσω,
 χερσὶ τιτυσκόμενος, τοῦ δὲ ἄκρου τύψε γένειον
 Τυνδαρίδης ἐπιβιντος· ὅρίνθη δὲ πλέον ἡ πρίν,
 σὺν δὲ μάχην ἐτάραξε,² πολὺς δὲ ἐπέκευτο μενεικώς
 ἐς γαῖαν. Βέβρυκες δὲ ἐπαύτεαν, οἱ δὲ ἐτέρωθεν
 ἥρωες κρατερὸν Πολυδεύκεα θαρσύνεσκοι,
 δειδίοτες μὴ πώς μιν ἐπιβρίσας δαράσσειε
 χώρην ἐνι στεινῷ Τίτυῳ ἐναλίγκιος ἄνηρ.
 ἦτοι δέ τοι ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παριστάμενος³ Διὸς νιός
 ἀμφοτέρησιν ἐννυσσεν⁴ ἀμοιβαδίς, ἐσχεθε δὲ ὅρμης
 παιᾶς Ποσειδάνιος ὑμερφίαλον περ ἔντα.
 ἐστη δὲ πληγαῖς μεθύνων, ἐκ δὲ ἐπιτυσεν αἴρα
 φοίνιον· οἱ δὲ ἄμα πάντες ἀριστῆς κελάδησαν,
 ὡς ἔσσον ἐλκεα λυγρὰ περὶ στόμα τε γραθμούς τε
 ὅρματα δὲ οἰδήσαντος ἐπειστάνθω πρασώπου.
 τὸν μὲν ὅναξ ἐτάρασσεν ἐτόσια χερσὶ προδεινί,

¹ ἀλεῖ 'thickly' E, see *Class. Rev.*, 1913, p. 5; τοις ἀλεῖς also ἐτίναξε ² τοις also περιστ. ³ ἐννυσσεν Horwerden: τοις ἀμοιβαδίσιν ατ ἐτινέσεν

came the thick-haired Bebrycians and gathered themselves together beneath the shady platans. And in like manner all the heroes of the ship of Magnesia were fetched by Castor the peerless man-o-war. And so the twain braced their hands with the leathern coils and twined the long straps about their arms, and forth and entered the ring breathing slaughter each against the other.

Now was there much ado which should have the sunshine at his back ; but the cunning of my Polydeuces outwent a mighty man, and those beams did fall full in Amycus his face. So goes master Amycus in high dudgeon forward with many outs and levellings o'-fists. But the child of Tyndareus was ready, and catched him a blow on the point o' the chin ; the which did the more prick him on and make him to bumble his fighting, so that he went in head-down and full-tilt. At that the Bebrycians holla'd him on, and they of the other part cried cheerly unto the stalwart Polydeuces for fear this Tityus of a man should haply overpeise him and so bear him down in that narrow room. But the son of Zeus stood up to him first on this side and then on that, and touched him left and right and left again ; and for all his puissance the child of Poseidon was stayed in 's onset, insomuch that he stood all drunken with his drubbing and spit out the crimson blood. Whereat all the mighty men gave joyful tongue together by reason of the grievous bruises he had both by cheek and jowl ; for his eyes were all-to-straitened with the pulling of their sockets. Next did my lord maze his man awhile with sundry feints and

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πάντοθεν ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μιν ἀμηχανέοντ¹ ἐνόησε,
μέσσης ῥινὸς ὑπερβε κατ' ὁφρὺς ὥλαστε πυγμῆ,
πᾶν δὲ ἀπέσυρε μέτωπον ἐς ὄστεον. αὐτὰρ ἡ
πληγὴς

ὑπτίος ἐν φύλλοισι τεθῆλόσιν ἔξετανύσθη.

Ἐνθα μάχη δριμεῖα πάλιν γένετ² ὄρθωθέντος
ἱλλήρους ἢ ὄλεκον στερεοῖς θείνοντες ἴμασι.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν ἐς στῆθος τε καὶ ἔξω χεῖρας ἐνώμα
αὐχένος ἀρχηγὸς Βεβρύκων³ οὐδὲ ἀεικέστι πληγαῖς 110
πᾶν συνέψυρε πρόσωπον⁴ ἀνίκητος Πολυδεύκης.
σάρκες τῷ⁵ μὲν ἰδρῶτι συνίζανον. ἐκ μεγάλου δὲ
πῦν⁶ ὀδύνης γένετ⁷ ἀνδρός· οὐδὲ αἰὲν πάσσονα γνία
αὐξομένου⁸ φορέεσκε πόνον καὶ χροιῆ ἀμείνον.

πῶς γάρ δὴ Διὸς οὐδὲς ἀδηφάγον ἄνδρα καθεῖλεν;
εἰπὲ θεά, σὺ γάρ οἰσθα· ἐγὼ δὲ ἐτέρων ὑποφίτην,
φθέγξομαι οὐσσ⁹ ἴθέλεις σύ, καὶ ὄππως τοι φίλοι
αὐτῆς.

ἴτοι δηγε ῥέξαι τι λιλατόμενος μέγα ἔργον
σκαιῆ μὲν σκαιήν Πολυδεύκεος ἐλλαβε χεῖρα,
δοχμὸς οὐπὸ προβολῆς ελανθέεις, ἐτέρη δὲ πιβαίνων 120
δεξιτερῆς ἡνεγκεν ἀπὸ λαγόνος πλατὺ γυνοῖς.
καὶ κε τυχῶν ἔβλαψεν Ἀμυκλαίων βασιλῆα·
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ὑπεξανέδυ κεφαλῆ,¹⁰ στιβαρῆ δὲ μα χειρὶ¹¹
πλῆξεν ὑπὸ σκαιὸν κρύταφον καὶ ἐπέμπεσεν ὕμρη·
ἐκ δὲ ἔχυθη μεδαν αἷμα θινὸς κροτάφοιο χανάντος
λαιῆ δὲ στόμα κόψε, πυκνῷ δὲ ἀράβησαν ὕδωντες·

¹ παν also πυγμῆ ² παν also μέτωπον ³ τῷ Μειμάκῃ
παν δὲ αἱ οἱ δὲ οἱ ⁴ αὔξουμένον Μειμ : παν ἄπτ. ὄμιστη
Τυρρ.; παν παν ⁵ διστ' : παν also δι ⁶ παν also κεφαλῆ

divers passes all about, and then, so soon as he had him all abroad, let drive at the very middle of his nose, flattened the face of him to the bone, and laid him flatlong amid the springing flowers.

His rising was the renewing of the fray, and a bitter one; aye, now were those swingeing iron gloves to fight unto death. The high lord of Bebrycia, he was all for the chest and none for the head; but as for the never-to-be-beaten Polydeuces, he was for pounding and braying the face with ugly shameful blows: and lo! the flesh of the one began to shrink with the sweating, and eftsoons was a great man made a little; but even as the other's labour increased, so waxed his limbs ever more full and round and his colour ever better.

Now Muse, I pray thee tell—for thou knowest it—how the child of Zeus destroyed that glutton; and he that plays thy interpreter will say what thou willest and even as thou choosest.

Then did Amycus, as who should achieve some great thing, come from his ward and with his left hand grasp Polydeuces' left, and going in with the other, drive the flat of his hand from his right flank. And had the blow come home, he had wrought harm to the king of Amyclae. But lo! my lord slips his head aside and the same moment struck out forthright from the shoulder and smote him under the left temple; and from that gaping temple the red blood came spirting. Then his left hand did beat him in the mouth, so that the rows of teeth in't

¹The flat of the hand': or 'his great fist.'

THE BUCOLIC POETS

αλεὶ δὲ ὁ ὀξυτέρῳ πιτύῳ δηλεῖτο πρόσωπον,
μέχρι συνηλοίησε παρῆια. τὰς δὲ ἐπὶ γαιῷ¹
κεῖται ἀλλοφρονέων, καὶ ἀνέσχεθε νεῖκος ἀπαυδῶν
ἀμφοτέρας ὅμα χεῖρας, ἐπεὶ θαράτου σχεδὸν ἦν. 130
τὸν μὲν ἄρα κρατέων περ ἀπάσθαλον οὐδὲν ἔρεξα,
οὐ πάκτη Πολύδευκες δροσσες δέ τοι μέγαν ὄρκον.
δὺ πατέρε, ἐκ πόντοιο Ποσειδάνωνα κικλήσκων,
μῆποτε ἔτι ξένοισιν ἐκῶν ἀνηρὸς ἔσεσθαι.

αἱ σὺ μὲν ὑμησαὶ μοι ἀναξ. σὲ δὲ Κάστορ
ἀείσω,
Τυνδαρίδῃ ταχύπτωλε δορυσσόε χαλκεοθώρηξ.

τὸ μὲν ἀναρπάξαντε δύῳ φερέτην Διὸς νὺν
δοιάς Λευκίπποιο κόρας διστόῳ δὲ ἄρα τόγε
ἐσσυμένως ἔδιωκον ἀδελφεῷ νῦν Ἀφαρῆος,
γαμβρῷ μελλογύμῳ, Λυγκεὺς καὶ ὁ καρτερὸς Ίδας. 140
ἄλλος ὅτε τύμβον ἵκανον ἀποφθιμένου Ἀφαρῆος,
ἴη δίφρων ἄρα βάντες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν δρουσαν,
ἔγχεσι καὶ κοίλοισι βαρυνόμενοι στακέεσσι.

Λυγκεὺς δὲ αὖ μετέειπεν ὑπὲκ κόρυθος μέγ' ἀνταν
· θαιμόνιοι, τί μάχης ἴμείρετε; πῶς δὲ ἐπὶ²
νύμφαις

ἀλλοτρίαις χαλεποί, γυμναὶ δὲ ἐν χερσὶ μάχαιραι;
ἡμὲν τοι Λεύκιππος ἱᾶς ἔδνωσε θίγματρας
τάσσε πολὺ προτέροις· ἡμὲν γάμος οὗτος ἐν ὄρκῳ
ἥμειται οὐ κατὰ κύσμον ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοισι λέχεσσι
βουσὶ καὶ ἥμιμοισι καὶ ἀλλοισι κτεάτεσσι 150

¹ ἐπὶ γαιῷ Αἴγανες; πας ἐπὶ γαιῷ οὐτὶ γεῖναι

crackled again; aye, and an ever livelier patter of the fists did maul the face of him till his visage was all one smash. Then down went he in a heap and lay like to swoon upon the ground; and up with both his hands for to cry the battle off, because he was nigh unto death. But thou, good boxer Polydeuces, for all thy victory didst nothing presumptuous. Only wouldest thou have him swear a great oath by the name of his father Poseidon in the sea, that he would nevermore do annoyance unto strangers.

The tale of thy praise, great Lord, is told; and now of thee, good my Castor, will I sing, Castor the Tyndarid, lord of coursers, wielder of spears, knight of the corslet of brass.

The twin children of Zeus were up and away with the daughters twain of Leucippus, and the two sons of Aphareus were hotfoot upon their track, Lynceus to wit and doughty Idas, the bridegrooms that were to be. But when they were got to the grave of Aphareus dead, they lighted all from their chariots together and made at one another in the accoutrement of spear and shield. Then up spake Lynceus and cried aloud from beneath his casque, saying: 'Sirs, why so desirous of battle? How come you so unkind concerning other men's brides? and wherefore these naked weapons in your hands? These daughters of Leucippus were plighted to us, to us long ere you came; we have his oath to it. But as for you, you have prevailed on him unseemly for other men's wives with cattle and mules and what

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἄνδρα παρετρέψασθε, γάμαιν δὲ ἀκκλέπτετε¹ δώροις.
 ἦ μὴν πολλάκις ὑμμιν ἐνώπιον ἀμφοτέροισιν
 αὐτὸς ἔγινε τὰδε σειπα καὶ οὐ πολύμυθος ἐών περ
 "οὐχ οὐτω, φίλοι ἄνδρες, ἀριστήσσων ἔσικε
 μηντεύειν ἀλόχους, αἰς νυμφίοι ήδη ἔτοιμοι,
 πολλῇ τοι Σπάρτη, πολλῇ δὲ ἵππηλατος Ἡλίς,
 'Λρκαδίῃ τ' εὔμηλος Ἀχαιῶν τε πτολίεθρα,
 Μεσσήνη τε καὶ Ἀργος ἀπασά τε Σισυφίς ἀκτή¹⁰⁰
 ἐνθα κόραι τοκέεσσιν ὑπὸ σφετέροισι τρέφονται
 μηρίαις οὕτε φυῆς ἐπιδευνέεις οὕτε νύοιο,
 τάσσων εὐμαρίς ὑμμιν ὑπονίεμεν² ἀς καὶ ἐθέλητε
 ὡς ἀγαθοῖς πολεες βούλοιντό καὶ πενθεροὶ εἶναι,
 ὑμεῖς δὲ ἐν πάντεσσι διάκριτοι ἡρώεσσι,
 καὶ πατέρες καὶ ἄνωθεν ἄπαν πατρώιον³ αἷμα.
 ἀλλὰ φίλοι τοῦτον μὲν ἔασπατε προς τέλος ἀλβίν
 ἄμμι γάμον σφῶν δὲ ἀλλοι ἐπιφραζόμεθα πάντες."
 Ισκον τοιάδε πολλά, τὰ δὲ εἰς ὕγρον φίχετο κύμα
 πιονή ἔχουσα⁴ ὄνειροιο, χάρις δὲ οὐχ ἔσπετο μύθοις
 σφιν γαρ ἀκηδήτῳ καὶ ἀπηνέεις. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 πάθεσθε. ἄμφω δὲ ὑμμιν ἀνεψιώς πατρὸς ἔστον." ¹⁷⁰

εἰ δὲ ὑμῖν κραδίη πόλεμον ποθεῖ, αἴματι δὲ χρῆ
 νεῖκος ἀναρρίξαντας ὁμοίοιν ἔχεια λύσαι,⁵
 Ἰδας μὲν καὶ δραιμος ἐμέν, κρατερὸς Πολυδεύκης,
 χείρας ἐρωτισουσιν ἀπεχθομένης υσμίνης,
 νῦν δέ, ἔγινο Λιγυκεύς⁶ τε, διακρινόμεν⁷ Ἀρη
 ὑπλοτέρω γεγάντες γανεύσι δὲ μη πολὺ τένθος
 ἰμετέροισι λιπωμεν. ἀλλας νέκυς ἔξεινε οἰκου

¹ ἀκλέπτετε Ει : ποσοις ἀκλέπτετε οτι ἀκλέψετε ² ὑπονίεμεν
 Wil : ποσοις ἀπηνέειν ³ πατρώιον ; ποσοις αλλοι πατρώιοι ⁴ ποσοις
 αλλοι ἔχουσα λύσαι ⁵ Λιγυκεύς : ποσοις αλλοι Κάστωρ

not; ye be stealing bridal with a gift. Yet time and again, God wot, albeit I am no man of many words, I have myself spoke to your face and said: "It ill becometh princes, good friends, to go a-wooing such as be betrothed already. Sparta is wide, and so is Elis o' the coursers; wide likewise the sheep-walks of Arcady and the holds of Achaea; Messenè also and Argos and all the seaboard of Sisyphus: there's ten thousand maidens do dwell in them at the houses of their fathers, wanting nothing in beauty or in parts, of the which you may take whomso you will to your wives. For many there be would fain be made wife's father unto a good man and true, and you are men of mark among all heroes, you and your fathers and all your fathers' blood of yore. Nay then, my friends, suffer us to bring this marriage to fulfilment, and we'll all devise other espousal for you." Such was my often rede, but the wind's breath was ever away with it unto the wet sea-wave, and no favour followed upon my words; for ye are hard men both and relentless. Yet even at this hour I pray you give heed, seeing ye be our kin by the father.

(*The beginning of Castor's reply is lost*)

" . . . But and if your heart would have war, if kindred strife must needs break forth and hate make an end in blood, then shall Idas and my doughty Polydeuces stand aside from the abhorred fray, and let you and me, Lynceus, that are the younger men, fight this matter out. So shall we leave our fathers the less sorrow, seeing one is enough dead of one household,

"The seaboard of Sisyphus": the district of Corinth.

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εἰς ἀτάρ ὄλλοι πάντας¹ ἐνφρανέουσιν ἔταιροις
υμφίσιοι ἀντὶ νεκρῶν, ὑμεναιώσουσι δὲ κούρας
τάσσοντες οὐκέτι κακῷ μέγα τεῖκος ἀναιρεῖν.² 180
εἶπε, τὰ δὲ οὐκ ἄρτι μεταμόνια θήσειν,
τῷ μὲν γάρ ποτὶ γαῖαν ἀπὸ ὅμων τεύχε ἔθειτο,
ἴω γενεῦ προφέρεσκον· δέ δὲ ἐς μέσον ἥλυθε Λυγκεὺς,
σειων καρτερὸν ἔγχος ὑπὸ ἀσπίδος ἀντυγα πρώτην
ἴως δὲ αὐτῶς ἄκρας ἐτινάξατο δούρατος ἀκμᾶς
Κάστωρ ἀμφοτέραις δὲ λόφων ἐπένευον ἔθειραν.
ἔγχεσι μὲν πρώτιστα τετυσκέμενοι πόνον³ εἶχον
ἀλλήλων, εἰ τούτη χροὸς γυμνωθέντες ἰδοιεν.
ἄλλ' ἦτοι τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πάρος τινὰ δηλήσασθαι
δοῦρον ἔάγη, σακέεστιν ἔνι δεινοῖσι παγέντα. 190
τὸ δὲ μορίον κολεοῖο ἐρυτσαμένω φόνον αὐτὶς
τεῦχον ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι· μάχης δὲ οὐ γίνεται ἐρωτή.
πολλὰ μὲν ἐς σάκος εὑρύ καὶ ἵπποκομον τρυφά.

λειπειν

Κάστωρ, πολλὰ δὲ ἐνυξεν ἀκριβῆς ὅμμασι Λυγκεὺς
τοῖο σάκος, φοίνικα δὲ δόσον λόφον ἴκετ' ἄκωκή,
τοῦ μὲν ἄκρην ἐκδίλουσεν ἐπὶ σκαιῶν γένεν χέρα
φάσγανον δέξαντος ὑπεξαίραβάς ποδὶ Κάστωρ
σκαιῷ· δὲ δὲ πληγεὶς ξίφος ἴκβαλεν, αἷψα δὲ
φεύγειν

ώρμήθη ποτὲ σῆμα πατρός, τόθι καρτερὸς Ἰόας
κεκλειμένος θησέτο μάχην ἐμφύλιον ἀνδρῶν. 200
ἄλλα μεταξας πλατύ φάσγανον διέτε διαπρὸ
Τυνδαρίδης λαγήνος τε καὶ ὄμφαλον· ἔγκατα δὲ εἰσω
χαλκος ἀφαρ διέχενεν· δέ δὲ στόμα κέπτο τεινευκώς
Λυγκεύς, καὸς δὲ ἄρα οἱ βλεφάρων βαρὺς ἔδραμεν
ὕπνος.

¹ πας αλσος πάντες ² πάνον; πας αλσος πέθεον ³ ὀπίμα;

and the two that be left shall glad all their friends as
bridegrooms instead of men slain, and their wedding-
song shall be of these maidens. And in such sort, I
ween, a great strife is like to end in but little loss.'

So he spake and, it seems, God was not to make
his speaking vain. For the two that were the
elder did off their armour and laid it upon the
ground; but Lynceus, he stepped forth with his
stout lance a-quiver hard beneath the target's
rim, and Castor, he levelled the point of his spear
even in the same manner as Lynceus, the plumes
nodding the while upon either's crest. First made
they play with the tilting of the lance, if haply
they might spy a naked spot; but or ever one of
them was wounded the lance-point stuck fast in the
rusty buckler and was knapped in twain. Then
drew they sword to make havoc of each other; for
there was no surcease of battle. Many a time did
Castor prick the broad buckler or horse-haired
casque; many a time did the quick-eyed Lynceus
come at the other's targe or graze with the blade his
scarlet crest. But soon, Lynceus making at his left
knee, Castor back with his left foot and had off his
hugers, so that his falchion dropped to the ground
and he went scurrying towards his father's grave,
where stout Idas lay watching the kindred fray.
Howbeit the son of Tyndareus was after him in a trice
and drove his good sword clean through flank and
navel, so that the bowels were presently scattered
of the brass, and Lynceus bowed himself and fell
upon his face, and lo! there sped down upon his
eyelids profoundest sleep.

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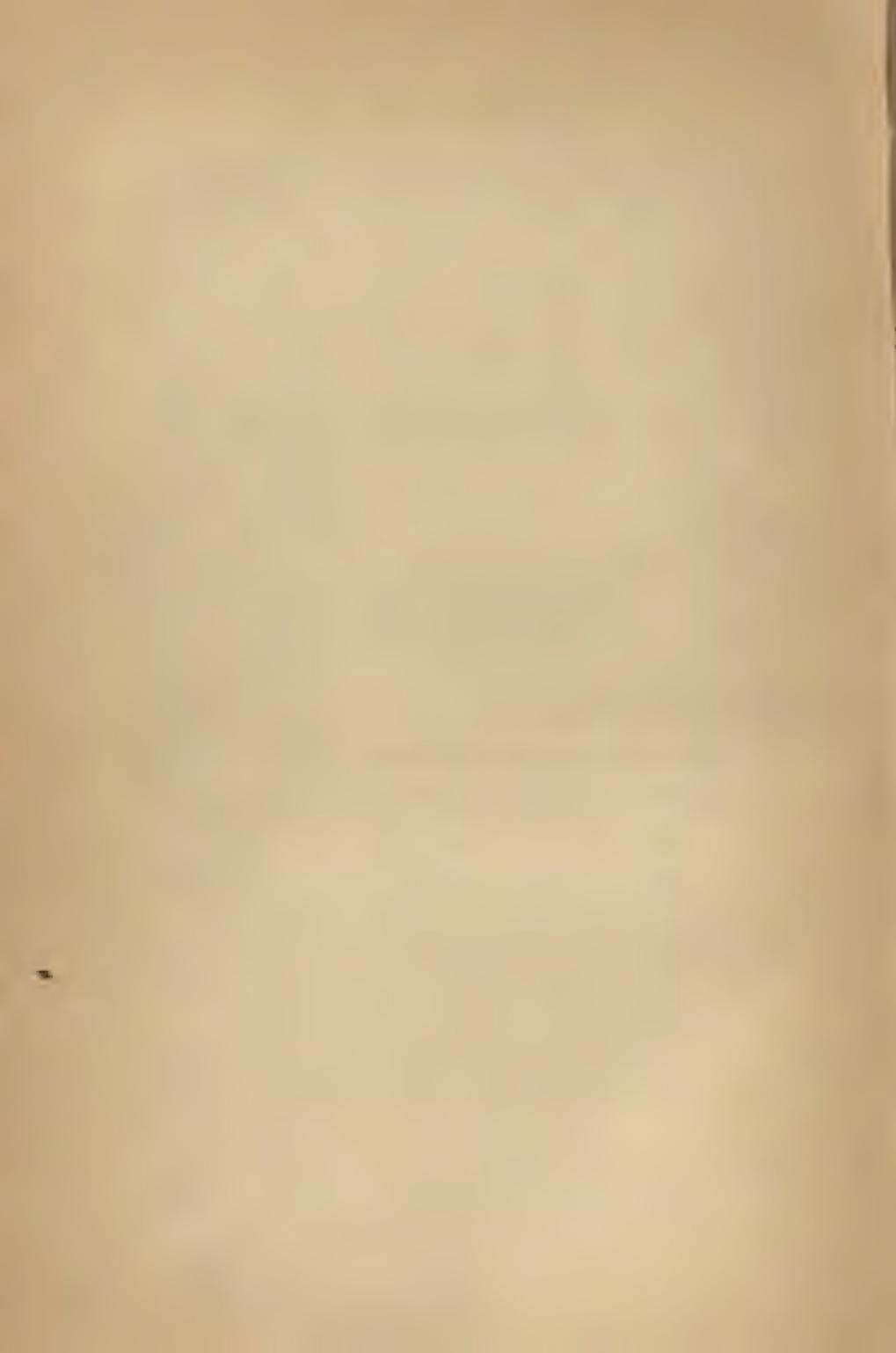
οὐ μὰν οὐδὲ τὸν ἄλλον ἐφ' ἔστιη εἰδε πατρῷη
παιδῶν Λαοκόωσα φίλον γάμον ἀκτελέσαντα.
ἢ γὰρ δῆγε στῆλην Ἀφαρηῆσον ἔξανέχουσαν
τύμβουν ἀναρπάξας¹ ταχέως Μεσσήνιος Ἰδας
μέλλε καστρήστοιο βαλεῖν σφετέροιο φοιῆα·
ἄλλὰ Ζεὺς ἐπάμυνε, χερῶν δέ οἱ ἐκβαλε τυπτὴν
μάρμαρον, αὐτὸν δέ φλογγέρ συνιψθεῖσε κεραυνῷ,
οὗτῳ Τυνδαρίδαις πολεμίζεμεν οὐκ ἐν ἐλαφρῷ
αὐτοὶ τε κρατέουσι καὶ ἐκ κρατέοντος ἔφυσαν.

χαίρετε Λιδας τέκνα, καὶ ἡμετέροις κλέος ὑμῖνος
ἐσθλὸν ἀεὶ πέμποιτε. φίλοι δέ τε πάντες ἀοιδοὶ²
Τυνδαρίδαις³ Ἐδένη τε καὶ ἄλλοις ἡρώεσσιν,
Ἴλιον οὐδὲπερσαν ἀρίγοντες Μενελάῳ.
ὑμῖν εὐδος ἀνακτες ἐμήσατο Χιος ἀοιδός,
ὑμήσας Πριάμοιο πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιάδας τε μάχας Ἀχιλῆι τε πύργον ἀντῆς⁴
ὑμῖν αὖ καὶ ἦγῳ λιγεῶν μειλίγματα Μουσίων,
οὐδὲ αὐταὶ παρέχουσι καὶ ὡς ἐμὸς οἴκος ὑπάρχει,
τοῖα φέρω. γεράμων δὲ θεοῖς καλλιστον ἀοιδαί·⁵

¹ ἀναρπάξας Ε, cī. Pind. N. 10. 60: ταῦς ἀναρπάξας ² ταῦς
also ἀοιδῇ

But neither was the other of Laocoössa's children to be seen of his mother a wedded man at the hearth of his fathers. For Idas of Messené, he up with the standing stone from the grave of Aphareus and would have hurled it upon the slayer of his brother, but Zeus was Castor's defence, and made the wrought marble to fall from his enemy's hands; for he consumed him with the flame of his levin-bolt. Ah! 'tis no child's-play to fight with the sons of Tyndareus; they prevail even as he that begat them prevaleth.

Fare you well, ye children of Leda; we pray you may ever send our hymns a goodly fame. For all singers are dear unto the sons of Tyndareus and unto Helen and unto other the heroes who were Menelaus' helpfellows at the sacking of Troy. Your renown, O ye princes, is the work of the singer of Chios, when he sang of Priam's town and of the Achaean ships, of Troyan frays and of that tower of the war-cry Achilles; and here do I also bring your souls such offerings of propitiation as the melodious Muses do provide and my household is able to afford. And of all a God's prerogatives song is the fairest.



XXIII.—THE LOVER

This poem, known to the Latin poets, cannot be ascribed to Theocritus. It was apparently sent by a lover to his neglectful beloved. The author tells how in a like case unrequited friendship led to the suicide of the one, and to the death of the other at the hands of an effigy of Love. The actual death of a boy through the accidental falling of a statue probably gave rise to a folk-tale which is here put into literary shape.

XXIII.—ΕΡΑΣΤΗΣ

Ἄνηρ τις πολύφιλτρος ἀπηνέος ἦματ' ἐφίβω
τὰν μαρφάν ἀγαθῶ, τὰν δὲ τρόπον οὐκέθ' ὁμοίω·
μίστει τὸν φιλέοντα καὶ οὐδὲ ἐν ἀμερον εἶχε,
καίκ γέδει τὸν "Ἐρωτα, τίς διν¹ θεός ἀλίκα τόξα
χερσὶ κρατεῖ, πῶς πικρὰ βέλη ποτὶ παιγνια²
βάλλει·

πάντα δὲ κάν μύθουσι καὶ ἐν προσέδοισιν ἀτειρίς.
οὐδέ τι τῶν πυρσῶν πυραμύθισιν, οὐκ ἀμάρνυμα
χελδεος, οὐκ ὄσσων λεπαρὸν σέλακ, οὐ ρόδόμαλον,
οὐ λόγος, οὐχὶ φίλαμα τὸ κουφίζον³ τὸν ἔρωτα,
οἴα δὲ θήρ ὄλαιος ἵποπτανησι κυνάγως,
οὗτος πάντ' ἵποπτῷ επὶ⁴ βροτόν τῆγρα δ'
αὐτῷ

χελδεα καὶ κώραι δεινὸν βλέπος ἔχον ἀνώγκας⁵
τῷ δὲ χολῷ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀμείβετο, φεῦγε δ' ἀπὸ¹⁰
χρός

ὁ πρὶν ταῖς ὄργαις περικείμενον.⁶ ἀλλὰ καὶ οὗτος
ἥν καλέστι ἐξ ὄργας⁷ ἀρεθίζετο μᾶλλον ἔραστάς.

λοίσθιον οὐκ ἴμεικε τύσαι φλόγα τᾶς⁸ Κυθερέας,
ἀλλ' ἐλθὼν ἐκλαμε ποτὶ στυγνοῖσι μελάθροις,

¹ διν Ε: πιν δν. ² τοτὶ καίγνα Ε, the καίγνα iocis of
Hom. O. I. 33. 12, φι. πρὸς ἑδούτην αὐτὶ Μοσχ. I. II.; Steph.
πεπικέρδια, Ahr. τοτὶ καὶ δίκ (see O. R. 1913, p. 5); πιν τοτὶ⁹
πατίδια¹⁰ κανφίζεται Ε; πιν -ζει, -ζει, -ζει. ⁴ ἵποπτοι
ἐστι Ε: φι. 4. 7; πιν ἐποίει τοτὶ τὴν ⁸ βλέπεται η. ἀνάγκας

XXIII.—THE LOVER

THERE was once a heart-sick swain had a cruel fere, the face of the fere goodly but his ways not like to it; for he hated him that loved him, and had for him never a whit of kindness, and as for Love, what manner of God he might be or what manner of bow and arrows carry, or how keen and bitter were the shafts he shot for his delectation, these things wist he not at all, but both in his talk and conversation knew no yielding. And he gave no comfort against those burning fires, not a twist of his lip, not a flash of his eye, not the gift of a hip from the hedge-row, not a word, not a kiss, to lighten the load of desire. But he eyed every man even as a beast of the field that suspects the hunter, and his lips were hard and cruel and his eyes looked the dread look of fate. Indeed his angry humour made change of his face, and the colour of his cheeks fled away because he was a prey to wrathful imaginings. But even so he was fair to view; his wrath served only to prick his lover the more.

At last the poor man would bear no more so fierce a flame of the Cytherean, but went and wept before

Meincke: μης διάνοιαν εἰδύεσσαν οἱ τρόποι Ahrens: μηδεὶς
τρόπος τοῦτο διέγειται Εἰ: μης τὸς δορυῖτος περιπλέουσαν Wake-
field: μηδεὶς περιπλέουσαν Τῷ Ηρόδοτος: μηδὲ δεὶς δρυῖτος
Steph.: μης οὐ διέργαστος Τῷ φάριν τὸς Ελδίκ: μηδεὶς φάρετος

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καὶ κύστε τὸν φλιών, οὐτοῦ δὲ ἀντέλλετο φωνᾶς.¹

“ἄγριε παῖ καὶ στυγνέ, κακῶς ἀνάθρεμα
λεπίνας,

λάίνε παῖ καὶ ἔρωτος ἀνάξιε, δῶρά τοι ἡλθου
λοίσθια ταῦτα φέρων, τὸν ἐμὸν βρόχον· οὐκίτι
γάρ σε

εἴρε θέλω λιτέων ποθορώμενος,² ἀλλὰ βαδίζω,
ἔνθα τύ μεν κατέκρινας, ὅπῃ λόγος ἡμεν ἀταρπόν
ἔνναν³ τοῖσιν ἔρωτι, τὸ φάρμακον ἔνθα τὸ λάθους.⁴
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἦν δῆλον αὐτὸν λαβὼν ποτὶ χεῖλος
ἀμέλζω,

οὐδὲ οὔτως σβέσσω τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον.⁵

ἀρτὶ δὲ χαιρεῖν
τοῖσι τεοῖς προθύροις ἐπιτέλλομαι.⁶ οἶδα τὸ μέλ-
λον·
καὶ τὸ ρόδον καλόν ἔστι, καὶ ὁ χρόνος αὐτὸν
μαραίνει.

καὶ τὸ ἵον καλόν ἔστιν ἐν εἰαρι, καὶ ταχὺ γηρᾶ·⁷
λευκὸν τὸ κρίναν ἔστι, μαραίνεται ἀντεῖ ἀπανθεῖ.⁸
ἢ δὲ χιονὸν λευκά, κατατικεται ὄντες ἐπιπνεῖς⁹
καὶ κάλλος καλόν ἔστι τὸ παιδικόν, ἀλλ' ὀλίγον
էη.

ηὗει καιρὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅπανίσα καὶ τὸ φιλάσσειν,
οὐκά ταν κραδίαν ὀπτεύμενος ἀλμυρὰ κλαύσεις.
ἀλλὰ τὸ παῖ καὶ τοῦτο πανύστατον ἀδύ τι ῥέξον
ὅππόταν ἐξελθὼν ἡρτημένον ἐν προθύροισι
τοῖσι τεοῖσιν ἱόης τὸν τλάμονα, μή με παρέλθῃς,
στᾶθι δὲ καὶ βραχὺ κλαῦσον, ἐπισπείσας δὲ τὸ
δάκρυ

¹ ἀντέλλετο φωνᾶ. Εἰ: πιστὸν ἀντέλλετο φωνᾶ. ² ποθορώμενος
Εἰ: πιστὸς ποθολαμμένος (λ. σογγ. τὸ ρ.) ³ ἀταρπόν ἔνναν Τουρ; πιστὸς
ἀταρπόν (γυνὴ) ⁴ λάθος Εἰ: πιστὸς λάθος ⁵ πόθος Μαζ:

that sullen house, and kissed the doorpost of it, and lifted up his voice saying "O cruel, O sullen child, that wast nursed of an evil she-lion; O boy of stone which art all unworthy to be loved; lo! here am I come with the last of my gifts, even this my halter. No longer will I vex you with the sight of me; but here go I whither you have condemned me, where they say the path lies all lovers must travel, where is the sweet physic of oblivion. Yet if so be I take and drink that physic up, every drop, yet shall I not quench the fever of my desire.

And lo! now I bid this thy door farewell or ever I go. I know what is to be. The rose is fair and Time withers it, the violet is fair in the year's spring and it quickly groweth old; the lily is white,—it fades when its flowering's done; and white the snow,—it melts all away when the wind blows warm; and even so, the beauty of a child is beautiful indeed, but it liveth not for long. The day will come when you shall love like me, when your heart shall burn like mine, and your eyes weep brinish tears. So I pray you, child, do me this one last courtesy: when you shall come and find a poor man hanging at your door, pass him not by; but stay you first and weep awhile for a libation upon

μηδέ χάλεψεν * έπιτίθλεσθαι Reiske: μηδέ βάλλεσθαι: * δύσις
διατάσσει E; μηδέ λευκός (see on L. 22) * επιτράπεσθαι Wil;
μηδέ καὶ τοῦ διττάσσει E, impersonal; see C.R. 1913, p. 6: μηδέ παχθῆσθαι

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λίστον τὰς σχοίνια με καὶ ἀμφίθεα ἐκ φεύγεων σῶν
εἰματα καὶ κρύψον με, τὸ δὲ αὐτὸν πύματόν με
φύλασσον.

κάν νεκρῷ χαρίσαι τὰ σὰ χεῖλα. μή με φοβαθῆς·
οὐ δύναμαι σίνειν¹ σε διαλλάξεις με φιλάσσας.
χῶμα δέ μοι κοῦλον τι;² τό μεν κρύψει τὸν ἔρωτα,
χωτ' ἀπίης, τόδε μοι τρὶς ἐπάνυσσον· ὃ φίλε κεῖσο.³
ην δὲ θέλης, καὶ τοῦτο· 'καλὸς δέ μοι ὄλεθ'
ἔταιρος.

γράψον καὶ τόδε γράμμα, τὸ σοὶς τοίχοισι
χαράσσω.⁴

*τοῦτον ἔρως ἐκτείνει. οὐδοιπόρε, μὴ παροδεύσῃς,
ἀλλὰ στὰς τόθε λέξον δυημέα εἶγεν ἔταιρον.”*

ώδ' εἰπὼν λίθον ἐλεῖν, ἔρεισάμενος δὲ ἐπὶ τούχῳ
ἄχρι μέσων οὐδῶν φοβερὸν λίθον ἀπτετέντης αὐτὸν⁵

τὰν λεπτὰν σχοινίδα, βρόχου δὲ ἐνέβαλλε⁶ τρα-
χῆλφ,
τὰν εύραν δὲ ἐκύλισεν ἀπαὶ ποδός, ήδ' ἐκρεμάσθη
μερός.

δός αὐτῷ διέβη θύρας καὶ τὸν νεκρὸν εἶδεν
αὐλᾶς ἐξ ιδίας ἡρτημένον, οὐδὲν δινήσχθη
τὰν ψυχάν· οὐ κλαύστε γίοι φόρον, οὐδὲν δὲπὶ τεκρῷ
ἔματα πάντα ἐμίανεν ἐφασικά, βαῖνε δὲς ἀθλα
γυμναστῶν, καὶ ἔκηρλα⁹ φίλους ἐπεμαίετο λουτρῶν,
καὶ ποτὶ τὸν θέσσον ἥλθε, τὸν ὑβριστή λαίνεος¹⁰ δὲ

¹ *εἴρηται οὐκέτε*; *μηνές* ² *πολλοὶ τοιούτοις* *ταῖς* ³ *ταῖς* *χαράσθησαν* ⁴ *εἰς*

⁴ μα (Mus.) καθητής Ε : μα
χειρ² Ε : μασ ειρ. corr. from χειρ¹
μένης Ε : μασ σίλης ⁴ χαρίστω
ετ² Mus : μασ δέοτ¹ αύτων Mus :

him, and then loosing him from the rope, put about him some covering from your own shoulders; and give him one last kiss, for your lips will be welcome even to the dead. And never fear me; I cannot do thee any mischief; thou shalt kiss and there an end. Then pray thee make a hole in some earthy bank for to hide all my love of thee; and ere thou turn thee to go thy ways, cry over me three times 'Rest, my friend,' and if it seem thee good cry also 'My fair companion's dead.' And for epitaph write the words I here inscribe upon thy wall:

*Here's one that died of love; good wayfarer,
Stay thee and say: his was a cruel fern."*

This said, he took a stone and set it up, that dreadful stone, against the wall in the midst of the doorway; then tied that slender string unto the porch above, put the noose about his neck, rolled that footing from beneath his feet, and lo! he hung a corpse.

Soon that other, he opened the door and espied the dead hanging to his own doorway; and his stubborn heart was not bended. The new-done myrder moved him not unto tears, nor would he be defiling all his young lad's garments with a dead corpse; but went his ways to the wrestling-boats and betook himself light of heart to his beloved bath. And so came he unto the God he had slighted. For

μνοί αὐτοῖς * οὐβάλλει or ιαβάλλει Μύρδη; μνοί ιβαλλεῖ
? αἰδή Ε: μνοί δάλω * ιμπλαισσει Ε: μνοί ιμπλαισσει δάλω
Ahrens: μνοί δάλω * ιασφή Wil: μνοί άε * αυτρέσις E:
μνοί λαυρέσις

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ἴστατ' ἀπὸ κρηπίδος ἐς ὕδατα· τῷ δὲ ἐφύπερθεν
ἄλατο καὶ τῶγαλμα, κακὸν δὲ ἔκτινεν ἐφαβον
νῦμα¹ διὰ ἐφουίχθη παιδὸς δὲ ἐπενάχετο φωνά·
“χαίρετε τοὶ φιλέσυντες· οὐ γὰρ μασῶν ἐφονεύθη.
στέργετε δὲ οἱ μισεῦντες· οὐ γάρ θεὸς οἶδε δικάζειν.”

¹ νῦμα Reiske: μασά ἔμα

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there stood an image of him upon the margin looking towards the water. And lo! even the graven image leapt down upon him and slew that wicked lad ; and the water went all red, and on the water floated the voice of a child saying " Rejoice ye that love, for he that did hate is slain ; and love ye that hate, for the God knoweth how to judge."



XXIV.—THE LITTLE HERACLES

*This Epic poem, unlike the *Hylas*, is not an artistic whole. It tells first how the infant Heracles killed the two snakes sent by the outraged Hera to devour him, and next of the rites which the seer Teiresias advised his mother Alcmena to perform in order to avert her wrath. We are then told of the education of Heracles, and the poem breaks off abruptly after an account of his diet and clothing. Such a poem, however, would doubtless be acceptable at the Alexandrian court in the early years of the child who was afterwards Ptolemy III. For the Ptolemies claimed descent from Heracles.*

XXIV.—ΗΡΑΚΛΙΣΚΟΣ

Ἡρακλέα δεκάμηνον ἔόντα πόχ' ἀ Μιδεᾶτις
 Ἀλκεμήνα καὶ νυκτὶ νεώτερον Ἰφικλῆα
 ἀμφοτέρους λούσασα καὶ ἐμπλήσασα γάλακτος,
 χαλκείαν κατέθηκεν ἐφ ἀσπίδα, τὰν Πτερελάου
 Ἀρφιτρίων καλὸν δπλον ἀπεσκύλευσε πεσόντος.
 ἀπτομένα δὲ γυνά κεφαλᾶς μυθήσατο παῖδων
 " εὗδετ' ἐμὰ βρέφια γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὑπνον,
 εὗδετ' ἐμὰ ψυχᾶ, δῦ ἀβελφεοί, εὔσοα τέκνα·
 δλβιοι εὐνάζοισθε καὶ δλβιοι ἄνω ἵκοισθε."¹
 ὃς φαμένα δίναστε σάκος μέγα· τοὺς δὲ ἐλαβ' ὑπνος.
 ἀμος δὲ στρέφεται μεσονύκτιον ἐς δύσιν Ἀρκτος 10
 Ὄριωνα κατ' αὐτόν, δὲ ἀμφαῖναι μέγαν ὅμον,
 τάμος ἄρ' αἰνὰ πέλωρα δύω πολυμήχανος Ἡρη
 κναυέαις φρίσσοντας ὑπὸ σπείραισι δράκοντας
 ὥρσεν ἐπὶ πλατὺν οὐδόν, δθι σταθμὰ κοῖλα θυριῶν
 οἰκου, ἀπειλήσασα φαγεῖν βρέφος Ἡρακλῆα.
 τῷ δὲ ἔξειλυσθέντες ἐπὶ χθονὶ γαστέρας ἀμφω
 αίμοβόρους ἐκύλιον ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν δὲ κακὸν πῦρ
 ἐρχομένοις λαμπεσκε, βαρὺν δὲ ἔξεπτυσον λόν.
 ἀλλ' δτε δὴ παῖδων λιχμώμενοι ἐγγύθεν ἡλθον, 20
 καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἔξεγροντο, Διός νοέοντος ἀπαντα,
 Ἀλκεμήνας φίλα τέκνα, φάος δὲ ἀνὰ οἰκον ἐτύχθη.
 ἦτοι δγ' εὐθὺς ἀύσεν, δπως κακὰ θηρῶν ἀνέγνω

¹ Ιανούσθε : πλα αλσο θεατε

XXIV.—THE LITTLE HERACLES

Once upon a time when the little Heracles was ten months old, Alcmena of Midea took him and Iphieles that was his younger by a night, and laid them, washed both and suckled full, in the fine brazen buckler Amphitryon had gotten in spoil of Pterelatus, and setting her hand upon their heads said “Sleep my babes, sleep sweetly and light; sleep, sweethearts, brothers twain, goodly children. Heaven prosper your slumbering now and your awakening to-morrow.” And as she spake, she rocked the great targe till they fell asleep.

But what time the Bear swings low towards her midnight place over against the uplifted shoulder of mighty Orion, then sent the wily Hera two dire monsters of serpents, bridling and bristling and with azure coils, to go upon the broad threshold of the hollow doorway of the house, with intent they should devour the child Heracles. And there on the ground they both untwined their ravening bellies and went writhing forward, while an evil fire shined forth of their eyes and a grievous venom was spued out of their mouth. But when with tongues flickering they were come where the children lay, on a sudden Alcmena’s little ones (for Zeus knew all) awoke, and there was made a light in the house. Iphieles, he straightway cried out when he espied the evil beasts and their pitiless fangs

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοῖλου ὑπὲρ σάκεος καὶ ἀναιδέας εἶδεν ὁδόντας,
 Ἰφικλέης, οὐλαιν δὲ ποσὶν διελάκτισε χλαιῖγαν,
 φευγόμενος δρμαίνων ὃ δὲ ἐναντίος ἦτο¹ χερσὶν
 Ἡρακλέης, ἄμφω δὲ βαρεῖ ἐνεδῆσατο δεσμῷ,
 δραξάμενος φάρμυτος, τόθι φάρμακα λυγρὰ τέτυκται²
 οὐλομένοις ὀφίεσσιν, ἢ καὶ θεοὶ ἔχθαιροντι.

τῷ δὲ αὐτεῖ σπείραισιν ἐλισσέσθην περὶ παιδα³
 ὄφιγονον γαλαθῆνὸν ὑπὸ τροφῷ αἰὲν ἀδακρυν-
 ἀψ δὲ πάλιν διέλυνον, ἐπει μογέσιεν ἀκάνθας,
 δεσμοῦ ἀναγκαῖον πειρώμενοι ἐκλυσιν εὑρεῖν.

“Αλκμήνα δὲ ἐσάκουσε βοᾶς καὶ ἐπέγρετο⁴ πράτῳ·
 “ἄνταθ⁵” Λιμφιτρύων ἐμὲ γὰρ ἐός ἴσχει ὀκτυρόν·
 ἀντα, μηδὲ πόδεσσι τεοῖς ὑπὸ σάνδαλα θείῃ,
 οὐκ ἀλεις, παιδῶν ὁ νεώτερος ὅσσον ἀυτεῖ;
 ἡ οὐ νοέεις, ὅτι νυκτὸς ἀωρὶ που, οἱ δέ τε τοῖχοι
 πάντες ἀριφραδέεις καθαρᾶς ἀπερ⁶ ἡρυγενείας;
 ἐσπιτί μοι κατὸ δῶμα νεώτερον, ἔστι φίλ’ ἀνδρῶν,”
 θὼ φάθ⁷. ὃ δὲ ἐξ εἰνᾶς ἀλόχῳ κατέβαινε πιθησαν-
 διαδάλεον δὲ ἄρματε μετὰ ξίφος, ὃ οἱ ὑπερθεν-
 κλιμτῆρος κεδρίνου περὶ παστάλῳ αἰὲν ἀωρτο.
 ἥτοι διγ⁸ ὠριγράτο νεοκλώστου τελαμῶνος,
 κουφίζων ἑτέρῳ κόλεόν, μέγα λόγτων ἔργον,
 ἀμφιλαφή δὲ ὅρα παστάς ἀνεπλήσθη πάλιν
 ὄρφνας.

διμῶς δὴ τότ⁹ ἀγαεν ὑπνον βαρὺν ἐκφυσῶντας
 “οἴστετε πύρ¹⁰ δὲ βάσσον ἀπ’ ἐσχαρεῶνος ἐλόιτες,
 διμῶες ἤμοι¹¹ στιβαροὺς δὲ θυρᾶν ἀνεκόψατ¹² δχῆας.

¹ Ήτο Μεινηκε : πινείχετο

² πινείχετο εἰκρυπταὶ

³ επέγρετο : πινείχετο εἰκρυπταὶ

⁴ επέγρετο : πινείχετο εἰκρυπταὶ

⁵ ἀνταθ⁵ Βλασ : πινείχετο εἰκρυπταὶ

⁶ επέγρετο : πινείχετο εἰκρυπταὶ

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¹⁵⁴ επέγρετο :

above the target's rim, and kicked away the woollen coverlet in an agony to flee; but Hercules made against them with his hands, and griping them where lies a baneful snake's fell poison hated even of the Gods, held them both fast bound in a sure bondage by the throat. For a while therewith they two wound their coils about that young child, that suckling babe at nurse which never knew tears; but soon they relaxed their knots and loosed their weary spines and only strove to find enlargement from out those irresistible bonds.

Alemeda was the first to hear the cry and awake. "Arise, Amphitryon," quoth she; "for as for me I cannot arise for fear. Up then you, and tarry not even till you be shod. Hear you not how the little one cries? and mark you not that all the chamber walls are bright as at the pure day-spring hour, though sure 'tis the dead of night? Troth, something, dear lord, is amiss with us." At these her words he up and got him down from the bed, and leapt for the damasked brand which ever hung to a peg above his cedar couch, and so reached out after his new-spun baldrie even as with the other hand he took up his great scabbard of lotus-wood. Now was the ample bower filled full again of darkness, and the master cried upon his bond-servants that lay breathing slumber so deep and loud, saying "Quick, my bond-servants! bring lights, bring lights from the brazier," and so thrust his stout door-pins back. Then "Rouse ye," quoth the

"ἄρστατε δυῶες ταλασίφρονες, αὐτὸς ἄυτεῖ." 50

ἢ ἡ γυνὴ Φοίνισσα μύλαις ἐπὶ κοῖταν ἔχουσα,
οἵ δὲ αἴψα προγένοντο λύχνοις ἀμά δαιομένοισι
δυῶες ἐνεπλήσθη δὲ δόμος σπεύδοντος ἐκάστου.
ἡτοι ἀρ' ὡς εἶδοντ¹ ἐπιτίθιον Ἡρακλῆα
Θῆρε δύω χείρεσσιν ἀπρίξ ἀπαλαῖσιν ἔχοντα,
συμπλήγδην ἴαχησαν· οἱ δὲ ἐς πατέρα· Ἀμφιτρύωνα
ἐρπετὰ δεικνύασκεν, ἐπάλλετο δὲ ἵψθι· χαίρων
κουροσύνῃ, γελάσας δὲ πάρος κατέβηκε ποδοῖν
πατρὸς ἐοῦ θανάτῳ κεκαρωμένα δεινὰ πέλμα.

'Ἀλκμήνα μὲν ἐπείτα ποτὶ σφέτερον βάλλε κόλπον οὐ
Ξηρὸν ὑπαὶ δείους ἀκρόχλοον² Ἰφικλῆα.

'Ἀμφιτρύων δὲ τὸν ἄλλον ὑπὸ ὁμνέαν θέτο χλαινὰν
παῖδα, πάλιν δὲ ἐς λέκτρον ἵων ἐμνάσατο κοίτου.

δρυιθες τρίτον ἄρτι τὸν ἐσχατον δρθρον δειδον.
Τειρεσίαν τόκα μώτιν ἀλαθέα πάντα λέγοντα
'Ἀλκμήνα καλέσασα χρέος³ κατέλεξε νεοχυδιν,
καὶ οὐν ὑποκρίνεσθαι, διπας τελέσθαι ἐμελλεν,
ηνύγει· "μηδὲ εἰ τι θεοὶ ιοέοντι πονηρόν,
αἰδόμενος ἐμὲ κρίπτε· καὶ ὡς οὐκ ἔστιν ἀλύξαι
ἀνθρώποις, διτι Μοῖρα κατὰ κλωστῆρος ἐπέγει.
ἄλλα⁴ Εὐηρεῖα μάλα σε φρανέοντα διδάσκω."
τόσσον ἐλεγεν βασίλεια· οἱ δὲ ἀνταμείβετο τοίοις·
"θάρσει ἀριστοτόκεια γύναι, Περσῆιον αἷμα,
θάρσει· μελλόντων δὲ τὸ λώιον ἐν φρεσὶ θέσσον.⁵
ναὶ γάρ ἐμῶν⁶ γλυκὺν φέργυος ἀποιχόμενον πάλαι
δισσῶν,

¹ χρίεται πίνειν αἴρειν τίραν ² καὶ Λ' Αἴρεται· πίνει μάντις οὐ
μάντιν ³ ταῖαι Briggs· πίνει τοιαῦτα οὐ ταῖαι ⁴ θίσσαι Ε,
et. Sappho 78 and Nicias A.P. 9. 566· πίνει θίσσαι οὐ μάντι
⁵ θίσσαι Ε· πίνει θίσσαι

Phoenician woman that had her sleeping over the mill, "rouse ye, strong-heart bondservants; the master cries;" and quickly forth came those bond-servants with lamps burning every one, and lo! all the house was filled full of their bustling. And when they espied the suckling Heracles with the two beasts in the clutch of his soft little fingers, they clapped their hands and shouted aloud. There he was, showing the creeping things to his father Amphitryon and capering in his pretty childish glee; then laughing laid the dire monsters before his father's feet all sunken in the slumber of death. Then was Iphicles clapped aghast and palsied with fright to Alcmena's bosom, and the other child did Amphitryon lay again beneath the lamb's-wool coverlet, and so gat him back to bed and took up his rest.

The cocks at third crow were carolling the break of day, when he that never lied, the seer Teiresias, was called of Alcmena and all the strange thing told him. And she bade him give answer how it should turn out, and said "Even though the Gods devise us ill, I pray you hide it not from me in pity; for not even thus may man escape what the spindle of Fate drives upon him. But enough, son of Eueres; verily I teach the wise." At that he made the queen this answer: "Be of good cheer, O seed of Persens, thou mother of noblest offspring; be of good cheer and lay up in thy heart the best hope of that which is to come. For I swear to you by the dear sweet light that is so long gone from my eyes, many the

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πολλαὶ Ἀχαιαδῶν μαλακὴν περὶ γρύνατι νῆμα
χειρὶ κατατρίψουσιν ἀκρέσπεραν ἀείδενται
Ἀλκεμήναν ὄνομαστί, σέβας δὲ ἐστὶ Ἀργείαστι.
τοῖος ἀνὴρ ὃδε μέλλει ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄστρα φέροντα
ἀμβυλεῖται τεὸς νίός, ὅποι στέριων πλατὺς ἡρως,
οὐ καὶ θηρία πάντα καὶ ἀνέρες ἥσσονες ἄλλοι.
διάδεκά οἱ τελέσαντι πεπρωμένον ἐν Διός οἰκεῖν¹
μάχθους, θυητὰ δὲ πάντα πυρὰ Τραχίνιος ἔξει-
γαρβρὸς δὲ ἀθανάτων κεκλήσεται, οἱ ταῦδε ἐπώρσαν
κυάναλα φωλεύοντα βρέφος διαδηλήσασθαι.²
ἄλλη γύναι πῦρ μέν τοι ὑπὸ σπόδον εὔτυκον ἔστω,³
κάγκαρα δὲ ἀσπαλάθους ξῦλ' ἐτοιμάσατ' οὐ παλι-
σύρσου

ἢ βάτου ή ἀνέμῳ δεδονημένον αὖν ἄχερδον
καὶ εἰ δὲ τῷδε ἀγρίαισιν ἐπὶ σχίζαισι δράκοντες
μυκτὶ μίσθι, ὅκα παῖδα κανεῖν τεὸν ἥθελον αἴτοι.
ηρὶ δὲ συλλέξασα κόνιν πυρὸς ἀμφιπόλων τις
ρεψάτω ἐν μάλα πᾶσαν ὑπὲρ ποταμοῦ φέροντα
ρρογύδας ἐς πέτρας ὑπερούριον, ἢψε δὲ νεέσθω⁴
ἄστρεπτος καθαυῶφε δὲ πυρώσατε δῶμα θεοῖς
πρύτον, ἐπειτα δὲ ἀλεσσοὶ μεμιγμένον, ὡς πιν-
μισταὶ,

θαλλῷ ἐπιφράνειν ἔστεμμέντος⁵ ἀβλαβὲς ὕδωρ
Ζηνὶ δὲ ἐπιρρέξαι καθυπέρτερῳ ἀρσενα χοῖρον,
δυσμενέον αἰεὶ καθυπέρτεροι ὡς τελέθοιτε.”⁶

¹ εἰσεῖν Μύς : τοσοῦ εἰσῆγε ² νείσθω Ηερμαῖπ : τοσαῦ νέασθαι
³ τετέραμέτρη Schlegel : πισσα -ός

Achaean women that as they card the soft wool about their knees at even, shall sing hereafter of the name of Alemena, and the dames of Argos shall do her honour of worship. So mighty a man shall in this your son rise to the star-laden heavens, to wit a Hero broad of breast, that shall surpass all flesh, be they man or be they beast. And 'tis decreed that having accomplished labours twelve, albeit all his mortal part shall fall to a pyre of Trachis, he shall go to dwell with Zeus, and shall be called in his marriage a son of the immortals, even of them who despatched those venomous beasts of the earth to make an end of him in his cradle. But now, my lady, let there be fire ready for thee beneath the embers, and prepare ye dry sticks of bramble, brier, or thorn, or else of the wind-fallen twigs of the wild pear-tree; and with that fuel of wild wood consume thou this pair of serpents at midnight, even at the hour they chose themselves for to slay thy son. And betimes in the morning let one of thy handmaids gather up the dust of the fire and take it to the river-cliff, and cast it, every whit and very carefully, out upon the river to be beyond your borders; and on her homeward way look she never behind her: next, for the cleansing of your house, first burn ye therein sulphur pure, and then sprinkle about it with a wool-wound branch innocent water mingled, as the custom is, with salt: and for an end offer ye a boar pig to Zeus pre-eminent, that so ye may ever remain pre-eminent above your enemies."

55 Ιεραὶ δὲ τοῦτοι ἀναρ, ὅπωνται εὐθὺς οἱ εἴδη
καρχηδόνων σίγρασται λίθοι λόχοι τὸν διανήσουσι.

These lines were rightly omitted by Briggs as due to a Christian interpolator.

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φᾶ, καὶ ἔρωισας ἐλεφάντιον ὥχετο δίφρον
Τειρεσίας πολλοῖσι θαρύ περ ἔων ἐμιαυτοῖς.

Ἡρακλέης δὲ ὑπὸ ματρὶ νέου φυτὸν ὡς ἐν ἀλιῳ
ἐτρέφετ' Ἀργείου κεκλημένος Ἀμφιτρύωνος,
γράμματα μὲν τὸν παιδία γέρων Δίνος ἔξεδίδαξεν,
ιὺδος Ἀπόλλωνος μελέδωνεύς ἄγρυπνος ἥρως,
τόξον δὲ ἐντανύσσαι καὶ ἐπὶ σκοπὸν εἶναι δίστον
Εέρυτος ἐκ πατέρων μεγάλαις ὄφνεις ἀρούραις.
αὐτάρ ἀποδὸν θῆκε καὶ ἀμφὶ χεῖρας ἐπλασσε
πυξίνα ἐν φόρμῃ γυνὴ Φιλαμμονίας Εῦμολπος. 110
ὅσσα δὲ ἀπὸ σκελέων ἔδροστρόφοι Ἀργόθεν ἀνδρες
ἀλλάλους σφάλλουσι παλαιόσμασι, ὅσσα τε
πύκται

δεινοὶ ἐν ἴματεσσιν, ἢ τὸν γαῖαν προπεσόντες
πάρμαχοι ἐξένροντο σοφίσματα¹ σύμφορα τέχνῃ,
πάντ' ἔμαθ' Ἐρμεία διδασκόμενος παρὰ παιδὶ²
Ἀρπαλύκεφ Φανοτῆ, τὸν οὐδὲ ἀν τηλάθε λεύσσων
θαρσαλέως τις ἔμεινεν δεθλεύοντ' ἐν ἀγῶνι
τοῖον ἐπιτικύνιον βλοστυρῷ ἐπέκειτο προσώπῳ.

ἴππους δὲ ἐξελάσσασθαι ὑφ' ὄρματι, καὶ περὶ
νύσσαν

ἀσφαλέως κάμπτοντα τροχοῦ σύριγγα φυλάξαι, 120
Ἀμφιτρύων δὲ παιδία φίλα φρονήσιν ἐδίδαξεν
αὐτοῖς, ἐπει μάλα πολλὰ θοῶν ἐξ ἥρατ' ἀγῶνων
Ἀργεὶ ἐν ἵπποβότῳ κειμῆλια, καὶ οἱ ἀγεῖς
δίφροι, ἐφ' ἣν ἐπέβασιε, χρόνῳ διέλυσσαν ἴμάντας.
δούρατι δὲ προβολαιόφ ὑπὸ ἀσπίδι τῶτον ἔχοντα
ἀνδρὸς ὄρέξασθαι ξιφίων τὸν ἀνέχεσθαι ἀμυχμόν,
κοσμῆσαι τε φάλαγγα λόχον τὸν ἀναμετρήσασθαι
δυσμενέων ἐπιόντα καὶ ἵππήσσι κελεῦσαι

¹ ποφίσματα Μαινέε: πας παλαιόσματα

So spake Teiresias, and despite the weight of his many years, pushed back the ivory chair and was gone.

And Hercules, called now the son of Amphitryon of Argos, waxed under his mother's eye like a sapling set in a vineyard. Letters learned he of a sleepless guardian, a Hero, son of Apollo, aged Linus; and to bend a bow and shoot arrows at the mark, of one that was born to wealth of great domains, Eurytus; and he that made of him a singer and shaped his hand to the box-wood lyre, was Eumolpus, the son of Philammon. Aye, and all the tricks and falls both of the cross-buttockers of Argos, and of boxers skilly with the hand-strap, and eke all the cunning inventions of the catch-as-catch-can men that roll upon the ground, all these things learnt he at the feet of a son of Hermes, Harpalycus of Phanotè, whom no man could abide confidently in the ring even so much as to look upon him from aloof, so dread and horrible was the frown that sat on his grim visage.

But to drive horses in a chariot and guide the nave of his wheel safely about the turnpost, that did Amphitryon in all kindness teach his son himself; for he had carried off a multitude of precious things from swift races in the Argive grazing-land of steeds, and Time alone had loosed the harness from his chariots, seeing he kept them ever unbroken. And how to abide the cut and thrust of the sword or to lunge lance in rest and shield swung over back, how to marshal a company, measure an advancing squadron of the foe, or give the word to a troop of

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Κίστωρ ἵππελάτας¹ δέδαιν, φυγὰς Ἀργεος ἀλθῶν,
οὐπόκαι κλάρον ἀπαντα καὶ σινόπεδον μέγα Τιθενε 130
ναῖς, παρ' Ἀδρήστοι λαβῶν ἵππηλατον Ἀργος.
Κίστορι δ' οὗτις ὄμοιος ἐν ἡμιθέους πολεμιστής
ἄλλος ἦν πρὸν γῆρας ἀποτρίψαι νεότητα.

ώδε μὲν Ἐρακλῆς φίλα παιδένσατα μάτηρ,
εἰνὰ δ' ἡς τῷ παιδὶ τετυγμένα ἀγχόθι πατρὸς
δέρμα λεύτειον μᾶλα οἱ κεχαρισμένον αὐτῷ,
δεῖπνον δὲ κρίατ² ὄπτα, καὶ ἐν κανέφι μέγας ἄρτος
Διορικός· ἀσφαλέως κε φυτασκάφον ἀνδρα κορίσ-
σαν

αὐτῷ ἐπ' ἀματι τυνρὸν ἄνευ πυρὸς αἴνυτο δόρπου.
εἶματα δ' οὐκ ἀσκητὰ μίσας ὑπέρ ἔνυτο κνάμας. 140

¹ ἵππελάτας Κ: πατα ἵππελίδας ² κρίατ Σ: cL Il. 12. 31; πάσσα κρία τ'.

horse—all such lore had he of horseman Castor, when he came an outlaw from Argos because Tydeus had received that land of horsemen from Adrastus and held all Castor's estate and his great vineyard. And till such time as age had worn away his youth, Castor had no equal in war among all the demigods,

While Heracles' dear mother thus ordered his upbringing, the lad's bed was made him hard by his father's, and a lion-skin it was and gave him great delight; for meals, his breakfast was roast flesh, and in his basket he carried a great Dorian loaf such as might surely satisfy a delving man, but after the day's work he would make his supper sparingly and without fire; and for his clothing he wore plain and simple attire that fell but a little below the knee.

XXV.—HOW HERACLES SLEW THE LION

This *Epic poem* comprises three distinct parts, one of which still bears its separate title. It is not really a fragment, but pretends by a literary convention to be three "books" taken from an *Odyssey*, or rather *Heracleia*, in little. The first part, which bears the traditional stage-direction Heracles to the Husbandman, is concerned first with a description of the great farm of Augeas or Augēas, king of the Epeians of Elis—the same whose stables Heracles at another time cleaned out—put into the mouth of a garrulous old ploughman of whom Heracles has asked where he can find the king; then the old man undertakes to show the mysterious stranger the way, and as they draw near the homestead they have a Homeric meeting with the barking dogs. The second part bears the title 'The Visitation.' In it we are told how the enormous herd of cattle given by the Sun to his child Augeas returned in the evening from pasture, how the king and his son Phyleus took Heracles to see the busy scene in the farmyard, and how Heracles encountered

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the finest bull in the whole herd. In the third part, which has no traditional title, Heracles, accompanied by the king's son, is on his way to the town, and their conversation leads to Heracles' telling how he slew the Nemean lion. There is no ancient authority for ascribing the poem to Theocritus.

XXV.—[ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ ΛΕΟΝΤΟΦΟΝΟΣ]

Τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων προσέειπε βαῶν ἐπίουρος ἀριτρεὺς
παυσάμενος ἔργοιο, τό οἱ μετὰ χερσὶν ἔκειτο·

· ἐκ τοι εἶνε πρόφρων μυθήσομαι δοσ' ἔρεείνει,
Ἐρμέω ἀξόμενος δευτὴν ὅπιν εἰνοδίοιο·
τὸν γάρ φασι μέγιστον ἐπουρανίων κεχολῶσθαι,
εἰ καὶ ὅδον ζαχρέον ἀνήνηται τις ὁδίτην.

ποῖμναι μὲν βασιλῆς ἐντριχες Λάγγειαο
οὐ πᾶσαι βόσκονται λαν βόσιν οὖδ' ἔνα χῶρον
ἄλλ' αὐ μὲν φα νέμονται ἐπ' δύχθαις Εἰδίσσοντος,¹
αὐ δ' ἵερὸν θεοίο παρὰ ρέον Λλφειοίο,
αὐ δ' ἐπὶ Βουνπρασίου πολυβότρυνος, αὐ δὲ καὶ ὅδε
χωρὶς δὲ σηκοὶ σφι τετυγμένοι εἰσὶν ἐκάσται.
αὐτὰρ Βουκολοίοισι περιπλήθουσι περ ἔμπης
πάντεσσιν νομοὶ ὅδε τεθηλότες αὖτε ἔασι·
Μηνίουν ἀμ μέγα τῆφος, ἐπεὶ μελιηδέα ποίην
λειμῶνες θαλέθουσιν ὑπέδροσοι εἰσμεναλ τε
αἱ ἄλις, η ἥρα βοεσσι μέρος κεραῦσιν ἀέξει.
αὐλις δέ σφισιν ἥδε τεῆς ἐπὶ δεξιὰ χειρὸς
φαίνεται εὐ μᾶλα πᾶσα πέρην ποταμοῖο ῥέοντος
κείνη, δθι πλατάνιστοι ἐπηεταναι πεφύασι
χλωριή τ' ἀγριέλαιος, Ἀπόλλωνος νομίοιο
ιερὸν ἀγνόν, ξεῖνε, τελειοτάτοο θεοῖο.
εὐθὺς δὲ σταθμοὶ περιμήκεες ἀγροιώταμε

¹ Εἰδίσσοντος Meinake: τις ἀμφ' ἐλισσοῦντος

XXV.—[HOW HERACLES SLEW THE LION]

AND the old ploughman that was set over the kine ceased from the work he had in hand, and answered him, saying : " Sir, I will gladly tell you all you ask of me. Trust me, I hold the vengeance of Hermes o' the Ways in mickle awe and dread ; for they say he be the wrathfullest God in Heaven an you deny a traveller guidance that hath true need of it.

King Augæas' fleecy flocks, good Sir, feed not all of one pasture nor all upon one spot, but some of them be tended along Heilisson, others beside divine Alpheus' sacred stream, others again by the fair vineyards of Buprasium, and yet others, look you, hereabout : and each flock hath his several fold builded. But the herds, mark you, for all their exceeding number, find all of them their fodder sprouting ever around this great mere of river Menius ; for your watery leas and fenny flats furnish honey-sweet grass in plenty, and that is it which swells the strength of the horned kine. Their steading is all one, and 'tis there upon your right hand beyond where the river goes running again : there where the outspreading platans and the fresh green wild-olive, Sir, make a right pure and holy sanctuary of one that is graciousest of all Gods, Apollo o' the Pastures. Hard by that spot there are builded rare and roomy quarters for us swains that

'goes running again' : after leaving the mere,

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δέδμηνθ'. οἱ βασιλῆι πολὺν καὶ ἀθέσφατον δλβον
ρυνμεθ' ἐνδυκέως, τριπόλοις σπόρον ἐν νειοῖσιν
έσθ' δτε βάλλοντες καὶ τετραπόλοισιν ὄμοιώς.

οὔρους μὴν ἵσται φυτοσκάφοι ἀμπελοεργοί,¹
ἐς ληγοὺς δ' ἴκνεῦνται, ἐπὶν θέρος ὥριον ἔλθη,
πᾶν γὰρ δὴ πεδίον τόδ' ἐπίφρονος Λύγειο,
πυροφοροι τε γύναι καὶ ἀλωαὶ δενδρήσσται,
μέχρις ἐπ' ἐσχατιὰς πολυπίδακος Ἀκρωτρεῖη,
ἀς ἡμεῖς ἔργοισιν ἐποιχόμεθα πρόπταν ἡμαρ,
ἡ δικη οἰκήσων οἴστιν βίος ἐπλετ' ἐπ' ἀγροῦ.

ἄλλὰ σύ πέρ μοι ἔνισπε, τό τοι καὶ κέρδοιον αὐτῷ
ἔσσεται, οὐτινος ἄδε κεχρημένος εἰληλουθας.
ἥτι Λύγειην ἡ καὶ δμῶν τιὰ κείνου
δίζει, οἱ οἱ ἵσταιν; ἦγὰ δέ κέ τοι σάφα εἰδὼς
πάντα μᾶλλ' ἔξεποιμ',² ἐπεὶ οὐ σύγε φημι κακῶν ἐξ
ἔμμεναι οὐδὲ κακοῖσιν ἐοικότα φύμεναι αὐτόν,
οἵον τοι μέγα εἶδος ἐπιπρέπει. ἡρά νυ παῖδες
ἀθανάτων τοιούδε μετὰ θυητοῦσιν ἔστι.

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Δίος ἐς ειρος
νέός.

· ναὶ γέρον Λύγειην ἔθέλοιμι κεν ἀρχὸν Ἐπειῶν
εἰσιδέειν τοῦ γάρ με καὶ ἥγαγεν ἐνθάδε χρειώ.
εἰ δ' ὁ μὲν ἄρ κατὰ ἀστυ μένει παρὰ οἰσι πολίταις
δήμους κηδόμενος, διὰ δέ κρίνουσι θέμιστας,
δμῶν δή τενα πρέσβυ σύ μοι φρύστον ἥγεμονεύσας,
δστις ἐπ' ἀγρῶν τῶνδε γεραιτερος αἰσυμητης,
ικε τὸ μὲν εἴποιμι, τὸ δέ ἐκ φαμένοιο πυθοίμην.
ἄλλου δ' ἄλλον ἔθηκε θεὸς ἐπιδενέα φωτῶν.

τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἔξαυτις ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀροτρεύς,
· ἀθανάτων ὁ ξεῖνε φραδῆ τινος ἐνθάδ' ικάνεις,

¹ ἀμπελοεργοί Wil: ταῦτα τελέσσημι ² ταῦτα αἰσυμεῖται
τελέσσει

keep close watch over the king's so much and so marvellous prosperity; aye, we often turn the same fallows for the sowing three and four times in the year.

And as for the skirts of this domain, they are the familiar place of the busy vine-planters, who come hither to the vintage-home when the summer draweth to its end. Yea, the whole plain belongeth unto sapient Augeas, alike fat wheathfield and bosky vineyard, until thou come to the uplands of Acroreia and all his fountains; and in this plain we go to and fro about our labour all the day long as behoveth bondsmen whose life is upon the glebe.

But now pray tell me you, Sir,—as 'faith, it shall be to your profit—what it is hath brought you hither. Is your suit of Augeas himself, or of one of the bondsmen that serve him? I may tell you, even I, all you be fain to know, seeing none, I trow, can be of ill seeming or come of ill stock that makes so fine a figure of a man as you. Marry, the children of the Immortals are of such sort among mortal men."

To this the stalwart child of Zeus answered, saying: "Yea verily, gaffer, I would look upon Augeas the king of the Epeians; that which brings me hither is need of him. And so, if so be that caring for his people he abideth with them at the town to give judgment there, pray, father, carry me to one of the bondsmen that is elder and set in authority over these estates, unto whom I may tell what my suit is and have my answer of him. For 'tis God's will that one man have need of another."

And the gallant old ploughman answered him again: "Sure one of the Immortals, Sir," saith he,

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ώς τοι πᾶν δ' θέλεις αἴψα χρέος ἔκτετέλεσται,
δῆδε γάρ λύγειης, νῦν φίλος "Ηελίοιο,
σφωιτέρῳ σὺν παιδὶ, βίγυ Φυλῆος ἀγανοῦ·
χθιζός γ' εἰλήλουθεν ἀπ' ἀστεος, ἡμασὶ τολλοῖς
κτῆσιν ἐποφόμενος, ή οἱ νηριθμος ἐπ' ἀγρῶν
ῶς που καὶ βασιλένσιν ἑλθεται ἐν φρεσὶν ἥσιν
αὐτοῖς κηδουμένοισι σαῶτερος ἔμμεναι οἶκος.
ἀλλ' ίομεν μάλα πρὸς μιν ἐγὼ δέ τοι ἡγεμονεύσω 60
αὖλιν ἔφ' ἡμετέρην, ἵνα κεν τέτμωιμεν ἄνακτα·'

δῶς εἰπὼν ἡγεῖτο, νῦν δ' ὅγε πόλλα' ἔμενοίνα,
δέρμα τε θηρὸς ὄρῶν χειροπληθῆ τε κορύνην,
οὐππόθεν ὁ ξεῖνος· μεμόνει¹ δέ μιν αὖν ἔρεσθαι·
ἄψ δ' ὀκνῷ ποτὶ χεῖδος ἐλάμβανε μῦθον ἴοντα,
μή τί οἱ οὐ κατὰ καιρὸν ἐπος προτιμυθῆσαιτο
σπερχομένου· χαλεπὸν δ' ἐτέρου οὗσον ιδμεναι
ἀνδρός.

τοὺς δὲ κύνες προσιόντας ἀπόπροθεν αἰψ'
ἐνόησαν,

ἀμφότερον ὁδοῦ τε χροὸς δούπῳ τε ποδοῦν.
θεσπέσιον δ' ὑλάσοντες ἐπέθραμον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος 70
"Αμφιτρυωνάδη" Ἡρακλέϊ· τὸν δέ γέροντα
ἀχρείον κλαίζον τε περίσσαινόν θ' ἐτέρωθεν.
τοὺς μὲν ὅγε λάεσσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς δασσον μεριῶν
φευγέμεν ἄψ δπίσω δειδίσσετο, τρηχὺ δὲ φωιτῇ
ἡπεῖλει μάλα πᾶσιν, ἐρητύσασκε δ' ὑλαγμοῦ,
χαιρῶν ἐν φρεσὶν ἥσιν, ὁδούνεκεν αὖλιν ἔρυντο
αὐτοῦ γ' οὐ παρεόντος· ἐπος δ' ὅγε τοῖον ἔειπεν·

¹ μεμόνει Βαττωμαππ: πασ μέμονε, μέμονε, μέμαν

"hath sent you this way, so quickly come you by all you would. Augeas child of the Sun is here, and that piece of strength, his son the noble Phylens, with him. 'Twas only yesterday he came from the town for to view after many days the possessions he hath without number upon the land. For in their hearts, 'faith, your kings are like to other men; they wot well their substance be surer if they see to it themselves. But enough; go we along to him. I will show you the way to our steading, and there it is like we find him."

With this he led on, musing as well he might concerning the skin of a beast he saw the stranger clad in, and the great club that filled his grasp, and whence he might be come; aye, and was minded and minded again to ask him right out, but ever took back the words that were even upon his tongue, for fear he should say him somewhat out of season, he being in that haste; for 'tis ill reading the mind of another man.

Now or ever they were come nigh, the dogs were quickly aware of their coming, as well by the scent of them as by the sound of their footfalls, and made at Heracles Amphitryoniad from this, that, and every side with a marvellous great clamour; and the old man, they bayed him likewise, but 'twas for baying's sake, and they fawned him about on the further side. Then did gaffer with the mere lifting stones from off the ground fray them back again and bespeak them roughly and threateningly, every one, to make them give over their clamour, howbeit rejoicing in his heart that the steading should have so good defenders when he was away; and so upspake and

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· ὃ τόποι, οἷον τοῦτο θεοὶ ποίησαν ἀνάκτες
 θηρίον ἀνθρώπουσι μετέμμεναι, ὡς ἐπιμηθόες.¹
 εἴ οἱ καὶ φρένες ὧδε τοῦμονες ἔνδοθεν ἔσαν,
 ὥδε δ', φ τε χρὴ χαλεπαινέμεν φ τε καὶ οὐκί,
 οὐκ ἄν οἱ θηρῶν τις ἐδήρισεν περὶ τιμῆς·
 νῦν δὲ λίγην ζάκοτόν τε καὶ ἀρρηνὸς γένετ' αὐτῶς·
 ἡ ρά, καὶ ἐστυμένως ποτὶ τωῦλιον ξένον ιέντες.

ΕΠΙΠΛΑΝΤΙΚ

· Ήδησ μὲν ἐπειτα ποτὶ ζόφου ἑτραπεν² ἵππους
 δεῖλον ἡμαρ ἄγων· τὰ δὲ ἐπηλυθε πίστα μῆλα
 ἐκ βοτάνης ἀκούτα μετ' αὐλίᾳ τε σηκοῖς τε·
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα βόες μῆλα μυρίαι ἀλλαι ἐπ' ἄλλαις
 ἐρχόμεναι φαίνονθ' ώστε νέφη οὐδατόεστα,
 ἀσσα τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ εἰσιν ἀλαυνόμενα προτέρωσε 100
 ηὲ νότοιο βίῃ ηὲ Θρηκὸς βορέασ·
 τῶν μέν τ' οὗτις ἀριθμὸς ἐν ἡέρι γίνεται ἴσητων,
 οὐδὲ ἀνυσις τόσα γάρ τε μέγα προτέροισι κυλίνδει
 ἢ ἀνέμον, τὰ δέ τ' ἀλλα κορυσσεται αὐτις ἐπ'
 ἀλλοις·
 τόσσον αἰεὶ μετόπισθε βοῶν ἐπὶ βαυκβλι³ γένει.
 πᾶν δὲ ἀρέτηνεισθη πεδίον, πᾶσαι δὲ κέλευθοι
 ληιδος ἐρχομένης, στέλνοντα δὲ πίστες ἄγροι
 μυκηθμῷ σηκοὶ δὲ βοῶν ῥεῖα πλήσθησαν
 εἰλιπόδων, διεις δὲ κατ' αὐλὰς ηῦδιζοντο.

· ἐνθα μὲν οὗτις ἐκηλος ὀπτειρεσίων περ ἔόντων 100
 εἰστήκει παρὰ βανσὸν ἀνήρ κεχρημένος ἔργου·

¹ ἐπιμηθόες Μυσιγεα: μεσα -θεντι ² Ηετραπεν Μυς: μεσα
 γεττε

said: "Lord! what a fiery inconsiderate beast is here made of the high Gods to be with man! If there were but as great understanding within him, and he knew with whom to be angered and whom to forbear, there's no brute thing might claim such honour as he; but it may not be, and he's nought but a blusterer, wild and uncouth." This said, they quickened their steps and passed on and came to the steading.

THE VISITATION

Now had the sun turned his steeds westward and brought evening on, and the fat flocks had left the pastures and were come up among the farmyards and folds. Then it was that the cows came thousand upon thousand, came even as the watery clouds which, be it of the Southwind or the Northwind out of Thrace, come driving forward through the welkin, till there's no numbering them aloft nor no end to their coming on, so many new doth the power of the wind roll up to join the old, row after row rearing crest ever upon crest—in like multitude now came those herds of kine still up and on, up and on. Aye, all the plain was filled, and all the paths of it, with the moving cattle: the fat fields were thronged and choked with their lowing, and right readily were the byres made full of shambling kine, while the sheep settled themselves for the night in the yards.

Then of a truth, for all there were hinds without number, stood there no man beside those cattle idle for want of nught to do; but here was one took

"fiery inconsiderate": the Greek word means 'one that acts first and thinks afterwards'; see *Class. Rev.*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἔτυμήτοισιν ἴμασι
καλοπέδιλ' ὀράρισκε παρασταδόν ἐγγὺς ἀμέλητιν,
ἄλλος δ' αὖ τέκνα φίλας ὑπὸ μητέρας¹ τε
πινέμεται λαροῖο μεραότα πάγχυ γάλακτος,
ἄλλος ἀμόλγιον εἶχ', ἄλλος τρέφε πίονα τυρόν,
ἄλλος ἐσῆργεν ἐσω ταύρους δίχα θηλειάων.

Δύνγεις δ' ἐπὶ πάντας ἵων θηλεῖτο βοαῦλους,
ἥντινά οἱ κτεάρων κομιδὴν ἐτίθεντο νομῆτε,
σὺν δ' οἷος τε θίη τε βαρύφρονος Ἡρακλῆος
ώμαρτευν βασιλῆι διερχομένῳ μέγαν διβον.

ἔνθα καὶ ἀρρηκτόν περ ἔχων ἐν στήθεσι θυμὸν
Ἀλμυτρυωνιάδης καὶ ἀρηρύτα νιθεμέτις αἰεὶ²
ἐπιπάγλως θαύμαζε θεοῦ³ τύγε μυρίους ἔδυνον
ἰσορόων. οὐ γάρ κεν ἐφασκέ τις οὐδὲ ἐώλπει
ἀνδρὸς ληΐδ' ἐνὸς τόσσην ἔμεν οὐδὲ δέκ' ἄλλων,
οἵτε πολύρρημες πάντων ἐσαν ἐκ βασιλίων.
Ἡλμος δ' φπαιδὸν τόγ' ἔξοχον ὥπασε δῶρον,
ἀφνεῶν μῆλοις περὶ πάντων ἔμινεναι ἀνδρῶν,
καὶ ἡδὸν οἱ αὐτὸς ὅφελλε διαμπερέως βοτὰ πάντα
ἐτ τέλος⁴ οὐ μὲν γάρ τις ἐπῆλυθε νοῦσος ἰκείνου
βουκολίοις, αἴτ' ἔργα καταφθείρουσι⁵ νομῆτων,
αἰεὶ δὲ πλέονες κεραΐ τίνεται, αἴεν ἀμείνους
δεξεος γίνουστο μᾶλ' εἰς ἐτος· οὐ γάρ ἀπασαι
ζωτόκοι τ' ἦσαν περιώσια θηλυτόκοι τε.

ταῖς δὲ τριηκόσιαι ταύροι συνάμ' ἐστιχόωντο
κυήμαργοι θ' ἐλικέτε, διηκόσιοι γέ μν ἄλλοι

¹ thus Mus: παν φίλαις ἵππο μητράσιο ² thus Will: παν
θεῶν ³ καταφθείρουσι Mus: παν φθίνουσι

thongs cut straight and true and had their feet to the hobbles for to come at the milking; here was another took thirsty yearlings and put them to drink of their dams' sweet warm milk; this again held the milking-pail, and that did curd the milk for a good fat cheese, and yonder was one a-bringing in the bulls apart from the heifers. Meanwhile King Augeas went his rounds of the byres to see what care his herdsmen might have of his goods; and through all that great wealth of his there went with him his son also, and deeply pondering, Heracles in his might.

And now, albeit he was possessed within him of a heart of iron ever and without ceasing unmoved, the child of Amphitryon fell marvellously a-wondering, as well he might, when he saw the unnumbered bride-gift of the God. Indeed, no man would have said, nay, nor thought, that so many cattle could belong to ten men, let alone one; and those ten must needs have been rich in sheep and oxen beyond any kings. For the Sun did give him that was his child a most excellent gift, to wit to be the greatest master of flocks in the world; and what is more, himself did make them all to thrive and prosper unceasingly without end, for of all the distempers that destroy the labours of a keeper of oxen never came there one upon that man's herds, but rather did his horned dams wax ever year in year out both more in number and better in kind, being never known to cast their young and all passing good bringers of cow-calves.

Moreover there went with them three hundred bulls, white-shanked and crump-horned, and other

THE BUCOLIC POETS

φοίνικες πάντες δέ ἐπιβήτορες οὐδέ ἔσαν ἥδη.
ἄλλοι δέ αὐτὸν τοῖσι διώδεκα βουκολέοντο
ἱεροὶ Ἡέλιοι· χρόνη δέ ἔσαν ἡῦτε κύκνοι
ἀργυρᾶται, πάσιν δὲ μετέπρεπον εἰλιπόδεσσιν
οἵ καὶ ἀτιμαγέλαι· βίσκοις¹ ἐριθηλέα ποίην
ἐν νομῷ, ὡδὸν ἑκπαγλοι ἐπι σφίσι γαυριόωντο.²
καὶ δέ ποδέτερον ἐκ λασίοι θοοὶ προγενούσιοι θῆρες
ἴσι πεδίον δρυμοῖσι βοῶν ἐνεκ' ἀγρομεγάναν,
πρῶτοι τοιγε μάχηνδε κατὰ χρόδες ἤσαν ὅδμῆν,
βενὸν δέ ἐβρυχώντο φόνον λεῦσσόν τε προσώπῳ.

τῶν μὲν τε προφέρεσκε βίηφί τε καὶ σθένει φ
ἥδ' ὑπεροπλήη Φαέθων μέγας, ὃν ἡα βοτῆρες
ἀστέρι πάντες κύσκον, ὁθούνεκα πολλὸν ἐν ἄλλοις 140
βούσσιν λաντάμπεσκεν, ἀρίζηλος δέ ἐτέτυκτο.
δε δὴ τοι σκύλος αὖν ίδων γαροποιοί λέοντος
αὐτῷ ἐπειτ' ἐπόρουσσεν κύσκοπι³ Ἡρακλῆι
χρίμψασθαι ποτὶ πλευρὰ κάρη στιβαρὸν τε
μέτωπον.

τοῦ μὲν ἀναξ τροσιώντος ἐδρύξατο χειρὶ παχεῖῃ
σκαιοῦ ἄφυρ κεραος, κατὰ δέ αὐχένα νέρθ' ἐπὶ γαῖης
κλάσσε θαρρόπερ ἔόντα, παλιν δέ μιν ὧπεν ὑπίστη
ἥμιν ἐπιβρίσας ὃ δέ οἱ περὶ νεῦρα τανυσθείει
μυῶν ἐξ ὑπάτοιο βρυχλονος δρῦσος ἀνέστη.
Οὐάνιαζεν δέ αὐτός τε ἀναξ νίος τε δαίφρων 150
Φυλεὺς οἵ τ' ἐπὶ βουσὶ καριενίστι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες,
Λαμφιτριωνάδαο βίην ὑπέροπλον ίδόντες.

Τὸ δέ εἰς ἀστυ λιπόντε κατ' αὐτόθι πίουνας ἀγροὺς
ἴσταχέτην, Φυλεύς τε βίη θ' Ἡρακληῖη.

¹ τοιον αλαο γαυριάντες ² ἀτρηματέως Ε, opposed to ἀρι-
αγέλαι (l. 132); cf. Od. 16. 3 which the writer had before
312

two hundred dun, and all leapers grown; and over and above these, there was a herd of twelve sacred to the Sun, and the colour of them glistering white like a swan, so that they did outshine all shambling things; and what is more, they were lone-grazers all in the springing pastures, so marvellous proud were they and haughty; and the same, when swift beasts of the field came forth of the shag forest after the kine that went in herds, ever at the smell of them would out the first to battle, bellowing dreadfully and glancing death.

Now of these twelve the highest and mightiest both for strength and mettle was the great Lucifer, whom all the herdsmen likened to that star, for that going among the other cattle he shined exceeding bright and conspicuous; and this fellow, when he espied that tanned skin of a grim lion, came at the watchful wearer of it for to have at his sides with his great sturdy front. But my lord up with a strong hand and clutched him by the left horn and bowed that his heavy neck suddenly downward, and putting his shoulder to't had him back again; and the muscle of his upper arm was drawn above the sinews till it stood on a heap. And the king marvelled, both he and his son the warlike Phyleus, and the hinds also that were set over the crump-horned kine, when they beheld the mettlesome might of the child of Amphitryon.

Then did Phyleus and Hercules the mighty leave the fat fields behind them and set out for the town.
 him at ll. 68 ff.: *μνη ἅγροις πάνες* (or *σποριδῶν*), but the cattle were not wild.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

λαοφόρου δ' ἐπέβησαν δθι πρώτιστα κελείθου,
λεπτὴν καρπαλίμοισι τρίβον ποσὶν ἔξανύσαντες,
ἢ ὁ δὲ ἀμπελεῶνος ἀπὸ σταθμῶν τετάμυστο
οὐτὶ λίην ἀρίσημος ἐν ὅλῃ χλωρῷ ιοῦσα;¹
τῇ μιν ἄρα προσέειπε Διὸς γόνον ὑψίστοιο
Λύγειο φίλος νίος ἔθεν μετόπισθεν ιόντα,² 160
ἢ κα παρακλίνας κεφαλὴν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὡμον-

* ξεῖνε, πάλαι τινὰ πάγχυ σέθεν πέρι μῆθαι
ἀκούσας
ώς, εἴπερ,³ σφετέρησιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλομαι ἄρτι,
ἥλυνθε γάρ στελχων τις ἀπ⁴ "Αργεος ώς νέον ἱκμήν"
ἐνθάδ⁵ Λχαιός ἀνήρ Ἐλίκης ἐξ ἀγχιάλου,
ἢ δή τοι μιθεῖτο καὶ ἐν πλεόνεσσιν Ἔπειῶν,
οὐνεκεν Ἀργείων τις ἔθεν παρέόντος ὀλεσσε
θηρίον, αἰνολέοντα, κακὸν τέρας ἀγροιώτας,
κοίλην ἀνδριν ἔχοντα Διὸς Νεμέοιο παρ' ἀλσος—
οὐκ οὔδ' ἀτρεκέως ἢ "Αργεος ἐξ ἵεροιο" 170
αὐτόθεν ἡ Τίρινθα νέμων πόδιν ἡὲ Μυκήνην.
ἢ κεινός γ' ἀγόρευε γένος δέ μιν εἶναι ἔφασκεν,
εἰ ἔτεν πέρ ἐγὼ μαμυησκομαι, ἐκ Περσῆος.

Δεκπομαι οὐχ' ἔτερον τόδε τλήμεναι αἰγαλήων
ἢ σέ, δέρμα δέ θηρός, δ τοι περὶ πλευρὰ καλύπτει,⁶
χειρῶν καρπερὸν ἔργον ἀριφραδέως ἀγορεύει,⁷
εἴπ' ἄγε υῦν μοι πρώτον, ἥντα γνώμι κατὰ θυμόν,
ἵρως, εἴτ' ἔτύμως μαντεύομαι εἴτε καὶ οὐκί,
εἰ σύγ' ἐκέινοι, δν ἡμιν ἀκούσοντεσσιν ἔειπεν
οὐξ Ἐλίκηθεν Ἀχαιός, ἐγὼ δέ σε φράζομαι ὁρθῶς· 180
εἴπε δ' ὅπως ὀλούν τόδε θηρίον αὐτὸς ἐπεφνες,

¹ ιεῦσ Ε: πας λούση by confusion with the corrupt end of
l. 160 ² πας also δίστα ³ εἴπερ elliptical as in Plat.
Rep. 497e ⁴ εἰσος λαμῆς Ε 'still (cf. 4. 60) recently (cf.

Their swift feet were gotten to the end of the little path which stretched from the farmsteads through the vineyard and ran not over-clearly in the midst of the fresh greenery, and they were just come to the people's highway, when the dear son of Augeas up and spake to the child of most high Zeus that was following belhind him, and with a little turn of his head over his right shoulder, "Sir," says he, "there's somewhat I had heard of you, and O how late am I, if of you it were, to bethink me on't but now! 'Tis not long since there came hither from Argos an Achaeān of Helicē-by-the-sea, who told a tale, look you, unto more than one of us Epeians, how that he had seen an Argive slay a beast of the field, to wit a lion dire that was the dread of the countryside and had the den of his lying beside the grove of Zeus of Nemea—yet he knew not for sure, he said, whether the man was truly of sacred Argos itself or was a dweller in Tiryns town or in Mycenae. Howbeit, such was his tale, and he said also, if I remember true, that for his lineage the man was of Perseus.

Now methinks there is but one of those men-o'-the-shore could do a deed like that, and you are he; moreover the wild-beast-skin your frame is clad in signifieth clearly enough the prowess of your hands. Come on, my lord, have me well to wit, first whether my boding be true or no, whether you be he the Achaeān of Helicē told us of, and I know you for what you are; and then tell me, pray, how yourself destroyed that same pestilent beast and how

Hom.), i.e. it is a thing that can be still called recent: *ταῦτα διάδημα οὐ πάντα διάδημα*.² Meineke thus transposes the latter halves of 175 and 176.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ὅππως τ' εὐνόρου Νεμέης εἰσῆλυθε χῶρον
οὐ μὲν γάρ κε τόσονδε κατ' Ἀπίδα κινάδαλον
εὔροις

ιμείρων ἔδειν, ἐπεὶ οὐ μᾶλα τηλίκα βόσκε,
ἀλλὰ ἀρκτούς τε σύας τε λύκων τὸ ὄλοφώιον θνος.
τῷ καὶ θαυμάζεσκον ἀκούοντες τότε μῆθον·
οἱ δέ νυ καὶ ψεύδεσθαι ὄδοιπόρον ἴνερ' ἔφαντο
γλώσσης μαψιδίοιο χαριζόμενον παρεοῦσιν."

Ιος εἰπὼν μέσσης ἔξηρώησε κατελεύθουν
Φυλεύς, ὅφρα κιοῦσσιν ἀμά σφισιν ἀρκιος εἶη,
καὶ ἥτι τε ἡγήτερον φαμένου κλύοι Ἡρακλῆος·
ἵς μιν ὁμαρτήσας τοῖφ προσελέξατο μύθῳ.

" ὁ Λύγημάδη, τὸ μὲν ὅττι με πρῶτον ἀνήρει,
αὐτὸς καὶ μᾶλα φέια κατὰ στάθμην ἐνύησας,
ἀμφὶ δέ σοι τὰ ἔκαστα λέγοιμι κε τοῦδε πελώρου
ὅππως ἐκρύανθεν, ἐπεὶ λελίησαι ἀκούειν,
νῦσφιν γ' η ὅθεν ἥλθε· τὸ γάρ πολέων περ ἔοντον
Ἀργείων οὐδείς κεν ἔχοι σάφα μαθήσασθαι
οίον δ' ἀθανάτων τιν' ἔσκομεν ἀνδράσι πῆμα
ἴρων μηνίσαντα Φορωνήσσιν ἐφείγαι. 200
πάντας γάρ πισῆς ἐπικλύζων ποταμὸς ὡς
λίς ἀμοτον κεράτιζε, μᾶλιστα δὲ Βερβιναίους
οἱ ἔθεν ἀγχόμοροι προσιαίον ἀτλητοπαθεῦστες!"

τὸν μὲν ἐμοὶ πρώτιστα τελεῖν ἐπέταξεν ἀεθλον
Ἐνρυσθεύς, κτείναι δέ μ' ἐφίετο θηρίον αἰνόν.
αὐτάρ ἐγώ κέρας ὑγρὸν ἔλων κοῖλην τε φαρέτρην
ἴων ἔμπλειην νεόμην, ἐτέρηθι δέ βάκτρον
εὐπαγής αὐτοφλαιον ἐπηρεφέος κοτίνοιο
ἔμμητρον, τὸ μὲν αὐτὸς ὑπὸ ζαθέερ Ἐλικῶνι

¹ προσταῖος: πών αλον τοῖσιν ἀτλητοπαθεῦστες Ε: πών
Στλητα παθέοντες αρ παθίσαντες

he came to be dwelling in the well-watered vale of Nemea; for I ween you shall not find such a creature as that if you would, the Apian lands around, seeing they breed not anything so huge, but only the bear and the boar and the fell wolf. Therefore, also did they wonder that heard that tale; indeed they said the traveller lied with intent to pleasure the company with an idle tongue."

With these words Phyleus bent him sidelong from the midst of the road both to make room enough for them twain to go together, and that he might the easier hear what Heracles had to say. Who now came abreast of him, and "Son of Augeas" quoth he, "your former question you have answered yourself, readily and aright; but of this monster, being you so desire it, I will tell you how it all fell out every whit, save whence he came; for not one man in all Argos can speak certainly to that; only were we persuaded it was some God sent him to vex the children of Phoroneus because he was wroth concerning some sacrifices. For all the lowlanders were whelmed with him as he had been a river in flood; he plundered them all without cloy or surfeit, but most of all the people of Bembina, whose borders to their very great and intolerable misfortune marched with his.

Now this did Eurystheus make my very first task; he charged me to slay that direful beast. So I took with me my supple bow and a good quiverful of arrows, and in the other hand a stout cudgel, made, without peeling or pithing, of a shady wild-olive which myself had found under holy Helicon and torn up

"the Apian lands": the Peloponneso.

εύρων σὸν πυκνῆσιν ὄλοσχερὲς ἵσπασα βίζαις.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸν χῶρον, ὅθι λίς ἦν, ἴκανον,
 δὴ τότε τόξον ἐλῶν στρεπτὴν ἐπέλασσα κορώνη
 μινείην, περὶ δὲ ἵον ἔχεστονον εἶθαρ ἔθησα.
 πάντη δὲ σπεῖ φέρων ὄλοδὸν τέρας ἐσκυπίαζον,
 εἰ μιν ἐσαθρίσαιμι πάρος τί με κεῖνον ἰδέσθαι.
 ἡματος ἦν τὸ μεστήγυ, καὶ οὐδέποτε Ἰχνια τοῦ¹
 φρασθῆναι δυνάμην οὐδὲ φρυγμοῖσι πυθέσθαι.
 οὐδὲ μὲν ἀνθρώπων τις ἐνὶ βουσὶ καὶ ἕργοις
 φαινόμενος σπορίμοιο δι' αὐλακού, διντύ² ἐροίμην
 ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμοὺς χλωρὸν δέος εἶχεν ἔκαστον. 220
 οὐ μὴν πρὶν πύδας ἐσχον ὄρος τανύφυλλον ἐρευνῶν,
 πρὶν ἰδέειν ἀλκῆς τε μεταυτίκα πειρηθῆναι.

ἥτοι δὲ μὲν σήραγγά προδείδεις ἴστιχεν αἱ ἦν,
 βεβριώκὼς κρειῶν τε καὶ αἴματος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίτας
 αὐχμηρὰς πεπάλακτο φόνῳ χαροπόν τε προσωπον
 στηθεά τε, γλώσσῃ δὲ περιδιχμάτο γένειον.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ δύμνιστιν ἄφαρ σκιεροῖσιν ἐκρύψθην
 ἐν τρίβῳ ὑλήεντι δεδεγμένος ὅππόθ ἵκοιτο,
 καὶ βάλον ὁσσαν ἴώντος ὁριστερὸν ἐς κενεῶνα
 τηῆσίων³ οὐ γάρ τι βέλος διὰ σαρκὸς διλισθεί⁴ 230
 δικρίσειν, χλωρῷ δὲ παλίσσυτον ἐμπεσε ποιή.
 αὐτὰρ δὲ κράτα δαφοινὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὥκ⁵ ἐπάειρε
 θαυμάζήσας, πάντη δὲ διέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσι
 σκεπτόμενος, λαμπροὺς δὲ χανῶν ὑπέδειξεν ὁδον-
 τας.⁶

τῷ δὲ ἐγὼ ἄλλον διστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆς προιαλλον
 ἀσχαλδῶν, δομοὶ δὲ πρὶν ἐτώσιος ἐκφυγε χειρός.
 μεστηγὴ δὲ ἔβαλον στηθέων, ὅθι πνεύμονος ἔδρη.

¹ οἰδέτηρ Cholmeley: παλ εἰδέ δηγο or οἰδέρετε παλ also τοῦ² παλ also ὁστε διδέττας έραινε³ δ Hermann; παλ δτι, δε, δτε⁴ δ added by Hermann

whole and complete with all her branching roots; and so forth and made for those parts where the lion was. Whither when I was come, I took and tipped my string, and straightway notched a bearer of pain and grief, and fell a-looking this way and that way after the pestilent monster, if so be I might espy him ere he should espy me. "Twas midday now, yet could I nowhere mark his track nor hear his roaring; neither was there any man set over a plough-team and the toil of the seed-furrow that I could see and ask of him, seeing pale wan fear kept every man at the farmstead. Howbeit, I never gave over to search the leafy uplands till I should behold him and put my strength speedily to the test.

Now towards evening he came his ways unto his den full fed both of flesh and gore, his tangled mane, his grim visage and all his chest spattered with blood, and his tongue licking his chaps. To waylay him I hid myself quickly in a brake beside the woody path, and when he came near let fly at his left flank. But it availed me not; the barbed shaft could not pass the flesh, but glanced and fell on the fresh green sward. Astonied, the beast lift suddenly up his gory head, and looked about him and about, opening his mouth and showing his glutinous teeth; whereupon I sped another shaft from the string (for I took it ill that the first had left my hand to no purpose), and smote him clean in the middle of the chest where

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἄλλος οὐδὲ ὡς ὑπὸ βύρσαν ἔδυ πολυσῶδυνος ἥσ.

ἄλλος ἐπεσε προπάροιθε ποδῶν ἀνεμάδλιος αὗτως.

τὸ τρίτον αὖ μέλλεσκον ἀσώμενος ἐν φρεσὶ,
αἰνῶς

ἀνερύειν ὃ δέ μὲν εἶδε περιγληνόμενος ὄστοις
θὴρ ἀμοτος, μακρὴν δὲ περὶ ἵρισησιν ἐλιξε
κέρκον, ἀφαρ δὲ μάχης ἐμνήσατο· πᾶς δέ οἱ αὐχῆν
θυμοῦ ἐνεπλήσθη, πυρσαὶ δὲ φριξαν θειρας
σκυζομένῳ, κυρτὴ δὲ ἡμάχις γένεται· ἴντε τόξον,
πάντοθεν ἐλιυθέντος ὑπὸ λαγόνας τε καὶ ἤξιν.
ὡς δὲ ὅταν ἀρματοπηγὸς ἀνὴρ πολέων Ιδριας ἔργων
ὅρπικας κάμπτησιν ἐρινεούν εὐκεάτοιο,¹
θάλψας ἐν πυρὶ πρῶτον, ἐπαξινώ κύκλα δίφρυ·
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲκ χειρῶν ἔφυγεν τανύφλοιος ἐρινεὸς
καμπτόμενος, τηλοῦ δὲ μῆτρα πήδησε σὺν ὄρμῃ·
ὡς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ λέσ αἰνῶς ἀπόπροθεν ἀθρόος ἀλτο
μαιμῶν χροὸς ἀσταῖ ἐγὼ δὲ ἐτέρηφι βέλεμνα
χειρὶ προεσγεθόμην καὶ ἀπ' δώμαν δίπλακα λώπην,
τῷ δὲ ἐτέρῃ ἱσταλον κόρσης ὑπερ αὖν ἀερας
ἡλαστα κάκ κεφαλής, διὰ δὲ ἀνδειχα τριγχὺν ἔαξα
αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ λασίοι καρήατος ἀγυριέλαιον
θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο· πέσεν δὲ πρὸν ἔμ' ἵεσθαι
ἱψόθεν ἐν γαῖῃ, καὶ ἐπὶ τρομεροῖς ποσὶν ἔστη
νευστάζων κεφαλῇ· περὶ γὰρ σκότος ὄσσει οἱ ἀμφω
ἡλθε, θίη σεισθέντος ἐν ὄστέω ἐγκεφάλοιο.

τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ὁδύνησι παραφρούεοντα βαρεῖαις
υασάμενος, πρὸν αὗτις ὑπότροπον ἀμπινυθῆναι,
αὐχένος ἀρρηκταί παρ' ἵλου ἡλαστα² προφθάε,
ἡλψας τόξον ἔραξε πολύρραπτόν τε φαρέτρην·

¹ πας also εὐκεάτοιο ² ἡλαστα: πας also ἡφαστα

the lungs do lie. But nay; not even so was the hide of him to be pierced by the sore grievous arrow; there it fell vain and frustrate at his feet.

At this I waxed exceeding distempered and made to draw for the third time. But, ere that, the ravening beast rolled around his eyes and beheld me, and lashing all his tail about his hinder parts bethought him quickly of battle. Now was his neck brimming with ire, his tawny tresses an-end for wrath, his chine arched like a bow, as he gathered him up all together unto flank and loin. Then even as, when a wainwright, cunning man, takes the seasoned wild-fig boughs he hath warmed at the fire and bends them into wheels for an axled chariot, the thin-rinded figwood escapes at the bending from his grasp and leaps at one bound afar, even so did that direful lion from a great way off spring upon me, panting to be at my flesh. Then it was that with the one hand I thrust before me the cloak from my shoulders folded about my bunched arrows, and with the other lift my good sound staff above my head and down with it on his crown, and lo! my hard wild-olive was broke clean in twain on the mere shaggy pate of that unvanquishable beast. Yet as for him, or ever he could reach me he was fallen from the midst of his spring, and so stood with trembling feet and wagging head, his two eyes being covered in darkness because the brains were all-to-shaken in the skull of him.

Percceiving now that he was all abroad with the pain and grief of it, ere he might recover his wits I cast my bow and my broidered quiver upon the ground and let drive at the nape of that massy

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πηγχον δ' ἐγκρατέως στιβαρὰς σὺν χεῖρας ἔρεισας
 ἔξοπιθεν, μὴ σάρκας ἀποδρύψῃ ὄνύχεσσι,
 προς δ' οὐδας πτέρυνησι πόδας στερεῶς ἐπίεζον
 οὐραιούς¹ ἐπιβάς, πλευρῆσι τε μῆρος ἐφύλασσον,
 μέχρις οὖν ἔξετάνυσσα βραχίονος² ὥρθον ἀείρας 270
 ἀπνευστον, ψυχὴν δὲ πελώριος Ἑλλαβεν³ Αἰδιον.

καὶ τότε δὴ βουλευον, ὅπως λασιαύχενα βύρσαν
 θηρὸς τεθνειώτος ἀπὸ μελέων ἐρυσαίμην,
 ὄργαλέον μᾶλλα μόχθον, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἦν οὔτε⁴ σιδήρῳ
 οὔτε λίθοις τμητὴ⁵ πειρωμένῳ οὐδὲ μεν ὅλῃ.
 ἐνθα μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε νοῆσαι
 αὐτοῖς δέρμα λέοντος ἀνασχίζειν ὄνύχεσσι.
 τοῖσι θοῶς ἀπέδειρα, καὶ ἀμφεθέμην μελέεσσιν
 ἕρκος ἐννυαλίου ταμεσίχροος ἰωχμοῖο.

οὕτος τοι Νεμέου γένετ' ὁ φίλε θηρὸς δλεθρος, 280
 πολλὰ πάρος μῆλοις τε καὶ ἀνδράσι κιῆδεα θέντος.⁶

¹ παν εἰσο αἴραιν and αἴραιν ² παν also μέχρι αἱ Κ:
 παν εἰ παν and Μαυρίς also δραχιονει and -νε ³ παν
 also Ἑλλαβεν ⁴ οὐσ αἴρε Wil : παν έρχε ⁵ thus Meineke:
 παν τμητὴ οὖδε αἴραιν

neck. Then from the rear, lest he should tear me with his talons, I gat my arms about his throat, and treading his hind-paws hard into the ground for to keep the legs of them from my sides, held on with might and main till at length I could rear him backward by the foreleg, and so stretched him strangled on the ground, and vasty Hades received his spirit.

That done, I fell a-pondering how I might flay me off the dead beast's shag-neck'd skin. 'What a task!' thought I; for there was no cutting that, neither with wood nor with stone nor yet with iron. At that moment one of the Immortals did mind me I should cut up the lion's skin with the lion's talons. So I to it, and had him flayed in a trice, and cast the skin about me for a defence against the havoe of gashing war.

Such, good friend, was the slaying of the Lion of Nemea, that had brought so much and sore trouble both upon man and beast."

XXVI.—THE BACCHANALS

This poem was probably written in honour of the initiation of a boy of nine into the mysteries of Dionysus by a mock slaying-rite. That young children were initiated into these mysteries is clear from a poem of Antistius in the Anthology, which may have been written for a similar occasion; and in Callimachus Artemis asks that her maiden attendants shall be nine years old.¹ In this poem the father describes the slaying of Pentheus by his mother, and takes credit to himself for following her example. The slaying of the boy is the bringing of him to Dionysus, even as the eagles made Ganymede immortal by bringing him to Zeus. The poem is almost certainly not by Theocritus, but such poems may well have figured in the competitions mentioned in line 112 of the Ptolemy.

¹ Antist. Anth. Pal. 11. 40, Callim. 3. 14, quoted by Cholmeley.

XXVI.—ΛΗΝΑΙ Η ΒΑΚΧΑΙ

Ίνῳ κλάντονός χά μαλοπάρανος Ἀγαύα
 τρεῖς θιάσως ἐς ὄρος τρεῖς ἀγαγον αὐταὶ ἔοισαν,
 χαὶ μὲν ἀμερξάμεναι λασίας δρυὸς ἀγρια φύλλα
 κισσῶν τε ζωούτα καὶ ἀσφόδελον τὸν ὑπέρ γὰς
 ἐν κυθαρῷ λειμῶν κάμαν δυοκαΐδεκα βωμῶς,
 τῶς τρεῖς τὰ Σεμέλῃ, τῶς ἐννέα τῷ Διονυσῷ.
 Ιερὰ δ' ἐκ κιστας πεποναμένα χερσὶν ἐλοίσαι
 εὐφύμως κατίθεντο νεοδρέπτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
 ὡς ἐδίδασκ¹, ὡς αὐτὸς ἐθυμάρει Διόνυσος.

Πενθεὺς δ' ἀλιβατου πέτρας ἀπὸ πάντ' ἐθεύρει,
 σχίνον ἐς ἀρχαλαν καταδύε, ἐπιχώριον ἐργον.
 Αὐτονόι πρατα νιν ἀνέκραγε δεινὸν ἴδοισα,
 σὺν δ' ἐτάραξε ποσὶν μανιωδεος δρυγα Βάκχω,
 ἔξαπίνας ἐπιοίσα· τὰ δ' οὐχ ὁρέοντι βέβηλοι.
 μαίνετο μὲν θ' αὐτα, μαίνοντο δ' ἄρ' εὐθὺ καὶ
 ἄλλαι.¹

Πενθεὺς μὲν φεῦγεν πεφοβημένος, αἱ δὲ ἐδίωκον,
 πέπλως ἐκ ζωστῆρος ἐς ἰγνυαν ἐρύσασται.

Πενθεὺς μὲν τόδ' ἔειπε 'τίνος κέχρησθε γυναικες;
 Αὐτονόι τόδ' ἔειπε 'τάχα γυνώσῃ πρὸν ἀκοῦσαι.
 μάτηρ τὰν κεφαλὰν μυκήσατο παιδὸς ἐλοίσα,
 δσσον περ τοκάδος τελέθει μύκημα λεαίνας.
 Ίνῳ δὲ ἔξερρηξε σὺν φωτόλαττα μέγαν ὄμον

¹ Ελλαι Αἴτεια: πιν άλλαι

XXVI.—THE BACCHANALS

THREE dames led three maenies to the mountain, Ino, Autonoë, and apple-cheeked Agave, and gathering there wild leaves of the shag-haired oak, and living ivy and groundling asphodel, wrought in a lawn of the forest twelve altars, unto Semele three and unto Dionysus nine. Then took they from a box offerings made of their hands and laid them in holy silence upon those altars of their gathering, as was at once the precept and the pleasure of the great Dionysus. Meanwhile Pentheus spied upon all they did from a steepy crag, being crept into an ancient mastich-tree such as grow in that country. Autonoe saw him first and gave a horrible shriek, and made quick confusion of the sacred things of the madding Bacchus with her feet, for these things are not to be seen of the profane. Mad was she now, and the others were straightway mad also. Pentheus, he fled afraid, and the women, girding their kirtles up about their thighs, they went in hot pursuit. Pentheus, he cried "What would you, ye women?" Autonoe, she cried "That shall you know ere you hear it." Then took off the mother the head of her child and roared even as the roar of a milch lioness, while Ino setting foot upon his belly wrenched shoulder and shoulder-blade from the one side of

"maenies": companies. "apple-cheeked": the Greek may also mean 'white-faced.'

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λὰξ ἐπὶ γαστέρα βᾶσα, καὶ Αὐτονόμος
ωύτός·

αἱ δὲ ἄλλαι τὸ περιστὰ κρεανομέοντο γυναικες.
ἐς Θίβας δὲ ὀφίκοντο πεφυρμέναι αἵματι πᾶσαι,
ἔξ ὅρεος πένθημα καὶ οὐ Πενθῆ φέρουσαι.

οὐκ ἀλέγω μηδὲ ἄλλος ἀπεχθομένω¹ Διονύσῳ
φροντίζοι, μηδὲ εἰ χαλεπάτερα τῶνδε μοτήσαι,²
εἴη δὲ ἐνναέτης ή καὶ δεκάτω ἐπιβαίνοι
αὐτὸς δὲ εὐαγέοιμι καὶ εὐαγέεσσιν ἄδοιμι. 50
ἐκ Διὸς αἴγιόχῳ τιμάν ἔχει αἰετὸς οὐτως.
εὐσεβέων παίδεσσι τὰ λώια, δυσσεβέων δὲ οὐ.

χαίροι μὲν Διόνυσος, δὲν ἐν Δρακάνῃ νιφόειτι
Ζεὺς ὑπατος μεγάλαν ἐπιγουνίδα κάτθετο λύσας.
χαίροι δὲ ἐνειδῆς Σεμέλα καὶ ἀδελφεῖς αὐτᾶς
Καδμεῖαι πολῆσις μεμελημέναι ἡρωῖαι,³
αἱ τόδε ἥργον ἔρεξαν δρίναντος Διονύσου
οὐκ ἐπιμωματόν. μηδέλε τὰ θεῶν δύσσαιτο.

¹ ἀπεχθομένω Bergk: πασσ . . . ται
² δι μοτήσαι Alci: πασ
³ Ιμότητε ³ thus Græfe: πασσ πολλαῖς and ἡρωῖαι

him, and Autonoe made the other side like unto it; and the other women wrought out the rest of the butchery. And so bedabbled all with blood they carried with them into Thebes in the stead of a kindred wight a kindred woe.

And I care not if they did, and pray no other may take thought for any that is hated of Dionysus, nay, not if such an one suffer a worse fate than Pentheus and be but a child nine years old or going ten years. As for me, may I be pure and do the will of them that are pure. Thus hath the eagle honour of the Aegis-Bearer. To the children of pious fathers belong the good things rather than to those that come of impious men.

All hail to Dionysus, whom most high Zeus took forth from his mighty thigh and laid down in snowy Dracanus; and all hail to beauteous Semele and her heroine sisters, the far-honoured daughters of Cadmus who did at Dionysus' bidding this deed that none may blame. Where 'tis a God's will let no man cavil.

"Made the other side like unto it": the Greek is "Autonoe's rhythm was the same," i.e. "Autonoe followed suit." "Kindred wight"; the Greek has a grim pun upon *Pentheus* and *penthēma* (woe).



XXVII.—THE LOVERS' TALK

This poem in its complete form was a match between a shepherd and another whom he had challenged, the stake being the shepherd's pipe. The missing part comprised the lines introducing the match, the whole of the rival's piece, and the prelude of the shepherd's piece. What is left is the main part of the shepherd's piece, its epilogue, and the award of the umpire. The umpire returns the shepherd his pipe, and adds a compliment in the form of a request that now he will play him another of his tunes, as, not having lost his pipe in the match, he will still be able to do. In the dialogue supposed to be recited, or perhaps to be sung, by the shepherd, one speaker answers the other speaker line for line except in two places where the same speaker has two lines. These exceptions, necessary in order to shift the rôle of answerer, have brought about a wrong arrangement of lines 9 and 19 in the manuscript. The poem may be ascribed to an imitator of Theocritus. Line 4 he has taken bodily from him.

XXVII.—[ΟΑΡΙΣΤΤΣ]

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

Τάς πινυτὰν Ἐλέναν Πάρις ὥρπασε βουκόλος
ἄλλος.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μᾶλλον ἐκοῖστ' Ἐλένα τὸν βουκόλον ἐσσὶ¹ φιλεῦσα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

μὴ² καυχῶ σατυρίσκε· κενὸν τὸ φίλαμα λέγουσιν,

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἴστι καὶ ἐν κενοῖσι φιλάμασιν ἀδέα τέρψις.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

τὸ στόμα μεν πλύνω καὶ ἀποττύω τὸ φίλαμα.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

πλύνεις χείλεα σεῖο; δίδου πάλιν, ὅφρα φιλάσω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

καλόν στοι δαμάλας φιλέειν, οὐκ ἄξυντα κώραν.

¹ Ακοῖστ' Ahrens; πιν εἶδαι² Ισσὶ Ε; πιν ίστι μὴ Miserus: miss oinit

XXVII.—[THE LOVERS' TALK]

(*The Shepherd tells of the conversation between Daphnis and Acrotimé*)

ACROTIME

'Twas a neatherd like you carried off the wise Helen.

DAPHNIS

Helen is more willing now, for she kisses her neatherd.

ACROTIME

Soft, my satyr-boy, be not so sure; there's a saying
"nought goes to a kiss."

DAPHNIS

Even in an empty kiss there's a sweet delight.

ACROTIME

Look ye, I wipe my mouth o' your kiss and spit it from me.

DAPHNIS

Wipe thy lips, quotha? then give them hither again and have thee another.

ACROTIME

Twere rather becoming you to kiss your heifers than a maiden woman like me.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μὴ καυχῶ τάχα γάρ σε παρέρχεται ὡς διαρ ἥβη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ἀ σταφυλὶς σταφίς ἐστι καὶ οὐ βόδον αὖον ὀλεῖται. 10

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἥδε τί γηράσκει; τόδε που μέλι καὶ γάλα πίνω.¹ 9
δεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰς κοτίνους, ἵνα τοί τινα μύθον ἐνέψω. 11

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

οὐκ ἔθέλω· καὶ πρίν με παρῆπαφεν ἀδέι μύθῳ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

δεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰς πτελέας, ἵν' ἐρᾶς σύριγγος ἀκούσῃς.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

τὴν σαυτοῦ φρένα τέρψον· ὁἶζον οὐδὲν ἀρέσκει.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

φεῦ φεῦ τᾶς Παφίας χόλον ἄζεο καὶ σίγη κώρα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

χαιρέτω ὁ Παφία· μόρον Ἰλαος Ἀρτεμις εἴη.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μή λέγε, μὴ βάλλῃ σε καὶ ἐς λίνον ἀλλυτον² ἐνθρε.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

βαλλέτω ὡς ἔθέλη· πάλιν Ἀρτεμις ἀμμιν ἀρίξει.³ 18

¹ this line is omitted in some texts: γηράσκει. E: πίνω -σκει
² ἀλλυτον Μυε (Γ): πίνω διλιτον ³ θρήνει E: πίνω θρήνη

THEOCRITUS XXVII. 8-18

DAPHNIS

Soft you, be not so sure ; your youth passes you by like a dream.

ACROTIME

But the grape's in the raisin, and dry rose-leaves may live.

DAPHNIS (*kissing her cheek*)

Shall *this* be suffered to grow old, that is my milk and honey? Pray you come hither under those wild-olives; I would fain tell you a tale.

ACROTIME

Nay, I thank you ; you beguiled me before with your pretty tales.

DAPHNIS

Then pray you come hither under those elms and let me play you my pipe.

ACROTIME

Nay ; that way you may pleasure yourself ; scant joy comes of a sorry thing.

DAPHNIS

Alackaday ! you likewise, honey, must e'en fear the wrath of Dame Paphian.

ACROTIME

Dame Paphian may go hang for me ; my prayers are to Artemis.

DAPHNIS

Hist ! or she'll have at thee, and then thou'l be in the trap.

ACROTIME

Let her have at me ; Artemis will help me out.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

οὐ φεύγεις τὸν *Ερωτα, τὸν οὐ φύγε παρθένος ἄλλη. 20

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

φεύγω ναι τὸν Πάνω σὺ δὲ ξυγὸν αἰὲν ἀείραις;¹
μῆπιβάλῃς τὴν χεῖρα καὶ εἰσέτι χεῖλος ἀμύξω.² 19

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

δειμαίνω, μὴ δή σε κακωτέρῳ ἀνέρι δώσω. 20

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

πολλοὶ μὲν ἐμιώσοντο, νόῳ δὲ ἐμῷ οὕτις ἔαδε.³

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

αὶς καὶ ἔγινο πολλῶν μυηστήρ τεὸς ἐνθάδ' Ικάνω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

καὶ τί φίλος ῥέξαιμ; γάμοι πλήθουσιν ἀνίας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

οὐκ ὁδύνηρ, οὐκ ἄλγος ἔχει γάμος, ἀλλὰ χορείην.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ναι μάν φασι γυναικας ἑοὺς τρομέων παρακοῖτας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μᾶλλον ἀεὶ κρατέουσι τί καὶ⁴ τρομέουσι γυναικες;

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ώδίνευν τρομέων χαλεπὸν βέλος Εἰλαιθυίης.

¹ ἀείραις Aukt.: miss ἀείρεις ² this line is before 18 in some ms., after it in others ³ έαδε (perf.) Fritzsche: miss ἔαδε, Miss. έαδε ⁴ τί καὶ Wil.: miss τίς

THEOCRITUS XXVII, 19-29

DAPHNIS

No other maiden escapes Love, nor dost thou escape him.

ACROTIME

'Fore Pan, that do I ; as for you, I only pray you may ever bear his yoke. (*he puts his arm about her and makes to kiss her again*) Unhand me, man ; I'll bite thy lip yet.

DAPHNIS

But I fear if I let thee go a worser man will have thee.

ACROTIME

Many the wooers have been after me, but never a one have I had to my mind.

DAPHNIS

Well, here am I come to add one more to those many.

ACROTIME

O friend, what is to do? marriage is all woe.

DAPHNIS

Nay; a marriage is a thing neither of pain nor grief but rather of dancing.

ACROTIME

Aye, but I'm told the wives do fear their bedfellows.

DAPHNIS

Nay; rather have they ever the upper hand ; what should wives fear ?

ACROTIME

'Tis the throes I fear ; the stroke of Eileithyia is hard to bear.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἀλλὰ τεὶς βασίλεια μογοστόκος¹ Δρτεμίκε ἐστιν. 50

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ἀλλὰ τεκέν τρομέω, μή καὶ χρόα καλὸν ὄλεσσω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἵν τέκης φίλα τέκνα, νέου φάος δύψαι οὐλας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

καὶ τί μοι ἔδνον ἀγεις γάρμον ἀξιον, ἣν ἐπικεύσω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

πᾶσαν τὰν ἀγέλαν, πάντ² ἄλσεα καὶ νομὸν ἔχεις.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

δμυνε μὴ μετὰ λέκτρα λιπὼν ἀέκουσαν ἀπενθεῖν.³

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

οὐ μαύτὸν τὸν Πάνα, καὶ ἣν ἐθέλῃς με διώξαι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

τεύχεις μοι θαλάμους, τεύχεις καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλάς;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

τεύχω σοι θαλάμους· τὰ δὲ πώα καλὰ νομεύω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

πατρὶ δὲ γηραλέῳ τίνα μάν,⁴ τίνα μῦθον ἐνέψω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

αίνιγσει σέο λέκτρον, ἐπὴν ἔμδν οὖνομ⁵ ἀκούσῃ.

40

¹ ἀπενθεῖς Reiske; πικα ἀπίθης; ² πίεις Aht; πικα πιεις

THEOCRITUS XXVII, 39-40

DAPHNIS

But thou hast Artemis to thy queen, and she
lightens the labour.

ACROTIME

Ah! but I fear lest the childbirth lose me my
pretty face.

DAPHNIS

But if thou bear sweet children, thou'lt see a new
light in thy sons.

ACROTIME

And if I say thee yea, what gift bring'st thou with
thee worthy the marriage?

DAPHNIS

Thou shalt have all my herd and all the planting
and pasture I possess.

ACROTIME

Swear thou'lt never thereafter leave me e'er
forlorn.

DAPHNIS

Before great Pan I swear it, even if thou choose to
send me packing.

ACROTIME

Buildst me a bower and a house and a farmstead?

DAPHNIS

Yea, I build thee a house, and the flocks I feed
are fine flocks.

ACROTIME

But then my gray-headed father, O what can I say
to him?

DAPHNIS

He'll think well o' thy wedlock when he hears
my name.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

οῖνομα σὸν λέγε τὴνο^ν καὶ οῖνομα πολλάκις τέρπει.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

Δάφνης ἔγω, Λυκίδας δὲ πατήρ, μῆτηρ δὲ Νομαίη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ἔξ εὐηγενέων ἀλλ' οὐ σέθεν εἰμὶ χερέων.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

οἴδ¹, Ακροτίμη ἐσσι,² πατήρ δὲ τοὶ ἐστι Μενάλκας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

δεῖξον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἄλσος, ὅπῃ σέθεν ἵσταται αὐλά.³

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

δεῦρ⁴ ἴδε, πῶς ἀνθεῦσιν ἐμαὶ φαδιαὶ κυπάρισσοι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

αἴγες ἐμαὶ βύσκεσθε τὰ βουκόλῳ ἔργα νοήσω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ταῦροι καλὰ νέμεσθ, θνα παρθένῳ ἄλσεα δεῖξω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

τι βέζεις σατυρίσκε; τι δ' ἐνδοθεν ἄψασ μαζῶν;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μᾶλα τεῦ πράτιστα τάδε χρούοντα διδάξω.

50

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ναρκῶ ναὶ τὸν Πάνα. τεῆν πάλιν ἔξελε χείρα.

¹ οἴδ² Jacobs: πατέρας οἴδ³ Ακροτίμη ἐσσι Ε: πατέρας Ιάρα τυμήσσι, Μυρ. 4. τυμήσσα ⁴ τεῦρ Will: πατέρας Ηρα, Μυρ. Ηρα αὐλά Ε: πατέρας αγρού, Μυρ. αὐλάς

THEOCRITUS XXVII, 41-51

ACROTIME

Then tell me that name o' thine; there's often joy
in a name.

DAPHNIS

'Tis Daphnis, mine, and my father's Lycidas and
my mother's Nomaeë.

ACROTIME

Thou com'st of good stock; and yet methinks I
am as good as thou.

DAPHNIS

Aye, I know it; thou art Aerotimé and thy father
Menalæus.

ACROTIME

Come, show me thy planting, show me where thy
farmstead is.

DAPHNIS

Lo! this way it is; look how tall and slender my
cypress-trees spring!

ACROTIME

Graze on, my goats; I go to see the neatherd's
labours.

DAPIENIS

Feed you well, my bulls; I would fain show the
maid my planting.

ACROTIME

What art thou at, satyr-boy? why hast put thy
hand in my bosom?

DAPHNIS

I am fain to give thy ripe pippins their first
lesson.

ACROTIME

'Fore Pan, I shall swoon; take back thy hand.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

Θάρσει κῶρα φίλα. τί μοι ἔτρεμες; ὡς μᾶλα δεῖλα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

Βάλλεις εἰς ἀμέραν με καὶ εἴματα καλὰ μιαίνεις.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἄλλ' ὑπὸ σαύς πέπλους ἀπαλὸν νάκος ἦνδε βάλλω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

Φεῦ φεῦ καὶ τὰν μίτραν ἀπέσχισας;¹ ἐς τί δὲ
ἔλυσας;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

τῇ Παφίᾳ πράτιστον ἄγῳ τάδε δῶρον δπάσσω.²

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

μίμνε τάλαντά τοι ἐπέρχεται· ὥχον ἀκούω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἄλληλαις λαλέουσι τέσσον γάμον αἱ κυπάρισσοι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ἄμπεχόνη ποίησας ἐμὴν ῥίσκον,³ εἰμὶ δὲ γυμνά.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἄλλην ἄμπεχόνην τῆς σῆς τοι μείζονα δώσω.

60

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

φῆς μοι πάντα δόμεν· τάχα δὲ ὑστερον οὐδὲ ἄλα
δοίης.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

αἴθ' αὐτὰν δυνάμαν καὶ τὰν ψυχὴν ἐπιβάλλειν.

¹ μίτρας Winetius: παντακτὴν ἀπέσχισας Scaliger: παντακτής ² ἀπάσσω E, cf L 64; he cannot be said to give it on the spot: παντακτὴς ³ ἄμπεχόνης Aet: παντακτής

THEOCRITUS XXVII, 52-62

DAPHNIS

Never thou mind, sweet ; what hadst thou to fear,
little coward ?

ACROTIME

Thou thrustest me into the water-conduit and
soilest my pretty clothes.

DAPHNIS

Nay ; look ye there ! I cast my soft sheepskin
under thy cloak.

ACROTIME

Out, alack ! thou hast torn off my girdle, too.
Why didst loose that ?

DAPHNIS

This shall be my firstlings to our Lady of Paphos.

ACROTIME

Hold, ah hold ! sure somebody's e'en coming.
There's a noise.

DAPHNIS

Aye, the cypress-trees talking together of thy
bridal.

ACROTIME

Thou hast torn my mantle and left me in my
shift.

DAPHNIS

I'll give thee another mantle, and an ampler.

ACROTIME

You say you'll give me anything I may ask, who
soon mayhap will deny me salt.

DAPHNIS

Would I could give thee my very soul to boot !

ταῦτε χάρης, Mus. *ταῦτα χάρες* *ιδύεις* Hermann : *μασ ιδύεις*
βάσεις Mus (?) : *μασ βάσεις*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

"Ἄρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα σοις βίημασιν¹ οὐκέτι πιστῆ.

ΔΛΦΝΙΣ

βέβεω² πόρτιν "Ερωτὶ καὶ αὐτῇ βῶν Ἀφροδίτῃ.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

παρθένος ἐνθα βέβηκα, γυνῃ δὲ εἰς οἴκουν ἀφέρπω.

ΔΛΦΝΙΣ

ἄλλα γυνῇ μήτηρ τεκέων τροφός, οὐκέτι κώρα.

ἴοις οἱ μὲν χλοεροῖσιν ἰαινόμενοι μελέεσσιν
ἄλλιστοις ψιθύριζον. ἀνιστατο φωριος εὐνῇ,
χῇ μὲν ἀνεγρομένη πάλιν ἔστιχε³ μᾶλα νομέναιν
ουμασιν αἰσομένοις,⁴ κραδίη δὲ οἱ Ἰνδοι ἵνθη,
δις δὲ ἐπὶ ταυρείας ἀγέλαις κεχαρημένοις εὐνᾶς,

ΚΡΙΤΗΣ

δίχυνισσο τὰν σύριγγα τελν πάλιν, δλβιε ποίμαν⁵
τῷ καὶ ποιμναγῶν⁶ ἑτέραν σκεψώμεθα μολπάν,

¹ εὖς βίηματις Δηρ.: παλ αὐτις Ιρηνας ² βέβεω Μιλ.: παλ
βέβεω πάλιν ἔστιχε Wil.: παλ γη διεστ ⁴ αἰσομέναις
Ηετοι.: παλ αὐτις Μιλ. -η ⁵ Lines 72-3 are omitted by
Μιλ., τελν Δηρ.: παλ τελν ⁶ ποιμναγῶν Κ, cf. κοιναγδις:
παλ ποιμναγῶν

THEOCRITUS XXVII, 63-73

ACROTIME

O Artemis, be not wroth with a transgressor of thy word.

DAPHNIS

Love shall have a heifer of me, and great Aphrodite a cow.

ACROTIME

Lo, I came hither a maid and I go home a woman.

DAPHNIS

Aye, a mother and a nursing-mother, maiden no more.

Thus they prattled in the joy of their fresh young limbs. The secret bridal over, she rose and went her ways far to feed her sheep, her look shamefast but her heart glad within her; while as for him, he betook himself to his herds of bulls rejoicing in his wedlock.

THE UMPIRE

Here, take the pipe, thou happy shepherd; 'tis thine once more; and so let's hear and consider another of the tunes of the leaders o' sheep.

XXVIII.—THE DISTAFF

The *Distaff* is an occasional poem in the Aeolic dialect and the Asclepiad metre, and was almost certainly modelled upon Sappho or Alcaeus. It was written by Theocritus before or during a voyage from Syracuse to Miletus, and presented with the gift of a carved ivory distaff to the wife of his friend the poet-physician Nicias.

XXVIII.—ΗΛΑΚΑΤΗ

Γλαιύκας δὲ φιλέριθ' ἀλακύτα δῶρον Ἀθανάσιον
 γῆναιξιν, νόσος οἰκαφελίας αἰσιν ἐπάβολος,
 θάρσεισ' ἀμμιν ὑμάρτη πόλιν ἐς Νείλεων ἀγλάσιαν,
 διπποι Κύπριδος ἱρον καλάμιφ χλώρουν ἵπτ' ἀπάλῳ.
 τυῖδε γὰρ πλόσιν εὐάνεμον αἰτήμεθα πὰρ Δίος,
 διπποις ξέννοιν ἔμον τέρφοιμ' ἰδων κάντιφιλίσσομαι¹
 Νικιαν. Χαρίτων ἴμεροφώνων ἱερον φύτον,
 καὶ σὲ τὰν ἐλέφαντος πολυμόχθῳ γεγενημένην
 δῶρον Νικιάσι εἰς ἀλόχῳ² χέρρας ὑπάσσομεν,
 σὺν τῷ πόλλα μὲν ἔρρ³ ἐκτελέσεις ἀνδρεῖοις
 πέπλοις,

10

πόλλα δὲ οἰα γύναικες φορέοιστ' ὑδάτινα βρύκη.
 διε γὰρ μάτερες ὅρνιν μαλάκοις ἐν βοτάνῃ πόκοις
 πέξαιμεντ' αὐτούστετε, Θευγένιδός γ' ἔνεκ' ἔυσφύρων
 οὗτως ἀνυστεργος, φιλέει δὲ βσσα σαδφρονες,
 οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἀκίρας οὐδὲ ἐς λέργιον κεν ἐβολλόμας
 δπασσαί σε δόμοις ἀμμετέρας ἔσσαν ἀπὸ χθόνος.

The Aeolic forms and accents are in many cases the restoration of Ahrens, but a few undoubted traces of them remain in the ms. ¹ κάντιφιλίσσομαι Μυστικός; ms. ² εἴς εἴς
³ ἀλόχῳ; ms. also ἀλόχῳ perhaps rightly ⁴ ἔρρ(ε) = ἔρρα
 Buecheler; ms. 677

XXVIII.—THE DISTAFF

DISTAFF, friend of them that weave and spin, gift
of the Grey-eyed Huswife above to all good
huswives here below, come away, come away to
Neleus' town so bright and fair, where the Cyprian's
precinct lies fresh and green among the tall soft
reeds ; for 'tis thither bound I ask of Zeus fair
passage, with intent both to glad my eyes with
the sight and my heart with the love of a dear good
child of the Ladies o' the Voice of Delight, by name
Nicias, and to give you, my pretty offspring of
laboured ivory, into the hands of the goodwife of the
same, to be her helpmate in the making of much wool
into clothes, whether the coats of men or those trans-
lucent robes the women do wear. For the fleecy
mothers o' flocks might well get them shorn afield
twice in one year for nught Mistress Pretty-toes
would care, so busy a little body is she and
enamoured of all that delighteth the discreet.
Trust me, I would never have given a fellow-
countryman into the house of a do-nought or a
sloven. And fellow-countryman it is, seeing you

"Neleus' town": Miletus was founded by Neleus, and a temple of Aphrodite-in-the-Marsh seems to have been one of its outstanding features.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ γάρ τοι πάτρις, ἀν ώξ Ἐφύρας κτίσσε ποτ'
Ἄρχίας

νάστῳ Τρίνακρίας μύδελον, ἀνδρῶν δοκίμων πόλιν.

υῦν μὰν οἰκου ἔχοισ' ἄνερος, ὃς πόλλ' ἔδαη σόφα
ἀνθρώποισι νόστοις φάρμακα λύγρας ἀπαλάλκεμεν, 20
οἰκήσεις κατὰ Μίλλατον ἐράνιαν πεδ' Ιαόνιον,
ὅς εὐαλάκατος Θεύγενης ἐν δαμότισιν πέλη,
καὶ οἱ μνᾶστιν ἀει τῷ φιλαοίδῳ παρέχῃς ξένων
κῆνο γάρ τις ἔρει τῷπος ἴδων σ· ‘ἡ μεγάλα χόρια
δώρῳ σὺν δλίγῳ πάντα δὲ τίματα τὰ πάρ φίλων.’

hail from the town old Archias founded out of Ephyra, the sap and savour of the Isle o' Three Capes, the birthplace of good men and true.

But now you are to lodge at a wiseacre's deep-learned in the lore of such spells as defend us of the flesh from woeful ills; now you are to dwell among an Ionian people in Miletus the delectable, to the end that Theugenis' neighbours may be jealous of her and her distaff, and so you may serve always to mind her of her friend the lover of song. For at the sight of you it shall be said, "Great love goes here with a little gift, and all is precious that comes of a friend."

"Ephyra": an old name for Coriath, the mother city of Syracuse.



XXIX-XXX. -THE AEOLIC LOVE-POEMS

These two poems are inspired, like XII, by a passionate friendship. The first line of No. 1 contains a quotation from Alcaeus, and in both poems metre and dialect point to him or Sappho as the model. The metre in the one case is the fourteen-syllable Sapphic Pentameter, and in the other the Greater Asclepiad. As in XII, there is much here that is reminiscent to us of some of the Elizabethan love-poetry.

XXIX.—ΠΑΙΔΙΚΟΝ ΛΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ σ'

‘Ολνος’ ὁ φίλε παῖ λέγεται ‘καὶ ἀλάθεα’¹
 κάμμε² χρῆ μεθύοντας ἀλαθέας ἔμμεναι.
 κιῆγῳ μὲν ἐρέω τὰ φρένων κέατ³ ἐν μύχῳ
 οὐκ ὅλας σε φίλην⁴ με θέλεισθε ἀπὸ καρδίας
 γινώσκω τὸ γάρ αἷμισυ τᾶς ζοῖας ἔχω
 ζά τὰν σὰν ἴδειν, τὸ δὲ λοῖπον ἀπώλετο,
 κῶτα μὲν σὺ θέλεις, μακάρεσσιν ἵσταν ἄγω
 ἀμέραν⁵ ὅτα δὲ οὐκὶ θέλεις τύ, μᾶλλον ἐν σκότῳ.
 πῶς ταῦτ’ ἄρμενα, τον φιλέοντ⁶ ὄνταις δίδων;
 ἀλλ’ εἰ μοι τι πίθοιο νέος προγενεστέρῳ,
 τῷ κε λώιον αὗτος ἔχων ἡμ’ ἐπανίσπαις.
 ποίησον καλιάν μίαν ἐν⁷ ἐν δευδρίῳ,
 ὅππυι⁸ μηδὲν ἀπίξεται ἄγριον ὄρπετον.
 νῦν δὲ τῶδε μὲν ἀματος ἄλλον ἔχεις κλάδον,
 ἄλλον δὲ αὔριον, ἐξ ἑτέρῳ δὲ ἑτερον μάτης.
 καὶ κέν σεν τὸ κάλον τις ἴδων ἥθος αἰνέσαι,
 τῷ δὲ εὐθυς πλέον ή τριέτης ἐγένευ φίλος,
 τον πρώτον δὲ φίλεντα⁹ τρίταιον ἐθήκαο
 ἀνδρῶν, τῶν ὑπὲρ ἀνορέαν¹⁰ δοκέεις πνέοντ¹¹
 φίλη δέ, ἀς κε ζοης, τον ὑμοιον¹² ἔχην δι.
 αὶ γάρ ὅδε πόητα, ἀγαθος μὲν ἀκουστεαι
 ἐξ ἀστων¹³ ὁ δέ τοι κ’ Ἔρος οὐ χαλέπως ἔχοι,
 δις ἀνδρῶν φρένας εὐμαρέως ὑποδύμναται,
 κῆμε μᾶλθακον ἐξ ἐπόησε σιδαρίῳ.

¹ πάμμις Βερνεκ : ως εἴρηνται * thus E: πας order τὸ
 φύλεντος ἐρέω πάτετ¹⁴ * το φίλην E: πας φίλεντος * i.e. Wil:
 πας εἰν¹⁵ * δευτερος Wil: πας ιεντος οτ δευτερος * φίλεντα E:

XXIX.—THE FIRST LOVE-POEM

In sack, out sooth goes the saying, lad, and now that you and I are a-drinking we must fain be men of truth. I for one will tell what doth lie in my mind's hold, and it is that you will not that I should love you with my whole heart. I know it; for such is the power of your beauty that there's but half a living left me to love you withal, seeing my day is spent like as a God's or in very darkness according as you do choose. What righteousness is here, to deliver one that loves you over unto woe? Trust me, if you 'ld only hearken to your elder 'twould be profit unto you and thanks unto me. Listen then: one tree should hold one nest, and that where no noisome beast may come at it; but you, you do possess one bough to-day and another to-morrow, seeking ever from this unto that; and if one but see and praise your fair face, straightway are you more than a three years' friend to him, and as for him that first loved you, in three days, lad, you reckon him of those men whose very manhood you seem to disdain. Choose rather to be friends with the same body so long as you shall live; for if so you do, you will have both honour of the world and kindness of that Love who doth so easily vanquish the mind of man and hath melted in me a heart of very iron.

miss *oakham*

⁷ miss *oakham*

⁸ the *bacon*—the name,
of *Meg*, 33.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἀλλὰ πέρρ¹ ἀπάλω στύματός σε πεδέρχομαι
δυνάσθην, διτὶ πέρρυσιν ἡσθα νεώτερος.
κατὶ γηραλέοι πέλομεν πρὸν ἀπόπτυσαι
καὶ φῦσοι, μεθατα δὲ ἔχην παλινάγρετον
οὐκ ἔστι πτέρυγας γάρ ἐπομμαδίαις φόρη,
κάμμες Βαρδύτεροι τὰ πυτήμενα συλλάβῃν. 20
ταῦτα χρῆ σε νόεντα πέλην προτιμάτεροι²,
καὶ μοι τῷραμένῳ συνέραν ἀδόλως σέθεν,
δππως, ἀνικα τὰν γένυν ἀιδρελαν ἔχητ,
ἄλλαλοισι πελώμεθ³ Λχιλλέοι φίλοι.
αἱ δὲ ταῦτα φέρην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέπτη,
ἐν θύμῳ δὲ λέγης "τί με δαιμόνι ἐννόχλητ;
νῦν μὲν κίπι τὰ χρύσεα μᾶλ' ἐνεκεν σέθεν
βαίην καὶ φύλακον νεκύων πεδὰ Κέρθεροι,
τότα δὲ οὐδὲ κάλεντος⁴ ἐπ' αὐλεῖαις θύραις
προμόλοιμι κε παυσάμενος χαλέπιο μυνω.⁴ 40

¹ πέρρ: Ληρ πέρ: πας πέρ: ² οὐ νέετα Βαρδύτεροι:
πας τούστα πας προτιμάτεροι από τατιμάτεροι: = Kinder E;
³ κάλεντος E: πας καλεντος ⁴ μάτω E = παλίνεσσα: πας τάτω
από μάτινη (?)

O by those soft lips I beseech you remember that
 you were younger a year agone, and as we men wax
 old and wrinkled sooner than one may spit, so there's
 no re-taking of Youth once she be fled, seeing she
 hath wings to her shoulders, and for us 'tis ill
 catching winged beasts. Come then, think on these
 things and be the kinder for't, and give love for love
 where true loving is; and so when Time shall bring
 thee a beard we'll be Achilles and his friend. But if
 so be you cast me these words to the winds, and say,
 and say in your heart, "Peace, man; begone," then,
 for all I would go now for your sake and get the
 Golden Apples or fetch you the Watch-dog o' the
 Dead, I would not come forth, no, not if you should
 stand at my very door and call me, for the pain
 of my woodness would be overpast.

"Achilles and his friend": Patroclus. "Golden Apples":
 of the Hesperides; the fetching of these and of Cerberus
 were two of the Labours of Heracles. "woodness":
 madness.

XXX.—ΠΛΙΔΙΚΟΝ ΑΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ β

Ωνται τῷ χαλέπω καίνομόρω τῷδε νοσήματος·
τετόρταιος ἔχει παιδὸς ἔρος μῆνά με¹ δεύτερον,
καλῶ μὲν μετρίως, ἀλλ' ὅποσον τῷ πόδι περρέχει
τὰς γάς, τοῦτο χάρις, ταῖς δὲ παραύγαις γλύκνυν
μειδίᾳ².

καὶ νῦν μὲν τὸ κάκον ταῖς μὲν ἔχει, ταῖσι δὲ μὲν
ἔχει³.

τάχα δ' οὐδὲ δσον ὑπιω 'πιτύχην ἐσσετ' ἔρωτα.
ἔχθες γὰρ παρίων ἔδρακε λέπτ' ἀμμε δι' ὄφρύγων⁴
αἰδέσθεις προτίδην⁵ ἄντιος, ἡρεύθετο δὲ χρόα,
ἔμεθεν δὲ πλέουν τὰς κραδίας ὠρος ἔδραξατο
εἰς ὥκον δ' ἀπέβαν ἐλκος ἔχων καὶ τὸ <κέαρ
δάκων>⁶

πόλλα δ' εἰσκαλέσαις θῦμον ἐμαύτῳ διελεξάμαν⁷
· τί δὴ ταῦτ' ἐπόνης; ἀλοσύνας τί ἐσχατον ἐσσεται;
λευκὰς οὐκὶ Φίσαισθ⁸ δττι φόρης ἐν κροτάφοις
τρίας⁹;

ῶρά τοι φρονέην, μὴ ὥκλ¹⁰ νέος τὰν ἰδέαν πέληη
πάντ¹¹ ἔρδῃ δσσαπερ οἱ τῶν ἐτέων ἀρτια γεύμενοι.¹²
καὶ μὰν ἄλλα σε λάθει· τὸ δ' ἄρ¹³ ἦν λόιον, ἐμμεναι

¹ μῆνα με Bsgk: τα αἶνα 4, 5 transposed by Fritschha

² παραύγαις (εο Ε) γλύκνυν μειδίᾳ Bsgk: τα παραύλαις γλ. μειδί-
ας ³ thus Bsgk: τα ταῖς μὲν ἔχει ταῖς δ' οὐ ⁴ λέπτ' ἀμμα Schwabe: δι' ὄφρύγων Bsgk-Herwerden: τα λίστα μειδίφρύγων ⁵ προτίδην Ε: τα προτίδην ⁶ κιαρ δάκων αιρ-

XXX.—THE SECOND LOVE-POEM

Aye me, the pain and the grief of it! I have been sick of Love's quartan now a month and more. He's not so fair, I own, but all the ground his pretty foot covers is grace, and the smile of his face is very sweetness. 'Tis true the ague takes me now but day on day off, but soon there'll be no respite, no not for a wink of sleep. When we met yesterday he gave me a sidelong glance, afeared to look me in the face, and blushed crimson; at that, Love gripped my reins still the more, till I got me wounded and heartsore home, there to arraign my soul at bar and hold with myself this parlance: "What wast after, doing so? whither away this fond folly? know'st thou not there's three gray hairs on thy brow? Be wise in time, or one that is no youth in's looks shall play new-taster o' the years. Other toys thou forgettest: 'twere better, sure, at thy time o' life to know no

piled by Fritzsche [?] διελέγματ [?] Bgk: ms διέλεγε [?] σβι
Fritzsche⁶ E: ms σβι διελόθη [?] πάρη and τρία Bgk: ms
σέπαις and τρία [?] φρανέτε Bgk: ms φρανέτε σή σβι
νέστ E: ms σβι . . . νέστ: see Class. Rev. 1911 p. 37
²⁰ γελάματ Kreissler: ms γεγελή.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ξένου τῶν χαλέπων παῖδος <έρων ἡ τύχη ξενί>¹
έραν.

τῷ μὲν γάρ Βίος ἔρπει Κίσα γόννοις ἀλάφῳ θύας
τελάσσαι δ' ἀτέρᾳ ποντοπόρῃ ὃ αὔριον ἀμέραν,²
οὐδὲ αὐτῷ γλυκέρας ἄνθεμον ἀβας πεδ' ὑμαλίκῳ
μένει· τῷ δ' ὁ πόθος καὶ τοις ἐσω μέλοις ἐσθίει
ὅμμιμνασκομένῳ, πόλλα δ' ὅρη οὐκτος ἐνύπνια,
παύσασθαι δ' ἐμαυτὸς χαλέπας οὐκ ἵ<κορος
δύας—>³

ταῦτα κάτερα πόλλα προτ' ἔμοι⁴ θῦμον ἐμεμ-
ψύμαν·

ἡ δὲ τοῦτ' ἔφατ⁵· 'δττις δοκίμοι⁶ τὸν δολομάχανον
νικάσην "Ερον, οὗτος δοκίμοι τοις ὑπὲρ ἀμμεων
εὔρην βραΐδιως ἀστερας, ὀππότσακιν ἔννεα·
καὶ νῦν, εἴτε θέλω, χρή με μάκρων σχόντα τὸν
ἀμφενα

ἐλκην τον ζυγόν, εἴτ' οὐκὶ θέλω ταῦτα γάρ, ὄγαθε,
βόλλεται θέσσ δε καὶ Δίος ἐσφαλε μέγαν νόον⁷
καίτας Κυπρογενήας· ἐμε μάν, φύλλον⁸ ἐπάμερουν
σμίκρας δεύμενον αὔρας, ὄνελων ὃ κε φόρη φόρη.'⁹

¹ Ήρως ἡ τύχη ξενί supplied by E. Ερπει: Φίλοι Ε: τις
ήρως μελάσα. ² τελάσσαι = τελμήται: E from Herod. : τις
δλάσσει. ³ αὔριον ἀμέραν = ταῦτη τὰς ἡμέρας ή αὔριον ἀστι: E:
τις αὔριον ἀμ., ⁴ χαλέπας Βγκ: τις χαλεπαί οὐτε Ιωνες
διας supplied by K: τις οὐτε for αροτορεεις cf. II. 23.

more such loves as this. For whom Life carries
swift and easy as boof doth hind, and might endure
to cross and cross the sea every day's morrow that is,
can he and the flower o' sweet Youth abide ever of
one date? How much less he that hath yearnful
remembrance gnawing at his heart's core, and dreams
often o' nights and taketh whole years to cure his
lovesickness!"

Such lesson and more read I unto my soul,
and thus she answered me again: "Whoso
thinketh to outvie yon cozening Love, as soon might
he think to tell how-many-times-nine stars be i' th'
skies above us; and so I too, willy-nilly, must fain
stretch my neck beneath the yoke and pull, seeing
such, my lord, is the will of a God that hath betrayed
ev'n the mickle mind of Zens, and beguiled ev'n the
Cyprus-born, and catcheth up and carrieth whither-
soever he list (as well he may) a poor mortal leaf
like me that needs but a puff of air to lift it."

319 ff. ¹ προτ' Ε: ms πατ' ² δειπνοι: Bgk: ms δαιπνοι πατ'
³ φύλλων Fritzsche: ms φύλλων ⁴ δειπνεοντος Bgk: ms δειπνεοντος
⁵ διέλλευ Ahr: ms διέλλευ d. se Wil: ms also φύρη
φύρη Ε: cf. Stob. Flor. T. 28. 18 ff. αἱ διεισφαλῆς ἀνθεῖ (ms
διην ἄν) παρεῖη τόχη φορῆ (ms φορῆ) πειθμάτος αἰνερωμένη, and
see Class. Rev. 1911, p. 65: ms φορῆ

THE INSCRIPTIONS

These little poems are all, with the exception of IV, actual inscriptions, and would seem to have been collected from the works of art upon which they were inscribed. XII and XXIII are in all probability by other hands, and there is some doubt of the genuineness of XXIV; but the rest are not only ascribed to Theocritus in the best manuscripts, but are fully worthy of him.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ

I

Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόεντα καὶ ἀ κατάπυκνος ἔκείνα
ἔρπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἑλικωνίστι,
ταῖς δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τὸν Πύθιον Παιάν,
Δελφίς ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτό τοι ἀγδαίσε
βωμὸν δὲ αἰμάζει κεραὸς τράγος οὗτος ὁ μαλός,
τερμίνθου τρώγων ἐσχατον ἀκρεμόνα.

II

Δάφνις ὁ λευκόχρως, ὁ καλῷ σύριγγῃ μελίσθων
βουκολικοὺς ὕμνους, ἀνθετο Πανί τάδε,
τοὺς τρηταύς δόνακας, τὸ λαγωθόλον, ὁξύν ἄκοντα,
νεθρίδα, τὰν πήραν, φέποκ' ἐμαλοφόρει.

III

Εὗδεις φυλλοστρόντι πέδῳ Δάφνι σῶμα κεκμακὸς
ἀμπαύων, στάλκες δὲ ἀρτιπαγεῖς ἀν' ὅρῃ
ἀγρεύει δέ τι Πάν καὶ ὁ τὸν κροκόεντα Πρίηπος
κισσὸν ἐφ' ἴμερτῷ κρατὶ καθαπτόμενος,
ἄντρου ἐσω στείχοντες ὄμορροθοι. ἀλλὰ τὸ φεῦγε,
φεῦγε μεθεὶς ὑπνου κώμα καταρρύμενον.¹

¹ παταρρύμενον Ε; cf. Sappho fr. 4 κῶνα πατάρρει, πατ
χθίανος; παταγρόμενος οὐ καταγάμενος

THE INSCRIPTIONS

I.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE]

THOSE dewy roses and that thick bushy thyme are an offering to the Ladies of Helicon, and since 'tis the Delphian Rock hath made it honoured, the dark-leaved bay, Pythian Healer, is for thee ; and you horny white he-goat that crops the outmost sprays of the terebinth-tree is to be the blood-offering upon the altar.

II.—[FOR A PICTURE]

THESE stopped reeds, this hurl-bat, this sharp javelin, this fawn-skin, and this wallet he used to carry apples in, are an offering unto Pan from the fair-skinned Daphnis, who piped the music o' the country upon this pretty flute.

III.—[FOR A PICTURE]

YOU sleep there upon the leaf-strown earth, good Daphnis, and rest your weary frame, while your netting-stakes are left planted on the hillside. But Pan is after you, and Priapus also, with the yellow ivy about his jolly head ; they are going side by side into your cave. Quick then, put off the lethargy that is shed of sleep, and up with yeo and away.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

IV

Τήναν τὰν λαύραν, τόθι ταὶ δρῦες, αἱ πόλες κάμψας
 σύκινον εὐρήσεις ἀρτιγλυνθὲς ξόανον
¹ ἀσκελές¹ αὐτόφλοιον ἀνούατον, ἀλλὰ φᾶλητι
 παιδογόνῳ δυνατὸν Κύπριδος ἔργα τελεῖν.
 σακίς δὲ εὐέρος περιβέρομεν, ἀέναον δὲ
 ρεῖθρον ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοσε τηλεθάει
 δάφναις καὶ μύρτοισι καὶ εὐώδει κυπαρίσσῳ,
 ἔνθα πέριξ κέχυται βοτρυόπαις ἐλική¹⁰
 ἄμπελος, εἰαρινοὶ δὲ λεγινθότγοισιν ἀσιδαῖς
 κόσσυφοι ἀχεῦσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη,
 ξουθαὶ δὲ ἀδονίδες μινυρίσμασιν ἀνταχεῦσι²
 μέλπουνται στόμασιν τὰν μελίγαρυν δπα.
 ἔζεο δὴ τηνεῖ καὶ τῷ χαρίεντι Πριήπῳ
 εὐχέ ἀποστέρξαι τοὺς Διόφνιδός με πόθους,
 κεῦθις ἐπιτρέξειν χίμαρον καλόν. ἦν δὲ ἀνανεύσῃ,
 τοῦδε τυχὸν ἐθέλω τριστὰ θύη τελέσας
 ρέξω γὰρ δαμάλαν, λάσιον τράγον, ἄρνα τὸν ἵσχω
 σακίταν. ἀλοὶ δὲ εὐμενέως ὁ θεός.

V

Λῆσ ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφᾶν δίδύμοις αὖλοισιν ἀεῖσται
 ἀδύ τι μοι; κῆργῷ πακτίδειρύμενος
 ἀρξεῦμαί τι κρέκειν, ὁ δὲ Βουκόλος ἄμμιγα θελξεῖ
 Δάφνις, κηροδέτῳ πνεύματι μελπόμενος.

¹ ἀσκελές Jahn, i.e. a herm, cf. A. P. 10. 3, 6. 20; ² ἀνταχεῦσι Scaliger: οὐκεὶ ἀνταχεῦσι

THE INSCRIPTIONS, IV-V

IV.—[A LOVE-POEM IN THE FORM OF A WAYSIDE INSCRIPTION]

WHEN you turn the corner of yonder lane, sweet Goatherd, where the oak-trees are, you'll find a new-carved effigy of fig-wood, without legs or ears and the bark still upon it, but nevertheless an able servant of the Cyprian. There's a brave little sacrificial close runs round it, and a never-ceasing freshet that springs from the rocks there is greened all about with bays and myrtles and fragrant cypress, among which the mother o' grapes doth spread and twine, and in spring the blackbirds cry their lisping medleys of clear-toned song, and the babbling nightingales cry them back their warblings with the honey voice that sings from their tuneful throats. Thither go, and sit you down and pray that pretty fellow to make cease my love of Daphnis, and I'll straightway offer him a fat young goat; but should he say me nay, then I'll make him three sacrifices if he'll win me his love, a heifer, a shaggy buck-goat, and a pet lamb I am rearing; and may the God hear and heed your prayer.

V.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE]

'Fors the Nymphs I pray you play me some sweet thing upon the double flute, and I will take my viol and strike up likewise, and neatherd Daphnis shall join with us and make charming music with the

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἔγραψε δὲ στάυτες λασίας ὄρνιὸς ἄντρου ὅπισθεν¹
Πάνα τὸν αἰγιβάταν ὄφανίσωμες ὑπνου.

VI

Ἄδειλαιε τὸ Θύρσι, τί το πλέον, εἰ καταταξεῖς
δάκρυσι διγλήνους ὥπας ὀδυρόμενος;
οἴχεται μὲν χίμαρος, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, οἴχετ² ἐς Ἀιδαν
τραχὺς γάρ χαλαῖς ἀμφεπίαξε λύκος,
οἱ δὲ κύνες κλαγγεῦντι τί τὸ πλέον, ἀνίκα τίμας
δστιον οὐδὲ τέφρα λείπεται οἰχομένας;

VII

Νήπιον νίδην ἔλειπες, ἐν ἀλεκίᾳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
Εὐρύμεδον, τύμβου τοῦδε θανὼν ἔτυχες.
σοὶ μὲν ἔδρα θείοισι μετ' ἀδράσι· τὸν δὲ πολίτα,
τιμασεῦντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὡς ἀγαθῶ.

VIII

Ἡλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλητον ὁ τοῦ Παιήονος νιός,
ιητῆρι μόσων ἀνδρὶ συνοισθίμενος
Νικίᾳ, διε μιν ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἀεὶ θυέεσσιν ἰκνεῖται,
καὶ τόδ' ἀπ' εὐώδους γλύφατ³ ἀγαλμα κέδρου,
Ἡτίωνι χάριν γλαφυρᾶς χερὸς ἄκρον ὑποστὰς
μισθόν⁴ ἢ δ' εἰς ἔργον πάσαν ἀφῆκε τέχνην.

¹ πισταὶς αὖτοι λασίων χεροῖς ἐγγέθειτε ἄντρων

THE INSCRIPTIONS, V-VIII

notes of his wax-bound breath; and so standing beside the shaggy oak behind the cave, let's rob you goat-foot Pan of his slumber.

VI.—[FOR A PICTURE]

WELL-A-DAY, you poor Thyrsis! what boots it if you cry your two eyes out of their sockets? Your kid's gone, the pretty babe, dead and gone, all crushed in the talons of the great rough wolf. True, the dogs are baying him; but to what end, when there's neither ash nor bone of the poor dead left?

VII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG FATHER]

HERE are you, Eurymedon, come in your prime to the grave; but you left a little son behind you, and though your dwelling henceforth is with the great o' the earth, you may trust your countrymen to honour the child for the sake of the father.

VIII.—[FOR NICIAS' NEW STATUE OF ASCLEPIUS]

THE Great Healer's son is come to Miletus now, to live with his fellow-craftsman Nicias, who both maketh sacrifice before him every day, and hath now made carve this statue of fragrant cedar-wood; he promised Eetion a round price for the finished cunning of his hand, and Eetion hath put forth all his art to the making of the work.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

IX

Ξεῖνε, Συρακόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδος ἵψεται "Ορθων"
 χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νικτὸς ίοις.
 καὶ γάρ ἐγώ τοιοῦτον ἔχον πότμον,¹ ἀντὶ δὲ πολλᾶς
 πατρίδος ὁθνείαν κεῖμαι ἀφεστάμενος.²

X

"Τμῆν τοῦτο θεαὶ κεχαρισμένου ἐντὸς πάσαις
 τῶν γαλμαὶ Ξενοκλῆς θῆκε τὸ μαρμάρινον,
 μουσικές· οὐχ ἑτέρως τις ἔρει. σοφίῃ δὲ τῇδε
 αἰνον ἔχων Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιδιανθάνεται.

XI

Ἐβοσθένεος τὸ μνῆμα, φυστυγνῶμον δε ἄριστος,³
 δεινὸς ἀπ' ὁφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.
 εν μιν ἔθαψαν ἑταῖροι ἐπὶ ξένης ξένον δύτα,
 χωύμινοθέτης αὐτῷ δαιμονίας φίλος ἦν.
 πάντων ὧν ἐπέοικεν ἔχει τεθνεώς ὁ σοφιστής
 καίπερ ἄκικυς ἴών εἰχ' ἄρα κηδεμόνας.

¹ πότμον: πᾶς ἀλογό μόρον ² πᾶς ἀλογό ὕθεταιν ἀφεστάμενος E, cf. ἀποτητάσθων C.I.A. I. 32. 18 : πᾶς ἔριστος, and ἔριστος. ³ τι ἄριστος E, for the more usual attracted form φυστυγνῶμοντος ἀλ (οτιον) ἄριστον, cf. xiv. 59 : πᾶς ὁ σοφιστής from below

THE INSCRIPTIONS, IX-XI

IX.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A LANDED GENTLEMAN]

This, good Stranger, is the behest of Orthon of Syracuse: Go you never abroad drunk of a stormy night; for that was my fate to do, and so it is I lie here, and there's weighed me out a foreign country in exchange for much native-land.

X.—[FOR AN ALTAR WITH A FRIEZE OF THE MUSES]

This carved work of marble, sweet Goddesses, is set up for the nine of you by the true musician—as all must name him—Xenocles, who having much credit of his art forgets not the Muses whose it is.

XI.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A STROLLING PHYSIOGNOMIST]

Here lies Strong-i'-th'-arm the great physiognomist, the man who could read the mind by the eye. And so, for all he is a stranger in a strange land, he has had friends to give him decent burial, and the dirge-writer has been kindness itself. The dead philosopher has all he could have wished; and thus, weakling wight though he be, there is after all somebody that cares for him.

"Weakling wight": an Epic word to point the play upon the name.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

XII

Δημομέλης ὁ χορηγός, ὁ τὸν τρίποδ' ὁ Διόνυσε
 καὶ σὲ τὸν ἥδιστον θεῶν μακάρων ἀναθεῖ,
 μέτριος ἦν ἐν πᾶσι, χορῷ δὲ ἐκτήσατο γίκην
 ἀνδρῶν, καὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ τὸ προσῆκον ὄρων.

XIII

Ἡ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος. Μάσκεο τὴν θεὸν εἶπών
 αὐτανίην, ἀγνῆς ἀνθεμα Χρυσογάνης
 οἰκῷ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους,¹ φ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον εἶχε
 ξυνόν. ἀεὶ δέ σφιν λάθον εἰς ἔτος ἦν
 ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχομένοις ὁ πότνια· κηδόμενοι γὰρ
 ἀθανάτων αὐτοὶ πλεῖστοι ἔχουσι βροτοί.

XIV

Ἄστοις καὶ ξένοισιν ίσον νέμει ἡδε τράπεζα·
 θεὶς ἀνελοῦ Ψήφου πρὸς λόγιον ὅλκομένης,²
 ἄλλος τις πρόφασιν λεγέτω· τὰ δὲ ὄθνεῖα Κάικος
 χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένοις ἀριθμεῖ.

¹ Ἀμφικλέους: ο. Σοζ. πατέρ. ² Ἱλεομένης, σι. Ηδελ
 Papp. I. p. 65, Theophr. Char. 24: ταῦτα αὐτοὶ ἀρχομένης

THE INSCRIPTIONS, XII-XIV

XII.—[FOR A PRIZE TRIPOD]

CHOIR-MASTER Democles, who set up this tripod and this effigy, Dionysus, of the sweetest God in heaven, had always been a decent fellow, and he won the victory with his men's-chorus because he knew beauty and seemliness when he saw them.

XIII.—[FOR A COAN LADY'S NEW STATUE OF APHRODITE]

This is not the People's Cyprian, but pray when you propitiate this Goddess do so by the name of Heavenly; for this is the offering of a chaste woman, to wit of Chrysogoné, in the house of Amphicrates, whose children and whose life she shared; so that beginning, Great Lady, with worship of thee, they ever increased their happiness with the years. For any that have a care for the Immortals are the better off for it themselves.

XIV.—[FOR THE TABLE OF A BARBARIAN MONEY-CHANGER]

This table makes no distinction of native and foreigner. You pay in and you receive out in strict accordance with the lie of the counters. If you want shifts and shuffles go elsewhere. You may be paid foreign money by Caicus in the dark.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

XV

Γνωσσομαι, εἴ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ή καὶ ὁ δειλὸς
 ἐκ σέθεν ὥσπερτως ἴσον, ὅδοιπόρος, ἔχει.
 χατρέτω σύτος ὁ τύμβος' ἔρεις 'ἔπει Εὐρυμέ-
 δοντος
 κεῖται τῆς ιερῆς κοῦφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.'

XVI

'Η παιζ ὄχετ' ἀωρος ἐν ἐβδόμητη ἥδ' ἐνιαυτῷ
 εἰς 'Αἰδην πολλῆς ἡλικής προτέρη,
 δειλαίη, ποθέουσα τὸν εἰκοσάμηνον ἀδελφόν,
 νῆπτον ἀστόργου γευστάμενον θανάτου.
 αἰαι διεινὰ παθοῦσα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτοίμῳ
 ἀνθρώποις δαίμονι θῆκε τὰ λυγρότατα.

XVII

Θᾶσσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον ὁ ξένη
 σπουδᾶ, καὶ λέγ' ἐπάν της οἶκον ἐνθῆς.
 'Ἀγακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέρῃ
 τῶν πρόστθ' εἰ τι περιστὸν ὀδοποιῶν'
 προσθεὶς δὲ χῶτι 'τοῖς νέοισιν ἀδετο,'
 ἔρεις ἀτρεκέως ὅλον τὸν ἀνδρα.

XVIII

'Λ τε φωνὴ Δώριος χάντηρ ὁ τὰν κωμῳδίαν
 ἐνρών 'Ἐπίχαρμος.
 ὁ Βάκχε χάλκεον νιν ἀντ' ἀλαθινοῦ
 τὸν ὥδ' ἀνέθηκαν,
 τοὶ Συρακόσσαις ἐνίδρυνται πελοριστῷ πόλει,
 αἵ ἀνδρὶ πολίτῳ,

THE INSCRIPTIONS, XV-XVIII

XV.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A BRAVE MAN]

I SHALL know, master Wayfarer, whether you prefer the valiant or esteem him even as the craven; for you will say: "Blest be this tomb for lying so light above the sacred head of Eurymedon."

XVI.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN]

This little maid was taken untimely, seven years old and her life before her, and 'twas for grief, the poor child, that her brother of twenty months should have tasted, pretty babe, the unkindness of Death; O Peristeré, the pity of it! how near to man and ready hath God set what is woefullest!

XVII.—[FOR A STATUE OF ANACREON AT TEOS]

Look well upon this statue, good Stranger, and when you return home say "I saw at Teos a likeness of Anacreon, the very greatest of the old makers of songs"; and you will describe him to the letter if you say also "He was the delight of the young."

XVIII.—[FOR A STATUE OF EPICHARMUS IN THE THEATRE AT SYRACUSE]

The speech is the Dorian, and the theme the inventor of comedy, Epicharmus. They that have their habitation in the most mighty city of Syracuse have set him up here, as became fellow-townsman, unto thee, good Bacchus, in bronze in the stead of

THE BUCOLIC POETS

σωροῦ τὸν εἶκε βημάτων μεμναμένοι¹
τελεῖν ἐπίχειρα.
πολλὰ γὰρ ποττάν ζόαν τοῖς παισὶν εἶπε χρήσιμα·
μέγαλα χάρις αὐτῷ.

XIX

'Ο μουσοποιὸς ἐνθάδ' Ἰππῶναξ κεῖται.
κεὶ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχεν τῷ τύμβῳ
εἰ δ' ἐσσὶ ερίγυνός τε καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,
θαρσέων καθίζεν, κῆν θέλης ἀποβριξον.

XX

'Ο μικκὸς τόδ' ἔτευξε τᾶ Θραισσα
Μῆδειος τὸ μνᾶμ' ἐπὶ τῷ ὄδῳ κῆπέγραψε Κλεῖτας,
ἔχει τὰν χάριν ἀδύν ἀντὶ τίνων,
ῶν τον κούρον ἔθρεψε τί μάν; ὅτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

XXI

'Αρχίλοχον καὶ στάθι καὶ εἰσιδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητάν
τὸν τῶν ἴδμβων, οὗ τὸ μυρίον κλέος
διηλθε κῆπι νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἀῶ.
ηρά νιν αἱ Μοῖσαι καὶ ὁ Δαδιος ἡγάπευν' Απόλλων,
ώς ἐμμελής τ' ἐγένετο κῆπιδέξιος
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀείδειν.

¹ Thus E., also from Κω, cl. Ηον. εἴπει: πών συρδε (οὐ κ.
γάρ) εἶχε βημάτων (οὐ χρημάτων) μεμναμένον;

THE INSCRIPTIONS, XVIII-XXI

the flesh; and thus have remembered to pay him his wages for the great heap of words he hath builded. For many are the things he hath told their children profitable unto life. He hath their hearty thanks.

XIX.—[A NEW INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF HIPPONAX]

HERE lies the bard Hipponax. If you are a rascal, go not nigh his tomb; but if you are a true man of good stock, sit you down and welcome, and if you choose to drop off to sleep you shall.

XX.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF A NURSE]

This memorial the little Medeius hath builded by the wayside to his Thracian nurse, and written her name upon it, "Cleita." She hath her reward for the child's good upbringing, and what is it? to be called "a good servant" evermore.

XXI.—[FOR A STATUE OF ARCHILOCHUS]

STAND and look at Archilochus, the old maker of iambic verse, whose infinite renown hath spread both to utmost east and furthest west. Sure the Muses and Delian Apollo liked him well, such taste and skill had he to bring both to the framing of the words and to the setting of them to the lyre.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

XXII

Τὸν τῷ Ζανὸς δᾶδεν ὑμιν τιδὲν ἀνήρ
 τὸν λεοντομάχαν, τὸν δέξιγχειρα,
 πρᾶτος τῶν ἐπάνωθε μωσσοποιῶν
 Πέλσανδρος συνέγραψεν οὐκ Καρίρω,
 χῶσσους ἐξεπόνασεν εἰπ' ἀέθλους.
 τοῦτον δέ αὐτὸν ὁ δῆμος, ὡς σύφ' εἰδῆς,
 ἔστασ' ἐνθάδε χάλκεον ποίησας
 πολλοῖς μησὶν ὅπισθε κήμαιντοι.

XXIII

Αἰδίσει τὸ γράμμα, τί σᾶμά τε καὶ τίς ἵπ¹ αὐτῷ
 Γλαύκης εἰμὶ τάφος τῆς διομαζομένης.

XXIV

'Αρχαῖα τΩπόδλων τάναθήματα
 ὑπῆρχεν ἡ βάσις δὲ τοῦ μεν εἴκοσι,
 τοῦ¹ δέ ἐπτά, τοῦ δὲ πέντε, τοῦ δὲ δώδεκα,
 τοῦ δὲ δηκοσίοισι νεωτέρη ἥδε² ἐνιαυτοῖς
 τοσσόσδε γάρ τιν³ ἐξέβη μετρούμενος.

¹ here and below τοῦ Wil: μεν τᾶι ⁴ τις E, supply ἀριθμὸς: μεν τις

THE INSCRIPTIONS, XXII-XXIV

XXII.—[FOR A STATUE OF PEISANDER AT CAMIRUS]

This is Peisander of Camirus, the bard of old time who first wrote you of the lion-fighting quick-o'-th'-hand son of Zeus and told of all the labours he wrought. That you may know this for certain, the people have made his likeness in bronze and set it here after many months and many years.

XXIII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF ONE GLAUCÉ]

The writing will say what the tomb is and who lies beneath it: "I am the grave of one that was called Glaucé."

XXIV.—[FOR A NEW BASE TO SOME OLD OFFERINGS]

These offerings Apollo had possessed before; but the base you see below them is younger, than this by twenty years and that by seven, this by five and that by twelve, and this again by two hundred. For when you reckon them that is what it comes to.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ ΑΠΟΣΠΑΣΜΑΤΑ

I

Eustath. ad *Iliad.* 5, 905, p. 620, 29 Ἀδελφὴ δέ
ἴστιν Ἄρεως ἡ Ἡβη, ὡς καὶ Θεόκριτος μυθολογεῖ.

II

Etym. Magn., p. 290, 53 δυσὶν ἀντιφέρεσθαι,
ὡς παρὰ Θεοκρίτῳ.

III

Athen. 7, 284 Λ Θεόκριτος δέ ὁ Συρακόσιος ἐν
τῇ ἐπιγραφομένῃ Βερενίκῃ τὸν λευκὸν ἐπανομα-
ζόμενον ἰχθὺν ιερὸν καλεῖ διὰ τούτων

... καὶ τις ἀνὴρ αἰτεῖται ἐπαγροσύνην τε καὶ
δλ̄βον,
ἔξ ἀλὸς φίξωή, τὰ δὲ δίκτυα κείνῳ ἱροτρα,
σφάζων ἀκρόνυχος ταῦτη θεῷ ιερὸν ἰχθύν,
ὅν λεῦκον καλέουστιν, δ γάρ θ' ιερώτατος ἄλλων,
καὶ κε λίνα στήσαιτο καὶ ἔξερύσαιτο θαλάσσης
ἔμπλεα ...

THE FRAGMENTS

*Three fragments of Theocritus have been preserved
in quotations.*

I

Eustathius commenting upon Iliad 5, 905 says :—

Hebe is the sister of Ares, as Theocritus tells us.

II

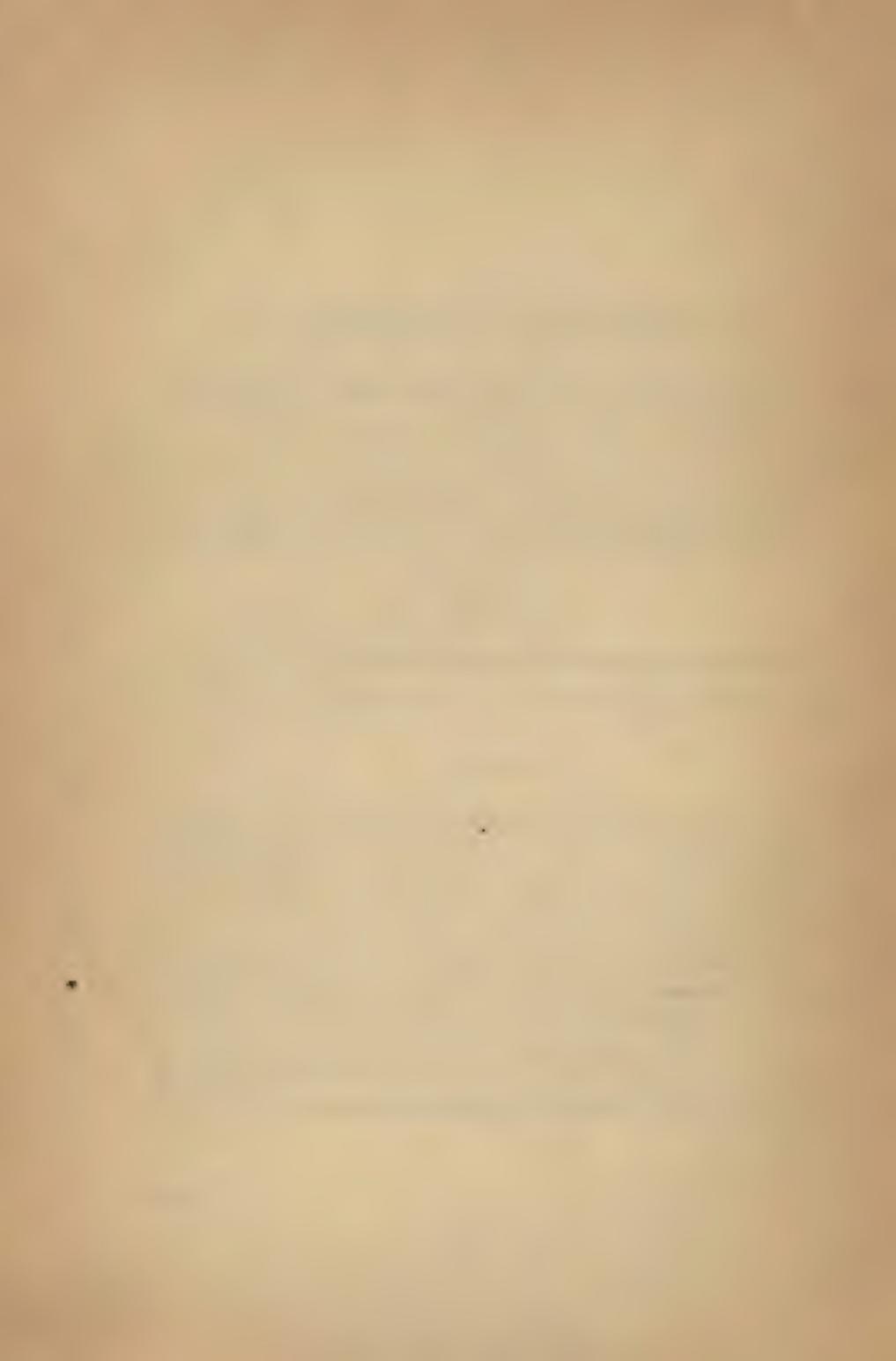
In the Etymologicum Magnum we read :—

To fight against two, as in Theocritus.

III

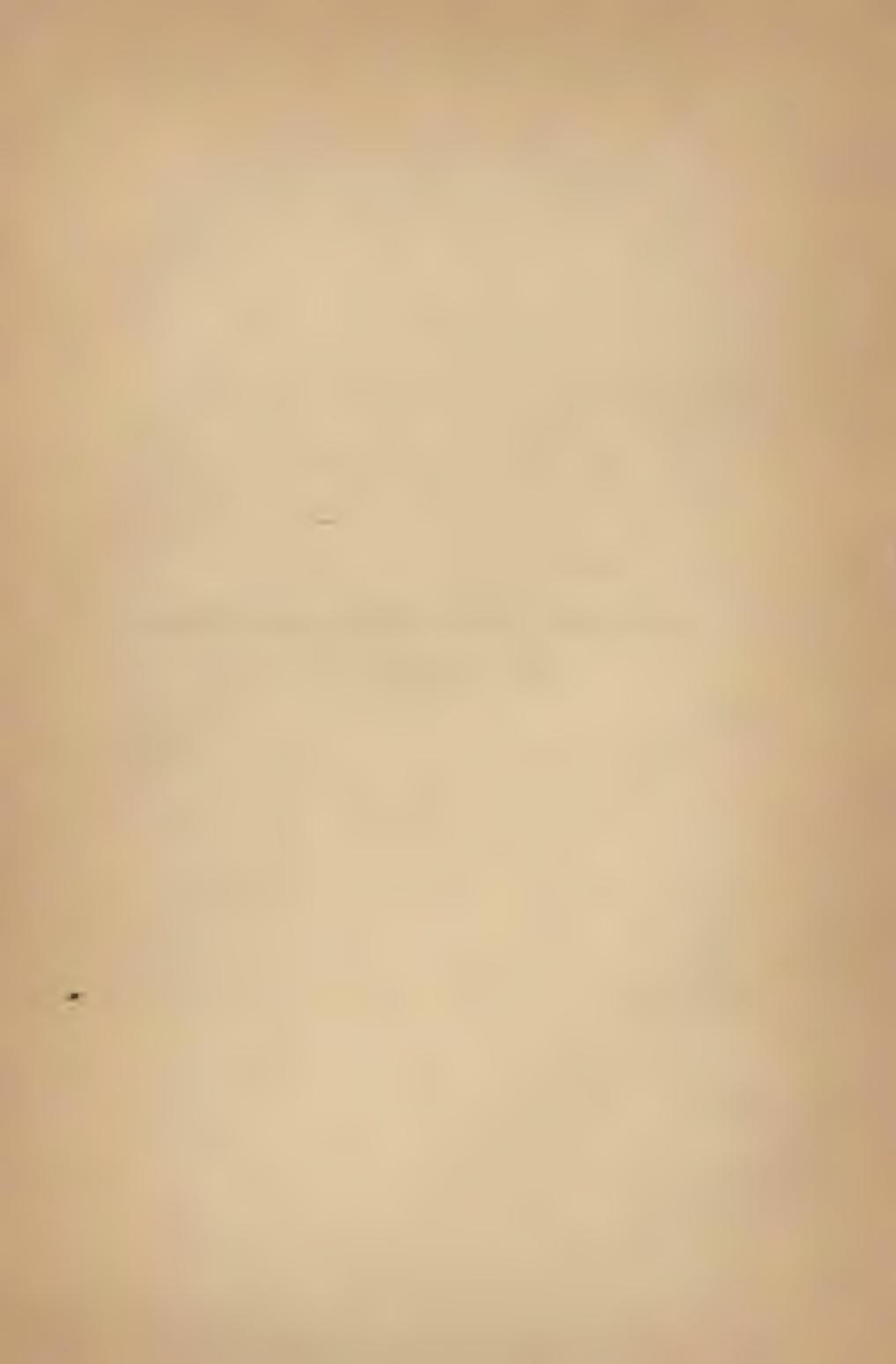
The third passage is quoted by Athenaeus (7, 284A) from a poem in honour of Berenice, the queen either of Ptolemy I or of Ptolemy III; it is also referred to by Eustathius upon Iliad 16, 407 (1067, 43) :—

... And if a man whose living is of the deep, a man whose ploughshares are his nets, prayeth for luck and lucre with an evening sacrifice unto this Goddess of one of the noble fishes which being noblest of all they call Leucus, then when he shall set his trammels he shall draw them from out the sea full to the brim . . .



II

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS
OF BION



I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

LIKE all the so-called songs in this book, this poem is lyric only in spirit. It is not one of the actual songs sung at the Adonis-festival, but, like the song in Theocritus XV, a conventional book-representation of them written for recitation. The suggestion here and there of a refrain is intended primarily to aid the illusion, but also serves the purpose sometimes of paragraphing the poem. The poem belongs to the second part of the festival; it is the dirge proper. As in XV the wedding-song refers to the coming dirge, so here the dirge refers to the past wedding-song. The Lament for Adonis is generally believed to be the work of Bion.

ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

I.—ΑΔΩΝΙΔΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ

Αιάζω τὸν "Αδωνιν" ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδωνις"
· ὥλετο καλὸς "Αδωνις" ἐπαιάζουσιν "Ερωτες.

μηκέτι πορφυρέοις ἐνί φάρεσι Κύπρι κάθευδε
ἔγρεο δειλαία, κνανόστολα¹ καὶ πλατάγησον
στήθεα καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδωνις."
αιάζω τὸν "Αδωνιν" ἐπαιάζουσιν "Ερωτες.

κεῖται καλὸς "Αδωνις" ἐν ὄρεσι μηρὸν ὁδόντι,
λευκῷ λευκὸν ὁδόντι τυπεῖς, καὶ Κύπριν ἀνιῆ
λεπτὰν ἀποψύχων τὸ δέ οἱ μέλαν εἴβεται αἷμα
χιονέας κατὰ σαρκός, ὅπ' ὁφρύσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῆ, 10
καὶ τὸ ρόδον φεύγει τῷ χεῖλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τήνῳ
θυάσκει καὶ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ μήποτε Κύπρις ἀνοίσει.
Κύπριδι μὲν τὸ φίλημα καὶ οὐ κύωντος ἀρέσκει,
ἄλλ' οὐκ οἰδεν "Αδωνις, διην θυάσκοντ" ἐφίλησεν.
αιάζω τὸν "Αδωνιν" ἐπαιάζουσιν "Ερωτες.

ἀγριον ἀγριον ἔλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν "Λέωνις."
μεῖζον δὲ Κυθέρεια φέρει ποτικάρδιον ἔλκος.

¹ κνανόστολα Wil: πλε κνανόστολα

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF BION

I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

I CRY woe for Adonis and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead*; and the Loves cry me woe again and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

Sleep no more, Cypris, beneath thy purple coverlet, but awake to thy misery; put on the sable robe and fall to beating thy breast, and tell it to the world, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

The beauteous Adonis lieth low in the hills, his thigh pierced with the tusk, the white with the white, and Cypris is sore vexed at the gentle passing of his breath; for the red blood drips down his snow-white flesh, and the eyes beneath his brow wax dim; the rose departs from his lip, and the kiss that Cypris shall never have so again, that kiss dies upon it and is gone. Cypris is fain enough now of the kiss of the dead; but Adonis, he knows not that she hath kissed him.

Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.

Cruel, O cruel the wound in the thigh of him, but greater the wound in the heart of her. Loud did

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τῆνον¹ μὲν περὶ παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ὡδύραντο
καὶ Νύμφαι κλαιόντιν ὄρειάδες· ἀ δ' Ἀφροδίτα
λυσταμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμώς ἀλάληται
πενθαλέα νήπιλεκτος ἀσάνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βάτοι νιν
ἔρχομέναν κείροντι καὶ ἵερὸν αἷμα δρέπονται·
ὅξη δὲ κωκόνουσα δι' ἄγκεα μακρὰ φορεῖται
Ἀστύριον βούβωστα πόσιν καὶ παῖδα καλεῦστα.
ἄμφι δέ νιν μέλαν αἷμα παρ' ὄμφαλὸν ἀφρεῖτο,
στίθεα δ' ἐκ μηρῶν φουάσσετο, τοὶ δ' οὐ πόδα μαζοὶ
χιόνει τὸ πάροιθεν Ἀδώνιδι πορφύροντο.
αἰαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν· ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτεῖς.

ώλεσε τὸν καλὸν ἄνδρα, συνιώλεσεν Ἱερὸν εἶδος.
Κύπριδι μὲν καλὸν εἶδος, ὅτε ζωεσκεν Ἀδώνις·
κάτθανε δ' ἢ μαρφὰ σὺν Ἀδώνιδι. τὰρ Κύπριο
αἰαῖ·

ῷρεα πάντα λέγοντε, καὶ αἱ ὄρνες· αἱ τὸν Ἀδώνιν·
καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαιόντι τὰ πένθεα τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας,
καὶ παγαὶ τὸν Ἀδώνιν ἐν ὥρεσι δακρύουστι,
ἄνθεα δ' ἔξ ὁδύνας ἐριθαίνεται ἀ δὲ Κυθήρα
πάντας ἀνὰ κναμίας, ἀνὰ πᾶν νάπτος οἰκτρον ἀείσει
αἰαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδώνις·
Ἀχὼ δ' ἀντεβίβασεν ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδώνις.
Κύπριδος αἰνὸν ἔρωτα τίς οὐκ ἐκλαυσεν διν αἰαῖ;

ώς Γένει, ως ἐνόησεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀσχετον ἐλκος,
ώς ἵδε φοίνιον αἷμα μαραινομένῳ περὶ μηρῷ,
πάχεας ἀμπετάσασα κινύρετο· μεῖνον Ἀδώνι,
δύσποτμε μένον Ἀδώνι, πανύστατον δις σε κιχείω,
ώς σε περιπτύξω καὶ χείλεα χείλεστι μίξω.
ἔγρεο τυτθὸν Ἀδώνι, τὸ δ' αὖ πύματόν με φίλησον,
τοσασοῦτόν με φίλησον, δισον ξώῃ τὸ φίλημα.

¹ τῆγαν Επιπολ : πιπε κέπτοι ² τελ δ' Will : πιπε εἰ δ'

wail his familiar hounds, and loud now weep the Nymphs of the hill; but Aphrodite, she unbraids her tresses and goes wandering distraught, unkempt, unslippered in the wild wood, and for all the briars may tear and rend her and call her hallowed blood, she flies through the long glades shrieking amain, crying upon her Assyrian lord, calling upon the lad of her love. Meantime the red blood floated in a pool about his navel, his breast took on the purple that came of his thighs, and the paps thereof that had been as the snow waxed now incarnadine.

The Loves cry woe again saying "Woe for Cytherea."

Lost is her lovely lord, and with him lost her hallowed beauty. When Adonis yet lived Cyprus was beautiful to see to, but when Adonis died her loveliness died also. With all the hills 'tis *Woe for Cyprus* and with the vales 'tis *Woe for Adonis*; the rivers weep the sorrows of Aphrodite, the wells of the mountains shed tears for Adonis; the flowerets flush red for grief, and Cytherea's isle over every foothill and every glen of it sings pitifully *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead*, and Echo ever cries her back again, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*. Who would not have wept his woe over the dire tale of Cyprus' love?

She saw, she marked his irresistible wound, she saw his thigh fading in a welter of blood, she lift her hands and put up the voice of lamentation saying "Stay, Adonis mine, stay, hapless Adonis, till I come at thee for the last time, till I clip thee about and mingle lip with lip. Awake Adonis, awake for a little while, and give me one latest kiss: kiss me all so long as ever the kiss be alive, till thou give up

THE BUCOLIC POETS

άχρις ἀποφύχης ἐς ἐμὸν στόμα κεὶς ἐμὸν ἡπαρ
πνεῦμα τεὸν φεύσῃ, τὸ δέ σεν γλυκὺν φίλτρον
ἀμέλξω,

ἐκ δὲ πίστην ἔρωτα, φίλημα δὲ τοῦτο φυλάξω
ώς¹ αὐτὸν τὸν "Ἄδωνιν, ἐπεὶ σύ με δύσμορε φεύγεις, 50
φεύγεις μακρὸν" Αδωνι, καὶ ἔρχεαι εἰς "Λαχέροντα
πάρ στυγήνον βασιλῆια καὶ ἄγριον, ἀ δὲ τὰλαινα
ζῶω καὶ θεὸς ἴμμι καὶ οὐ δύναμαι σε διώκειν.
λάμβανε Περσεφόνα τὸν ἴμμον πόσιν· ἐσσι γάρ αὐτὰ
πολλὸν ἐμεῦ κρέσσων, τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς σὲ
καταρρεῖ."²

ἴμμι δ' ἔγω πανάποτμος, ἔχω δ' ἀκέρεστον ἀνίαν,
καὶ κλαίω τὸν "Ἄδωνιν, δ μοι θάνε, καὶ σε φοβεῦμαι.
θνήσκεις ω τριπόθητε, πόθος δέ μοι ὡς δυναρ ἐπτα,
χήρα δ' ἀ Κυθέρεια, κενοὶ δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' "Ερωτες.
σοὶ δ' ἄμα κεστὸς δλωλε, τί γάρ τολμηρὲ κυνάγεις; 60
καλὸς ἔὼν τοσσούτον ἐμίναο θηρὶ παλαίειν;
ἄδ' ὀλοφύρατο Κύπρις ἐπαιάζουσιν "Ερωτες
"αἰαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Ἄδωνις."

δάκρυον ἀ Παφία τόσσον χέει, ὅσσον "Ἄδωνις
αἷμα χέει· τὰ δὲ πάντα ποτὶ χθονὶ γίνεται αἰθη.
αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δύνρυα τὰν ἀνερῶναν.
αἰάζω τὸν "Άδωνιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Άδωνις.

μηκέτ' ἐνὶ δρυμοῖσι τὸν ἀνέρα μύρεο Κύπρι.
οὐκ ἀγαθὴ στιβάς ἐστιν "Άδωνιδι φυλλὰς ἐρήμα-
λέκτρον ἔχοι Κυθέρεια τὸ σὸν καὶ " νεκρὸς "Άδωνις. 70

¹ ἡ: Μην.: μην δι: α' ² καταρρεῖ Σιερίαννος: μην καὶ
λέρρη. ³ Εχει: Valekenaer: μην Εχει καὶ Ε: μην εῖναι δι
οτ τὸ δὲ μηνος το taking καὶ αἱ "αἱδ"

thy breath into my mouth and thy spirit pass into my heart, till I have drawn the sweet milk of thy love-potion and I have drunk up all thy love; and that kiss of Adonis I will keep as it were he that gave it, now that thou fleest me, poor miserable, fleest me far and long, Adonis, and goest where is Acheron and the cruel sullen king, while I alas! live and am a God and may not go after thee. O Persephone, take thou my husband, take him if thou wilt; for thou art far stronger than I, and gettest to thy share all that is beautiful; but as for me, 'tis all ill and for ever, 'tis pain and grief without cloy, and I weep that my Adonis is dead and I fear me what thou wilt do. O dearest and sweetest and best, thou diest, and my dear love is sped like a dream; widowed now is Cytherea, the Loves are left idle in her bower, and the girdle of the Love-Lady is lost along with her beloved. O rash and overbold! why didst go a-hunting? Wast thou so wood to pit thee against a wild beast and thou so fair?" This was the wail of Cypris, and now the Loves cry her woe again, saying *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead.*

The Paphian weeps and Adonis bleeds, drop for drop, and the blood and tears become flowers upon the ground. Of the blood comes the rose, and of the tears the windflower.

I cry woe for Adonis, the beauteous Adonis is dead.

Mourn thy husband no more in the woods, sweet Cypris; the lonely leaves make no good lying for such as he; rather let Adonis have thy conch as in life so in death; for being dead, Cytherea, he is yet

" wood " mad.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ νέκυς δὲν καλός ἔστι, καλὸς νέκυς, οὐα καθεύδων.
 κάτθεον τινα μαλακοῖς ἐνὶ φάρεσιν οἵτι¹ ἔνιανεν,
 φί μετὰ τεῦς² ἀνὰ σύκτα τὸν ἱερὸν ὑπνον ἐμόχθει
 παγχρυσέφι εἰλιτῆρει ποθεῖ καὶ στυμνὸν³ Λδωνι.
 βάλλε δέ τινα στεφάνοισι καὶ ἀνθεστή πάντα σὺν
 αὔτῷ,

ὅς τῆμος τέθρακε καὶ ἄνθεα πάντα θανόντων.⁴
 ράινε δέ τινα Συρίοισιν⁵ ἀλείφασι, ράινε μύροισιν
 ὅλλυσθω μύρα πάντα· τὸ σὸν μύρον ὄλετ⁶ Λδωνι.

κέκλιται ἄβρὸς⁷ Λδωνις ἐν εἴμασι πορφύρεοισιν
 ἀρψὶ δέ τινα κλαιόντες ἀναστενάχουσιν⁸ Ερωτες⁹ 80
 κειράμενοι χαίτας ἐπ' Λδωνιδει¹⁰ χῶ μὲν δῖστάσι,
 δε δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἐβαλλεν, δέ δὲ πτερόν, δε δὲ φαρέ
 τραι

χῶ μὲν ἔλυσε πέδιλον Λδωνῖδος, οἱ δὲ λέβητι
 χρυσείῳ φορέουσιν ὕδωρ, οἱ δὲ μηρία λούει,
 δε δ' ὅπιθεν πτερύγεσσιν ἀναφύχει τὸν Λδωνι.
 'αἰαί'¹¹ τὰν Κυθέρειαν¹² ἐπαιάζουσιν Ερωτες.

ἐσβεσσε λαμπτιδα πᾶσαι ἐπὶ φλιαῖς Τμέναιος,
 καὶ στέφος ἐξεπέτασσε γυμνῆλιον οὐκέτι δ' Τμῆν. 10
 'Τμῆν οὐκέτι' ἀείδει ἐν μελος, ἀλλ' ἐπαείδει¹³
 'αἰαί' καὶ 'τὸν Λδωνι' ἐπι πλέον ή Τμέναιον.
 αἱ Χάριτες κλαιόντι τὸν νιέα τῷ Κινύραο,
 'ὄλετο καλὸς Λδωνις' ἐν ἀλλάλαισι λέγουσαι.
 'αἰαί' δ' ὅξη λέγοντι πολὺ πλέον ή Παιώνα.
 Χαί¹⁴ Μοῖραι τὸν Λδωνιν ἀναελείουσιν 'Λδωνι.'

¹ εἶτε Stepā; πινα εἰ. ² φ. E: πινα τοῦ τεῦ Will; πινα εἰ.
³ στυμνὸν E, see C.R. 1913, p. 76; πινα στυμνὸν πάντα
 πανάκτων E, cf. 78; πινα πάντα' έπαράθη emended from Εριτ
 Βιον. 60 after πάντα πάντα αἴτη διαιτη in from above

lovely, lovely in death as he were asleep. Lay him down in the soft coverlets wherein he used to slumber, upon that couch of solid gold whereon he used to pass the nights in sacred sleep with thee ; for the very couch longs for Adonis, Adonis all dishevelled. Fling garlands also and flowers upon him ; now that he is dead let them die too, let every flower die. Pour out upon him unguents of Syria, perfumes of Syria ; perish now all perfumes, for he that was thy perfume is perished and gone.

There he lies, the delicate Adonis, in purple wrappings, and the weeping Loves lift up their voices in lamentation ; they have shorn their locks for Adonis' sake. This flung upon him arrows, that a bow, this a feather, that a quiver. One hath done off Adonis' shoe, others fetch water in a golden basin, another washes the thighs of him, and again another stands behind and fans him with his wings.

The Loves cry woe again saying "Woe for Cytherea."

The Wedding-God hath put out every torch before the door, and scattered the bridal garland upon the ground ; the burden of his song is no more " Ho for the Wedding ; " there's more of " Woe " and " Adonis " to it than ever there was of the wedding-cry. The Graces weep the son of Cinyras, saying one to another, *The beauteous Adonis is dead,* and when they cry woe 'tis a shriller cry than ever the cry of thanksgiving. Nay, even the Fates weep and wail for Adonis, calling upon his name ; and more-

* *Zopfhaar* Ruhnken : *mas abrōisi* * *Isaakēs & Wil* : *mas
īpar* * ¹ *alaī Lennep* : *mas abrōi* * *thus Ahr* : *mas
ābōrōi* *alaī Eltern* *et al* ² *alaī Pierson* : *mas abrōi*
Eltern *Ahr* : *mas tō dārū* * *yal Meineke* : *mas sal*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

*καὶ νὺν ἐπαείδουσιν ὃ δέ σφισιν οὐχ ὑπακούειν
οὐ μὰν οὐκ ἔθέλει. Κώρα δέ νὺν οὐκ ἀπολύει.*

*λῆγε γόων Κυθέρεια τὸ σάμερον, ἵσχεο κομμῶν·¹
δεῖ σε πάλιν κλαῦσαι, πάλιν εἰς ἑτος ἄλλο
δακρῦσαι.*

100

¹ Κομμῶν Barth: ιππα κόμμων

over they sing a spell upon him to bring him back again, but he payeth no heed to it ; yet 'tis not from lack of the will, but rather that the Maiden will not let him go.

Give over thy wailing for to-day, Cytherea, and beat not now thy breast any more ; thou needs wilt wail again and weep again, come another year.

II.—ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS

This fragmentary shepherd-mime is probably to be ascribed to an imitator of Bion. At Myrsus's request, Lycidas sings him the tale of Achilles at Scyros.

II.—[ΜΥΡΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ]

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Λῆσ νῦ τί μοι Λυκίδα Σικελὸν μέλος ἀδὺ ληγαίνω,
ἰμερόν γηλυκύθυμον ἔρωτικόν, οἷον ὁ Κύκλωψ
άειστεν Πολύφαμος ἐπαονία¹ Γαλατέα;

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

κῆμοι² συρίσδεν, Μύρσων, φίλον ἀλλὰ τί μέλψω;

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Σκύριον ὡ Λυκίδα ζαλώμενον³ ἀδὺν ἔρωτα,
λάθρια Πηλείδαο φιλάματα, λάθριον εὐτάν,
πῶς παῖς ἐστατο φᾶρος, ὅπως δὲ ἐφεύστατο⁴ μορφὴν
κήν κώραισιν ὅπως⁵ Λυκομηδίσιν ἀπαλέγοιστα
ἥεδη κατὰ⁶ παστὸν 'Λχιλλέα Δηϊδάμεια.

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

"Ἄρπασε τὰν Ἐλέναν πόθ⁷ ὁ βουκόλος, ἀγε δέ ἐς
Ίδαν,

10

* Οἰνώνα κακὸν ἄλγος. ἔχώστατο δέ ἀ Λακεδαίμων,

¹ ἐπαονία Ε, cf. Theocr. 25. 249 : μηδὲ τούτη θίλει * οὐδεὶς
Brunck : μηδὲ τούτη μη ² ζαλώμενος Wil. : μηδὲ ζαλὼν μίσος
³ οὐδεῖστες Canter, cf. Nonn. Dion. 44. 229 : μηδὲ τούτους
⁴ thus Wil. : μηδὲ τούτους οὐδέποτε * ήδη (from εἴδει) κατὰ
Ε, cf. Moero ap. Athen. 491 b : μηδὲντες τὰ

II.—[ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS]

MYRSON

THEN prithee, Lycidas, wilt thou chant me some pretty lay of Sicily, some delightful sweetheart song of love such as the Cyclops sang to Galatea of the sea-beaches?

LYCIDAS

I myself should like to make some music, Myrson; so what shall it be?

MYRSON

The sweet and enviable love-tale of Scyros, Lycidas, the stolen kisses of the child of Peleus and the stolen espousal of the same, how a lad donned women's weeds and played the knave with his outward seeming, and how in the women's chamber the reckless Deidameia found out Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes.

LYCIDAS (*sings*)

Once on a day, and a woeful day for the wife that loved him well,
The neatherd stole fair Helen and bare her to Ida
fell.

"The wife that loved him well": Oenone, wife of Paris.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πάντα δὲ λαὸν ἄγειρεν Ἀχαικόν, οὐδέ τις Ἑλλην
οὔτε Μυκηναῖον οὔτε Ἡλιδος οὔτε Λακώνων,
μείνεν ἐὸν κατὰ δῶμα φυγὴν δύστανον¹ Λρηα.²
λάνθανε δὲ ἐν κώραις Δυκομῆδίσι μοῦνος Ἀχιλλεὺς,
εἰρια δὲ ἀνθ' ὅπλων ἔδιδάσκετο, καὶ χερὶ λευκῷ
παρθενικὸν κόπον³ εἶχεν, ἐφαίνετο δὲ ἡτε κώρα
καὶ γὰρ Ισου τήναις θηλύνετο, καὶ τὸσον ἄνθος
χιονέαις πόρφυρε παρηίστη, καὶ τὸ βάδισμα
παρθενικῆς ἐβάδιζε, κόμας δὲ ἐπύκαζε καλύπτρῃ. 20
θυμὸν δὲ ἀνέρος⁴ εἶχε, καὶ ἀνέρος εἶχεν ἑρωτα-
ἴξ ἀνὖ δὲ ἐπὶ νύκτα παρίζετο⁵ Δηϊδαμείᾳ,
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν τήγας ἐφίλει χέρα, πολλάκι δὲ αὐτὸς
στάμονα καλὸν ἀειρε, τὰ δαΐδαλα δὲ ἄτρι⁶ ἐπύγει-
ησθιε δὲ οὐκ ἀλλα σὺν ὄμαλικι, πάντα δὲ ἐπαίει
σπεῦδων κουνὸν ἐς ὑπτον. ἐλεξένυ καὶ λόγον αὐτῷ.
· ἄλλαι⁷ μὲν κρύσσουσι σὺν ἀλλάλαισιν ἀδελφαί,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μάνα, μάνα⁸ δὲ σὺ νύμφα καθεύδεις.
αἱ δύο παρθενικαί⁹ συνομάλικες, αἱ δύο καλαί
ἄλλα μόναι κατὰ¹⁰ λέκτρα καθεύδομεν· ἀ δὲ πονηρὰ 30
Νυσαῖα¹¹ δολία με κακῶς ἀπὸ σεῖο μερίσδει.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο¹²

¹ φυγὴν δύστανον Bonstoy : πηγαὶ φέρετ λαοῖς ἀλέας οὐ δύστανος
ἀλέας οὐ δεστίν ἀγρέλε "Apro Scaliger : πηγαὶ δρυῖς" ² εἰδος Κ;
πηγαὶ κέρας οὐ χορδὴ ³ Β' ἀσέρος Lennep : πηγαὶ Β' "Αρετα"
· παρίζετο Cantor : πηγαὶ περί, ⁴ στάλιον Scal : πηγαὶ στάλιον
ἀλά δαΐδαλα δὲ ἄτρι' Len : πηγαὶ δὲ δαΐδαλαρού ⁵ δαΐδαλος Κ;
πηγαὶ δαΐδαλοι ⁶ μάνα μάνα Len : πηγαὶ μάνα μάνα ⁷ αἱ δύο π.

Sparta was wroth and roused to arms Achaea wide
and far;

Mycenae, Elis, Sparta-land—

No Greek but scorned at home to stand

For all the woes of war.

Yet one lay hid the maids amid, Achilles was he bight:

Instead of arms he learnt to spin

And with wan hand his rest to win,

His cheeks were snow-white freakt with red,

He wore a kerchief on his head,

And woman-lightsome was his tread,

All maiden to the sight.

Yet man was he in his heart, and man was he in
his love;

From dawn to dark he'd sit him by

A maid yclept Deidamya,

And oft would kiss her hand, and oft

Would set her weaver's-beam aloft

And praise the web she wove.

Come dinner-time, he'd go to board that only may
beside,

And do his best of deed and word to win her for his
bride:

"The others share both board and bed," such wont
his words to be,

"I sleep alone and you alone; though we be maidens
free,

Maidens and fair maidens, we sleep on pallets two;

"Tis that cruel crafty Nysa that is parting me and
you. . . ."

"with wan hand": the un-sunburnt hand of an indoor-
living person.

Salmasius: *mss ad l' ὄπε τ.* "σαρά Seal: *mss ad*

¹⁰ *Nysala* Wil: *mss Nysa or Néosa γῆρ*

III-XVIII

The remaining poems and fragments are preserved in quotations made by Stobaeus, with the exception of the last, which is quoted by the grammarian Orion (Anth. δ, 4).

III.—[ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΥΡΣΩΝ]

ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ

Εἴαρος ὁ Μύρσων ἡ χείματος ἡ φθινοπώρῳ.
ἡ θέρεος τί τοι ἀδύ; τί δὲ πλέον εὔχεαι ἀλθεῖν;
ἡ θέρος, ἀνίκα πάντα τελείεται ὅσσα μογεῦμεν;
ἡ γλυκερὸν φθινόπωρον, δτ' ἀνδράσι λιμὸς ἐλαφρά;
ἡ καὶ χείμα δύστεργον; ἐπεὶ καὶ χείματι πολλῷ
θαλπόμενοι θέλγονται¹ ἀεργέλᾳ τε καὶ δκνῳ·
ἡ τοι καλὸν ἔαρ πλέον εὔαδεν; εἰπέ, τί τοι φρίν
αἱρεῖται; λαλέων γὰρ ἐπέτραπεν ἀ σχολὰ ἄμμιν.

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

κρίνειν οὐκ ἐπέοικε θεῆια ἔργα βροτοῖσι·
πάντα γὰρ ἴερὰ ταῦτα καὶ ὁδία· σεῦ δὲ ἔκατε
δξερέω Κλεόδαμε, τό μοι πέλεν ἄδιον ἀλλων.
οὐκ ἐθέλω θέρον ήμεν, ἐπεὶ τόκα μ' ἄλιος ὄπτη,
οὐδοι χείμα φέρειν νιφετὸν κρυμώς τε φοβεῦμαι.
εἴαρ ἐμοὶ τριπόθητοι δλφ λυκάβαντι παρείη,
ἀνίκα μήτε κρύος μήθ' ἄλιος ἄμμε βαρύνει.
εἴαρι πάντα κύει, πάντ' εἴαρος ἀδέα βλαστεῖ,
χά νῦξ ἀνθρώπαισιν ἵσα καὶ ὁμοίος διώς. . .

¹ θέλγονται Οὐταίνει : παν θέλγονται

III.—[FROM A SHEPHERD-MIME]

CLEODAMUS

Which will you have is sweetest, Myrson, spring, winter, autumn, or summer? which are you fainest should come? Summer, when all our labours are fulfilled, or sweet autumn when our hunger is least and lightest, or the winter when no man can work—for winter also hath delights for many with her warm firesides and leisure hours—or doth the pretty spring-time please you best? Say, where is the choice of your heart? To be sure, we have time and to spare for talking.

MYRSON

'Tis unseemly for mortal men to judge of the works of Heaven, and all these four are sacred, and every one of them sweet. But since you ask me, Cleodamus, I will tell you which I hold to be sweeter than the rest. I will not have your summer, for then the sun burns me; I will not have your autumn, neither, for that time o' year breeds disease; and as for your winter, he is intolerable; I cannot away with frost and snow. For my part, give me all the year round the dear delightful spring, when cold doth not chill nor sun burn. In the spring the world's a-breeding, in the spring the world's all sweet buds, and our days are as long as our nights and our nights as our days. . . .

THE BUCOLIC POETS

IV

Ἰξεντᾶς ἔτι κῶρος ἐν ἀλσεῖ δενδράεντι
 δρυεα θηρεύων τὸν ἀπότροπον εἶδεν Ἐρωτα
 ἐσδόμενον πύξοιο ποτὶ κλάδον· ὡς δὲ ἐνόησε,
 χαίρων ὑνεκα δὴ μέγα φαίνετο τῷρυεον αὐτῷ,
 τῶς καλάμως ἄμα πάντας ἐπ' ἀλλαλοισι συνιῆπτων
 τῷ καὶ τῷ τὸν Ἐρωτα μετάλμενον ἀμφεδόκενε.
 χὼ παῖς ἀσχαλασθ, ὅκα¹ οἱ τέλος οὐδέν ἀπώτη,
 τῶς καλάμως ρίψας ποτὸς ἀροτρέα πρέσβυν ἵκαινεν,
 δὲ νιν τάνδε τέχναν ἐδιδάξατο, καὶ λέγεν αὐτῷ,
 καὶ οἱ δέξειν Ἐρωτα καθήμενον. αὐτὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς 10
 μειδιάων κίνησε κάρη καὶ ἀμείβετο παῖδα.
 * φείδεο τὰς θήρας, μηδὲ ἐς τόβε τῷρυεον ἥρχεν.
 φεύγε μακράν. κακὸν ἔστι τὸ θηρίον. δλβιος ἐσσῆ,
 εἰσοκα μη νιν ἐλῆς· ἦρ δὲ ἀνέρος ἐς μέτρον ἐλθῆ,
 οὗτος ο νῦν φεύγων καὶ ἀπάλμενος αὐτὸς ἀφ' αὐτῷ
 ἐλθὼν ἔξαπίνας κεφαλὰν ἐπι σείο καθίξει.¹

V

*Α μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις ἔθ' ὑπνώοντι παρέστα,
 νηπίαχον τὸν Ἐρωτα καλᾶς ἐκ χειρὸς ἄγοισα
 ἐς χθύνα νευστάζοντα. τόσον δέ μοι ἐφρασε μῦθον
 * μελπειν μοι φίλε βούτα λαβάν τὸν Ἐρωτα
 δίδασκε.
 δες λέγε χά μὲν ἀπῆνθεν, ἐγὼ δὲ δσα βουκολίασδον,
 νήπιος ὡς ἐθέλοντα μαθεῖν τὸν Ἐρωτα δίδασκον,
 ὡς εὑρε πλαγιάνδον ὁ Πίάν, ὡς αὐλὸν Ἀθάνα,
 ὡς χέλυν Ἐρμίων, κίθαριν ὡς ἀδὺς Ἀπόλλων.

¹ ὅκα Ροτσοῦ: οὐκέτι οὔτεκα

IV.—[LOVE AND THE FOWLER]

ONE day a fowler-lad was out after birds in a coppice, when he espied perching upon a box-tree bough the shy retiring Love. Rejoicing that he had found what seemed him so fine a bird, he fits all his lime-rods together and lies in wait for that hipping-hopping quarry. But soon finding that there was no end to it, he flew into a rage, cast down his rods, and sought the old ploughman who had taught him his trade; and both told him what had happened and showed him where young Love did sit. At that the old man smiled and wagged his wise head, and answered: "Withhold thy hand, my lad, and go not after this bird; flee him far; 'tis evil game. Thou shalt be happy so long as thou catch him not, but so sure as thou shalt come to the stature of a man, he that heppeth and scapeth thee now will come suddenly of himself and light upon thy head."

V.—[LOVE'S SCHOOLING]

I DREAMED and lo! the great Cyprian stood before me. Her fair hand did lead, with head hanging, the little silly Love, and she said to me: "Pray you, sweet Shepherd, take and teach me this child to sing and play," and so was gone. So I fell to teaching master Love, fool that I was, as one willing to learn; and taught him all my lore of country-music, to wit how Pan did invent the cross-flute and Athena the flute, Hermes the lyre and sweet Apollo the harp.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ταῦτά τιν ἔξεσίδασκον· οὐδὲ οὐκ ἐμπάζετο μύθων,
ἄλλα μοι αὐτὸς ἀείδεν ἐρωτῦλα, καὶ μ' ἐδίδασκε
θνατῶν ἀθανάτων τε πόθως καὶ ματέρος ἔργα.
κῆργὸν ἐκλαθόμαν μὲν δσουν τὸν "Ἐρωτ'" ἐδίδασκον,
δσσα δὲ "Ἐρωτ" μ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐρωτῦλα πάντας ἐδίδαχθην.

VI

Ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὸν "Ἐρωτα τὸν ἄγριον οὐ φοβέονται
ἐκ θυμοῦ δὲ φιλεῦντε καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς αὐτῷ ἐπονται.
κήν μὲν ἄρα ψυχάν τις ἔχων ἀνέραστον ἀείδη,
τῆνον ὑπεκφεύγοντι καὶ οὐκ ἰθέλοντι διδύσκειν
ἥν δὲ νόον τις¹ "Ἐρωτι δονεύμενος ἀδὺ μελίσδη,
ἔς τῆνον μάλα πᾶσαι ἐπενγόμεναι προρέοντι.
μάρτυς ἔγων, δτι μῆθος δοῦ ἐπλετο πᾶσιν ἀλαθῆς.
ἥν μὲν γάρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἡ ἀθανάτων τινὰ μέλπω,
βαμβαλνει μοι γλώσσα καὶ ὡς πάρος οὐκέτι ἀείσει.
ἥν δὲ αὐτὸς τὸν "Ἐρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδαν τι μελίσδω,
καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροιστα διὰ στόματος φέει αὐδά.

VII

... Οὐκ οἶδ, οὐδὲ² ἐπέοικεν ἂ μὴ μάθομεν πονέ-
εσθαι.
εὶ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια, καὶ τάδε μῶνα
κῦνδος ἐμοὶ θῆσοντι, τά μοι πάρος ὅπασε Μοῖρα.
οἱ δὲ οὐχ ἀδέα ταῦτα, τί μοι ποτὶ² πλείσσα μοχθῖν;
εὶ μὲν γάρ βιότῳ διπλόσιν χρόνον ἄμμιν ἐδωκεν
ἡ Κρονίδας ἡ Μοῖρα πολύτροπος, ὥστ' ἀνύεσθαι

¹ τις Βρυτοκ: πασ τῷ

² ποτὶ Αἰγ: πασ πολὺ

But nay, the child would give no heed to aught I might say ; rather would he be singing love-songs of his own, and taught me of the doings of his mother and the desires of Gods and men. And as for all the lore I had been teaching master Love, I clean forgot it, but the love-songs master Love taught me, I learnt them every one.

VI.—[A LOVE POEM]

The Muses know no fear of the cruel Love ; rather do their hearts befriend him greatly and their footsteps follow him close. And let one that bath not love in his soul sing a song, and they forthwith slink away and will not teach him ; but if sweet music be made by him that hath, then fly they all unto him hot-foot. And if you ask me how I know that this is very truth, I tell you I may sing praise of any other, be he God or man, and my tongue will wag falteringly and refuse me her best ; but if my music be of love and Lycidas, then my voice floweth from my lips rejoicing.

VII.—[THE POET'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE]

. . . I know not, and 'tis unseemly to labour aught we wot not of. If my poor songs are good, I shall have faime out of such things as Fate hath bestowed upon me already—they will be enough ; but if they are bad, what boots it me to go toiling on ? If we men were given, be it of the Son of Cronus or of fickle Fate, two lives, the one for pleasure and mirth and

THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὸν μὲν ἐς εὐφροσύναν καὶ χάρματα, τὸν δὲ ἐπὶ¹
μόχθῳ,

ἥν τάχα μοχθήσαντί ποθ' ὄστερον ἔσθλὰ δέχεσθαι
εἰ δέ θεοὶ κατένευσταν Ἑταῖρον ἐς βίον ἀλθεῖν
ἀνθρώποις, καὶ τόνδε βραχὺν καὶ μείονα πάντων, 16
ἐς πόσον ἂ δεῖλοι καμάτως κείς ἔργα πονεῦμες,
ψυχὴν δὲ ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας
βιβλλομες, ἴμεροντες δὲ πολὺ πλειονος δλβω;
λαθόμεθ' ἡ ἄρα² πάντες, ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα,
χίνης βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομες χρόνου; . . .

VIII

"Ολβιοι οἱ φιλέοντες, ἐπήν ίσον ἀντεράωνται.
δλβιος ἦν Θησεὺς τῷ Πειριθόῳ παρεόντος,
εἰ καὶ ἀμειδίκτοιο κατῆλυθεν εἰς Ἀΐδαο.
δλβιος ἦν χαλεποῖσιν ἐν Ἀξέλνοισιν Ὁρέστας,
ῶνεκαὶ οἱ ξυνὰς Πυλάδας ἥρητο³ κελεύθως.
ἦν μάκαρ Διακίδας ἑτάρω ζώοντος Ἀχιλλεύς.
δλβιος ἦν θνάτσκων, ὅτι οἱ μόροι αἰνὸν ἄμυνεν.

IX

"Εσπερε, τᾶς ἐρατᾶς χρύσεον φάος Ἀφρογενεῖας,
"Εσπερε κυανέας ἱερὸν φίλε νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα,
τόσσον ἀφανρότερος μήνας, δσον ἔξοχος ἀστρων,
χαῖρε φίλος, καὶ μοι ποτὶ ποιμένα κῶμον ἄγοντι
ἀντὶ σελαναίας τὸ δίδου φάος, ὕνεκα τῆνα

¹ *ιεὶ Wil: τις ἐτι* ² cf. Mosch. 2. 140 ³ *ὕρητε Grotius:*
τις ἔρειτο αὐτὸν

the other for toil, then perhaps might one do the toiling first and get the good things afterward. But seeing Heaven's decree is, man shall live but once, and that for too brief a while to do all he would, then O how long shall we go thus miserably toiling and moiling, and how long shall we lavish our life upon getting and making, in the consuming desire for more wealth and yet more? Is it that we all forget that we are mortal and Fate hath allotted us so brief a span?

VIII.—[REQUITED LOVE]

HAPPY are lovers when their love is requited. Theseus, for all he found Hades at the last implacable, was happy because Perithous went with him; and happy Orestes among the cruel Inhospitable, because Pylades had chosen to share his wanderings; happy also lived Achilles Aeacid while his dear comrade was alive, and died happy, seeing he so avenged his dreadful fate.

IX.—[TO HESPERUS]

EVENING Star, which art the golden light of the lovely Child o' the Foam, dear Evening Star, which art the holy jewel of the blue blue Night, even so much dimmer than the Moon as brighter than any other star that shines, hail, gentle friend, and while I go a-screnading my shepherd love shew me a light instead of the Moon, for that she being new but

"Inhospitable": the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Black Sea. "his dear comrade": Patroclus. "Child o' the Foam": Aphrodite.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

σάμερον ἀρχομένα τάχιον δύεν. οὐκ ἐπὶ φωρὰν
ἔρχομαι, οὐδὲ ἵτα νυκτὸς ὁδοιπορέοντας ἐνοχλέω·
ἄλλ' ἔράω καλὸν δέ τ' ἔρασσαμένῳ συναρίσθαι.

X

"Αμερε Κυπρογένεια, Διός τέκος ἡὲ θαλάσσας,
τίππε τόσον θνατοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι χάλεπτες;¹
τυτθὸν ἔφαν τί νυ τόσον ἀπίγχθεο καὶ τεῖν²
αὐτᾶ,
ταλίκον ὡς πάντεσσι κακὸν τὸν Ἐρωτα τεκέσθαι,
ἄγριον, ἀστοργον, μορφὰ νόσου οὐδὲν ὄμοιον;
εἰ τί δέ νι πτανόν καὶ ἐκαβόλον ὥπασας ἦμεν,
ὡς μὴ πικρὸν ἔοντα δυναίμεθα τῆνον ἀλύξαι;

XI—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΥΑΚΙΝΘΟΝ

... ἀμφασία τὸν Φοῖβον ἔλεν τὸ σὸν ἄλγος ὄρῶντα.¹
δίζετο φάρμακα πάντα, σοφὰν δὲ ἐπεμαίετο
τέχναν,
χρίεν δὲ ἀμφροσίᾳ καὶ νέκταρι, χρίεν ὑπασαν
ώτειλάντ Μοίραισι δὲ ἀναλθέα φάρμακα πάντα . . .

XII

... αὐτῷρ ἐγὼν βασεῦμαι ἐμάν ὄδὸν ἐς τὸ κάταντες
τῆνο ποτὶ ψύμαθόν τε καὶ αἴονα ψιθυρίσδων,
λισσόμενος Γαλάτειαν ἀπηνέα· τὰς δέ γλυκέιας
Ἐπίδας ὑστατίω μέχρι γῆραος οὐκ ἀπολειψά . . .

¹ χάλεπτες Ε = you were troublesome: ταῦς χάλεπτες
² τεῖν Hermann: ταῦς τίς ³ τεκέσθαι Heges: παῖς τέκηαι

BION IX-XII

yesterday is too quickly set. I be no thief nor highwayman—'tis not for that I'm abroad at night—, but a lover ; and lovers deserve all aid.

X.—[TO APHRODITE]

GENTLE Dame of Cyprus, be'st thou child of Zeus, or child of the sea, pray tell me why wast so unkind alike unto Gods and men—nay, I'll say more, why so hateful unto thyself, as to bring forth so great and universal a mischief as this Love, so cruel, so heartless, so all unlike in ways and looks ? and wherefore also these wings and archerries that we may not escape him when he oppresseth us ?

XI.—OF HYACINTHUS

... When he beheld thy agony Phoebus was dumb. He sought every remedy, he had recourse to cunning arts, he anointed all the wound, anointed it with ambrosia and with nectar ; but all remedies are powerless to heal the wounds of Fate . . .

XII.—[GALATEA'S LOVER]

... But I will go my way to yonder hillside, singing low to sand and shore my supplication of the cruel Galatea ; for I will not give over my sweet hopes till I come unto uttermost old age . . .

* Αγάντρα Ueener : μητέ Ηγετός * δεσμάτερ Vulcanus :
μητέ Τερβαλέτρος or Τερβαλέτρο

THE BUCOLIC POETS

XIII

... οὐ καλὸν ἀ φίλε πάντα λόγον ποτὶ τέκτονα
φοιτᾶν,
μηδὲ ἐπὶ πάντ' ἄλλῳ¹ χρέος ισχέμεν· ἄλλὰ καὶ
αὐτὸς
τεχράσθαι σύριγγα· πέλει δέ τοι εὔμαρες ἔργον...

XIV

Μοῖσας "Ερως καλέοι, Μοῖσαι τὸν" Ερωτα φέροιεν.
μολπὰν ταὶ Μοῖσαι μοι ἀεὶ ποθέοντι διδοῖεν,
τὰν γῆμερὰν μολπάν, τὰς φάρμακον ἄδιον
οὐδέν.

XV

... ἐκ θαμνᾶς φαθάμιγγος, ὅπως λόγος, αἱς
ἰοίσας
χά λίθος ἐς φωχμὸν κοιλαίνεται...

XVI

... μηδὲ Λίπης μ' ἀγέραστον, ἐπεὶ χὼ Φοῖβος
ἀείδων
μισθοδοκεῖ.² τιμὰ δὲ τὰ πράγματα κρέσσονα
ποιεῖ...

¹ μηδὲ ἐν Grotius: πας μηδέ τοι οὐλῶν Salmasius: πας
οὐλῷ ² ἀείδων μισθοδοκεῖ E: πας ἀείδειν μισθὼν Ilaceus

BION XIII-XVI

XIII.—[DO IT YOURSELF]

... It is not well, friend, to go to a craftsman upon all matters, nor to resort unto another man in every business, but rather to make you a pipe yourself; and 'faith, 'tis not so hard, neither . . .

XIV.—[LOVE AND SONG]

MAY Love call the Muses, and the Muses bring Love; and may the Muses ever give me song at my desire, dear melodious song, the sweetest physic in the world.

XV.—[PERSISTENCE]

... "Tis said a continual dripping will e'en wear a hollow in a stone . . .

XVI.—[WORTHY OF HIS HIRE]

... I pray you leave me not without some reward; for even Phoebus is paid for his music, and a meed maketh things better . . .

THE BUCOLIC POETS

XVII

... μορφὰ θηλυτέραισι πέλει καλόν, ἀνέρι δ'
ἀδεκά ...

XVIII

πάντα θεοῦ γ' ἐθέλοντος ἀνύστιμα, πάντα βροτοῖσιν
ἐκ μακάρων ῥάστα καὶ οὐκ ἀτέλεστα γέροντο.¹

1 ῥάστα Ahr : τις γέρος ῥάστα γέροντα Ahr : τις γέρετα

BION XVII-XVIII

XVII.—[AFTER THEIR KIND]

... The woman's glory is her beauty, the man's
his strength ...

XVIII.—[GOD WILLING]

... All things may be achieved if Heav'n will ; all
is possible, nay, all is very easy if the Blessed make
it so ...

III

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS

I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

Cyrus has lost her boy Love, and cries him in the streets,

ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΣΙΚΕΛΙΩΤΟΥ

I.—ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΕΤΗΣ

Α Κύπρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν νίκαια μακρὸν ἐβώστρει·
“ὅστις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα,
δραπετίδας ἐμός ἐστιν ὁ μανύσας γέρας ἔξει·
μισθός¹ τοι τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος ἦν δὲ ἀγάγη

νιφ.

οὐ γυμνῷ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ δὲ ὅ τι ξένει καὶ πλέον ἔξει.
ἐστι δὲ ὁ παῖς περισσαρος ἐν εἴκοσι παιστὶ² μάθοις
νιφ.

χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λεύκος, πυρὶ δὲ ἄκελος· δρματα δὲ
αὐτῷ

δριμύλα καὶ φλογύειται· κακαὶ φρένες, ἀδὲ λάλημα·
οὐ γάρ ἴσοι νόσοι καὶ φθέγγεται· ὡς μέλι φωνή,
ὡς δὲ χολὴ νόσος ἐστιν ἀναμερος, ἡπεροπτευτάς, 10
οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἀγρια παισῶν.
εἰπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον, ἔχει δὲ ἵταδὸν τὸ μέτωπον,
μικκύλη μὲν τίμφ τὰ χερύδρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει,
βάλλει καὶς Ἀχέροντα καὶ εἰς Ἀΐδα βασίλεια.
γυμνὸς δῆλος τὸ γε σῶμα, νόσος δέ οἱ εὖ πεπύκασται,
καὶ πτερύειτ δὲ δρυις ἐφίπταται πλλον ἐπ' ἀλλῳ,
ἀνέρας ἥδε γυναικας, ἐπὶ σπλάγχναις δὲ κάθηται.
τόξον ἔχει μάλα βασίν, ἵπερ τόξῳ δὲ βίλεμνον,

¹ μισθός: πώπ μισθός

² παιστὶ Ηείπαινα: πώπ παιστὶ

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS

I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

CYPRIS one day made hue and cry after her son Love and said : " Whosoever hath seen one Love loitering at the street-corners, know that he is my runaway, and any that shall bring me word of him shall have a reward ; and the reward shall be the kiss of Cypris ; and if he bring her runaway with him, the kiss shall not be all. He is a notable lad ; he shall be known among twenty : complexion not white but rather like to fire ; eyes keen and beamy ; of an ill disposition but fair spoken, for he means not what he says—'tis voice of honey, heart of gall ; foward, cozening, a ne'er-say-truth ; a wily brat ; makes cruel play. His hair is plenty, his forehead bold ; his baby hands tiny but can shoot a long way, aye, e'en across Acheron into the dominions of Death. All naked his body, but well covered his mind. He's winged like a bird and flies from one to another, women as well as men, and alights upon their hearts. He hath a very little bow and upon it an arrow ; 'tis

THE BUCOLIC POETS

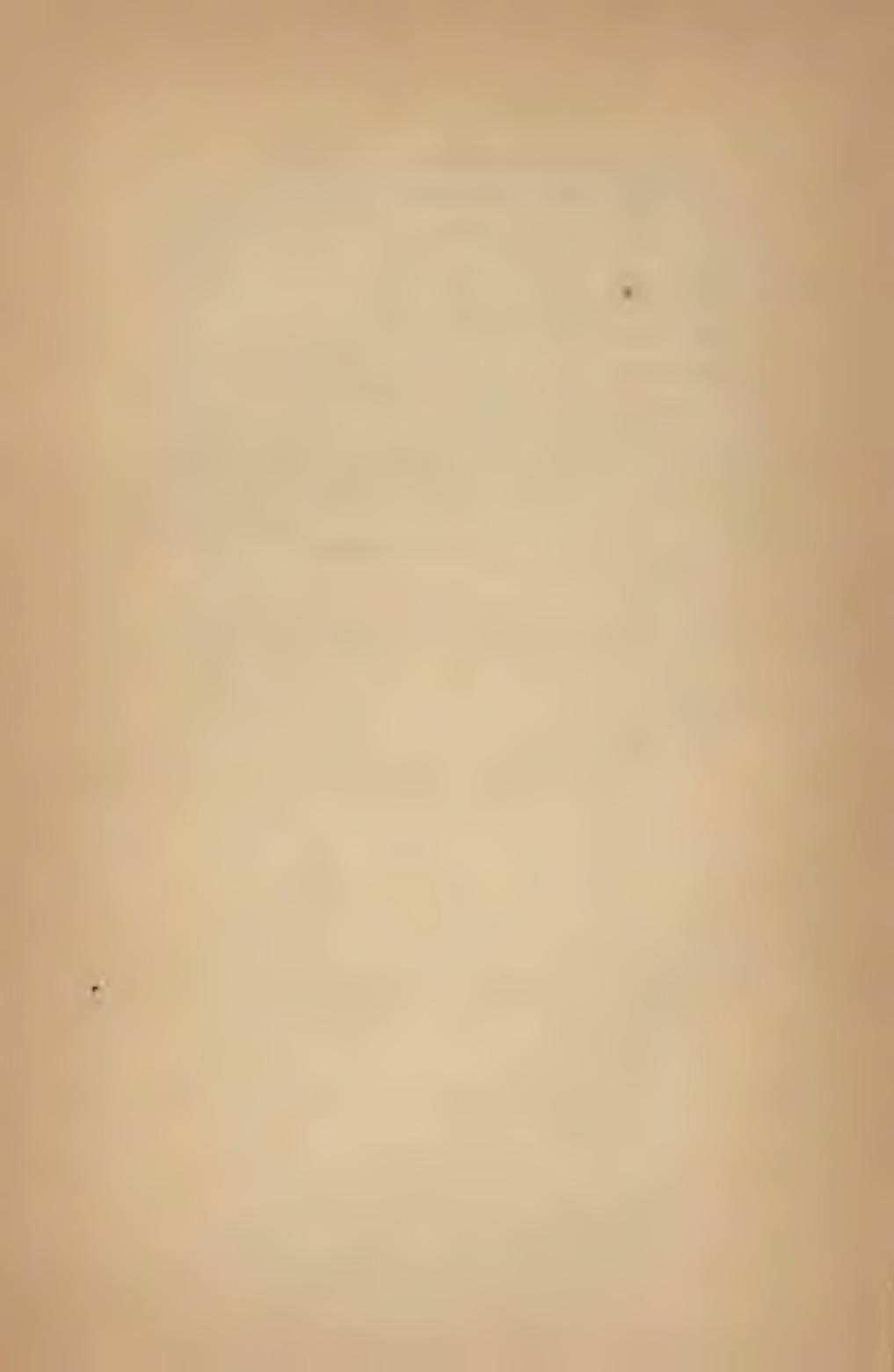
τυτθὸν μὲν τὸ βέλεμνον, ἐς αἰθέρα δ' ἄχρι φορεῖται.
καὶ χρύσειν περὶ μότα φαρέτριον, ἔνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ²⁰
τοὺς πικροὶ κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι κάμε τιτρώσκει.
πάντα μὲν ἄγρια ταῦτα· πολὺ πλέον ὁ δαίς¹ αὐτῷ
βαιὰ λαμπάς ἐνίστα τὸν ἄλμον αὐτὸν ἀναίσθει.

ἥν τύ γ' ἔλιγ τῆνον, δήσας ἄγε μηδὲ ἔλεήσῃ.
κῆν ποτίδης κλαιούτα, φυλάσσεο μὴ σε πλαγόσῃ.
κῆν γελάῃ, τύ νιν ἔλπε. καὶ ἦν ἔθέλη σε φιλῆσαι,
φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χεῖλεα φάρμακον ἔντι.
ἦν δὲ λέγη· ‘λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι δόσα μοι δπλα·’
μὴ τὸ θύγης πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα
βέβαπται.’

¹ πλέον ἡ δαίς Wil.: πλε πλέον δὲ σε πλεῖστον δὲ εἰ
² δι εἰσὶ καὶ τὰ σιδηρον, δὲ τὸν πυρόντα σιδίξει. This line,
which can hardly belong here, is omitted by some of the ms.

but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he oftentimes woundeth e'en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueller far, his torch ; 'tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

Let any that shall take him bind and bring him and never pity. If he see him weeping, let him have a care lest he be deceived ; if laughing, let him still hale him along ; but if making to kiss him, let him flee him, for his kiss is an ill kiss and his lips poison ; and if he say 'Here, take these things, you are welcome to all my armour,' then let him not touch those mischievous gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."



II.—EUROPA

Moschus tells in *Epic verse* how the virgin Europa, after dreaming of a struggle between the two continents for the possession of her, was carried off from among her companions by Zeus in the form of a bull, and borne across the sea from Tyre to Crete, there to become his bride. The earlier half of the poem contains a description of Europa's flower-basket. It bears three pictures in inlaid metal—Io crossing the sea to Egypt in the shape of a heifer, Zeus restoring her there by a touch to human form, and the birth of the peacock from the blood of Argus slain.

II.—ΕΥΡΩΠΗ

Εύρωπη ποτὲ Κύπρις ἐπὶ γλυκὸν ἤκεν δινειρον,
 μικτὸς ὅτε τρίτατον¹ λάχος ἴσταται, ἐγγύθι δὲ ἡώς,
 ὑπνος ὅτε γλυκίων μέλιτος βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζων
 λυσιμελής πεδίᾳ μαλακῷ κατὰ φάεα δεσμῷ,
 εὗτε καὶ ὑπρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος δινείρων
 τῆμος ὑπωροφίοισιν ἐνὶ κινάσσονσα δόμοισι
 Φοίνικος θυγάτηρ ἔτι παρθένος Εύρωπεια
 ὠίσατ² ἡπέρους δοιάς περὶ εἰο μάχεσθαι,
 ἀσσιον³ ἀντιπέρην τε φυὴν δὲ ἔχον οὐα γυναῖκες.
 τῶν δὲ ἡ μὲν ξείνης μορφὴν ἔχει, ἡ δὲ ἄρδεψκει 10
 ἐνδαπή, καὶ μᾶλλον ἡς περισχέτο κούρης,
 φάσκει δὲ ὡς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ὡς ἀτίτηλε μιν αὐτῇ.
 ἡ δὲ ἑτέρη κρατερῆσι βιωμένη παλάμησιν
 εἴρυεν οὐκ ἀέκουσαν, ἐπει φάτο μόρσιμον εἰο⁴
 ἐκ Διὸς αἰγάλοχου γέρας ἔμεναι Εύρωπειαν.
 ἡ δὲ ἀπὸ μὲν στρωτῶν λεχέων θύρῃ δειμαίνουσα,
 παλλομένη κραδίην τὸ γάρ ὡς ὑπαρ εἰδεν διειρον.
 ζομένη δὲ ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀκην ἔχει, ἀμφοτέρας δὲ
 εἰσέτι πεπταμένοισιν ἐν ὑμμασιν εἴχε γυναῖκας.
 δψὲ δὲ δειμαλέην ἀνενείκατο παρθένον⁵ αὐδίην 20
 τίς μοι τοιάδε φάσματ⁶ ἐπουρανίων προΐηλεν;

¹ τρίτατον Musurus: τοῦ τρίτου ² δοτον = ἀσσιν, called
 Doric by Eustath. 1643. 32; ἀρτείρης επεστ = τῷ ἀστ. E :
 428

II.—EUROPA

Once upon a time Europa had of the Cyprian a delightful dream. 'Twas the third watch o' the night when 'tis nigh dawn and the Looser of Limbs is come down honey-sweet upon the eyelids for to hold our twin light in gentle bondage, twas at that hour which is the outgoing time of the flock of true dreams, that wheras Phoenix' daughter the maid Europa slept in her bower under the roof, she dreant that two lands near and far strove with one another for the possession of her. Their guise was the guise of women, and the one had the look of an outland wife and the other was like to the dames of her own country. Now this other clave very vehemently to her damscl, saying she was the mother that bare and nursed her, but the ogland woman laid violent hands upon her and haled her away; nor went she altogether unwilling, for she that haled her said: "The Aegis-Bearer hath ordained thee to be mine." Then leapt Europa in fear from the bed of her lying, and her heart went pit-a-pat; for she had had a dream as it were a waking vision. And sitting down she was long silent, the two women yet before her waking eyes. At last she raised her maiden voice in accents of terror, saying: "Who of the People of Heaven did send me forth such phantoms as these?"

mss. Aggr., Arka r', Aggr., Ardk'
+ Aggr., mss. also Sh. pāx. farr'

¹ als Ahr: mss. dhr:
zapphar: mss. also -er

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ποῖοι με στρατῶν λεχέων ὑπερ ἐν θαλάμοισι·
ἡδὲ μᾶλα κυνάσσουσαν ἀνεπτοίησαν δνειροι,
τίς δ' ἦν ή ξείνη, τὴν εἰσιδον ἵπνώουσα;
ὡς μ' ἔλαθε κραβίην κάνης πόθος, ὡς με καὶ αἴτη
ἀσπασίως ὑπέβεκτο καὶ ὡς σφετέρην ἴδε παιδα.
ἄλλα μοι εἰς ἀγαθὸν μάκαρες κρήνειαν¹ δνειρον?

ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπεδίζεθ' ἐπιάρας
ῆλικας οἱέτεας θυμήρεας εὐπατερέας,
τῆσιν ἀεὶ συνάθυρεν, δτ' ἐς χορὸν ἐντύνοιτο,² 30
ἢ ὅπε φαιόρινοιτο³ χρόα προχοῦσιν ἀναύρων,
ἢ ὅπότ' ἐκ λειμῶνος ἐπινοα λείρι ἀμέργοι.
αλ δέ οι αἴψα φίλαιθεν ἔχον δ' ἐν χερσὶν ἐκάστη
ἀνθοδόκον τάλαρον· ποτὶ δὲ λειμῶνας ἔβαινον
ἀγχιάλους, δθι τ' αὖν ὄμιλαδον ἥγερέθοντο
τερπόμεναι ῥοδέη τε φυῇ καὶ κύματος ἥχῃ.

αὕτη δὲ χρύσεον τάλαρον φέρεν Εύρωπεια,
θηγτόν, μέγα θαῦμα, μέγαν πόνον Ἡφαιίστοιο,
οὐ Διβύῃ πόρε δῶρον, δτ' ἐς λέχος Ἔρνοσιγαίου
ἥιεν ἡ δὲ πόρεν περικαλλέι Τηλεφαάσση,
ητε οι αἴματος ἔσκεν ἀνύμφῳ δ' Εύρωπειη
μῆτηρ Τηλεφάσσα περικλυτὸν ὄπασε δῶρον. 40

ἐν τῷ δαΐδαλα πολλὰ τετεύχατο μαρμαίροιτα.
ἐν μὲν ἔην χρυσοῖο τετυγμένη Ἰναχίς Ἰώ,
εἰσέτι πόρτις ἔουσα, φιὴν δ' οὐκ εἰχε γυναικί.
φοιταλέη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔφ' ἀλμυρὰ βαῖνε κίλεινθα,
νηχομένη ἱεληγε κυανῆ δ' ἐτέτυκτο θάλασσα.
δοιοι δ' ἔστασαν ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ὄφρυος αἰγιαλοῖο

¹ αρήνειαν Wakefield: πανε κρίνειαν ² ἐντύνοιτο Will: πανε
-ειτο, -ειντο, -ειτο ³ πανε αἷο φαιόρινοιτο

What meant the strange dreams that did affray me
in that most sweet slumber I had upon the bed in
my chamber? And who was the outland wife I did
behold in my sleep? O how did desire possess my
heart for her, and how gladly likewise did she take
me to her arms and look upon me as I had been her
child! I only pray the Blessed may send the dream
turn out well."

So speaking she up and sought the companions
that were of like age with her, born the same year
and of high degree, the maidens she delighted in
and was wont to play with, whether there were
dancing afoot or the washing of a bright fair body at
the outpourings of the water-brooks, or the cropping
of odorous lily-flowers in the mead. Forthwith were
they before her sight, bound flower-baskets in hand
for the longshore meadows, there to foregather as
was their wont and take their pleasure with the
springing roses and the sound of the waves.

Now Europa's basket was of gold, an admirable
thing, a great marvel and a great work of Hephaes-
tus, given of him unto Libya the day the Earth-Shaker
took her to his bed, and given of Libya unto the fair
beauteous Telephassa because she was one of her own
blood; and so the virgin Europa came to possess the
renowned gift, being Telephassa was her mother.

And in this basket were wrought many shining
pieces of cunning work. Therein first was wrought
the daughter of Inachus, in the guise of a heifer yet,
passing wide over the briny ways by labour of her
feet like one swimming; and the sea was wrought of
blue lacquer; and high upon the cliff-brow stood two

"daughter of Inachus": Io.

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φῶτες ἀολλίδην, θικεῦντο δὲ ποντοπόρον βοῦν.
 ἐν δ' ἦν Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἐπαφώμενος ἡρέμα χερσὶ;¹ 50
 πόρτιος Ἰναχίης, τὴν² δ' ἑπταπόρῳ παρὰ Νεῖλο
 ἐκ βοὸς εὐκεράσιο πάλαι μετάμειβε γυναικα.
 ἀργύρεος μὲν ἔην Νεῖλου βόος, ἡ δ' ἄρα πόρτιος
 χαλκεή, χρυσοῦ δὲ τετυγμένος αὐτὸς ἔην Ζεύς.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ δινήεντας ὑπὸ στεφάνην ταλάρῳ
 Ἐρμέλης ἡσκῆτο· πέλας δέ οἱ ἐκτετάνυστο
 "Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι κεκασμένος διθαλμοῖσι.
 τοῦ δὲ φουιήεντος ἀφ' αἰματος ἔξανέτελλεν
 δρυις ἀγαλλόμενος πτερύγων πολυπιθέι χροῖη,
 ταρσὸν ἀναπλάσας ὠσείτε τις ὀκύαλος ηῆν· 55
 χρυσίου ταλάρῳ περίσκεπτε χείλεα ταρσός.³
 τοῖος ἔην τάλαρος περικαλλέος Εὐρωπαῖης.

αἱ δὲ ἐπεὶ οὖν λειμῶνας ἐς ἀνθεμόεντας ἵκανον,⁴
 ἄλλῃ ἐπ' ἄλλοιοισι τότ' ἀνθεσι θυμὸν ἐτερπον.
 τῶν ή μὲν νάρκισσον ἐύπτοον, ή δὲ ὑάκινθον,
 ή δὲ ἰον, ή δὲ ἐρπυλλον ἀπαίνυτο· πολλὰ δὲ ἔραζε
 λειμῶνων ἐποτρεφέοντας θαλέθεστε πέτηλα.
 αἱ δὲ αὗτε ἔανθοιο κρόκου θυεσσαν ἔθειραν
 δρέπτον ἐριδμαίγονται, ἀτὰρ μεσσίστη⁵ ἀναστα
 ἀγλαΐην πυρσοῖο ρόδου χείρεσσι λέγουσα,
 οἵα περ ἐν Χαρίτεσσι διέπρεπεν Ἀφροδύένεια. 70

οὐ μὴν δηρὸν ἔμελλεν ἐπ' ἀνθεσι θυμὸν λαίρειν,
 οὐδὲ ἄρα παρθενίην μίτρην ἀχραντον ἐρυσθαι,
 ή γάρ δὴ Κρονίδης δις μιν φράσαθ, ὡς ἐόλητο

¹ πατέλειο Σ. διπ. δηρ. χειρὶ θιεῖς ² Ἰναχίην τὴν Pearson:
 πατέλειπε τὴν οὐ εἶναι λοιπότην ³ ταρσὸς Will: πατέ
 λειπει ⁴ πατέλειο ιστήλευθος ἀνθεμόεντας ⁵ μεσσίστη Κ.

men together and watched the sea-going heifer. Therein for the second piece was the Son of Cronus gently touching the same heifer of Inachus beside the seven-streamed Nile, and so transfiguring the horned creature to a woman again; and the flowing Nile was of silver wrought, and the heifer of brass, and the great Zeus of gold. And beneath the rim of the rounded basket was Hermes fashioned, and beside him lay outstretched that Argus which surpassed all others in ever-waking eyes; and from the purple blood of him came a bird uprising in the pride of the flowery hues of his plumage, and unfolding his tail like the sails of a speeding ship till all the lip of the golden basket was covered with the same. Such was this basket of the fair beauteous Europa's.

Now when these damsels were got to the blossomy meads, they waxed merry one over this flower, another over that. This would have the odorous daffodil, that the flower-de-luce; here 'twas the violet, there the thyme: for right many were the flowerets of the lusty springtime budded and bloomed upon that ground. Then all the band fell a-plucking the spicy tresses of the yellow saffron, to see who could pluck the most; only their queen in the midst of them culled the glory and delight of the red red rose, and was pre-eminent among them even as the Child o' the Foun among the Graces.

Howbeit not for long was she to take her pleasure with the flowers, nor yet to keep her maiden girdle undefiled. For, mark you, no sooner did the Son of

cf. μικροῖς, πιάτοις, τύπατοις: ταῦται μικροῖσιν, μικροῖσι, μικροῖσι

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θυμὸν ἀνωίστοισιν ὑποδμηθεὶς βελέεσσι
 Κύπριδος, ἡ μοίνη δύναται καὶ Σῆμα δαμάσσαι.
 δὴ γὰρ ἀλεύόμενός τε χόλον ξηλήμονος" Ήρις
 παρθενικῆς τ' ἐθέλων ἀταλὸν νόον ἔξαπατῆσαι
 ερύψει θεὸν καὶ τρέψει δέμας καὶ γείνετο ταῦρος,
 οὐχ οἶος σταθμοῖς ἐνιφέρβεται, οὐδὲ μὲν οἶος
 ἄλκα διατμῆγει σύρων εὐκαμπτὲς ἄροτρον,
 οὐδὲ οἶος ποίμνης ἐπιβόσκεται, οὐδὲ μὲν οἶος
 δοστις ὑποδμηθεὶς ἔρνει πολύφορτον ἀπήνην.
 τοῦ δὴ τοι τὸ μὲν ἄλλο δέμας ξανθόχροον ἔσκε,
 κύκλος δὲ ἀργύφεος μέσσῳ μάρμαιρε μετώπῳ,
 δοσσε δὲ ὑπογλαιύστεσκε καὶ ἔμερου ἀστράπτεσκεν.
 Ισά τ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι κέρα ἀνέτελλε καρῆνον
 ἀντυγος ἡμιτόμου κεραῆς¹ ἀτε κύκλα σελήνης.

ῆλυθε δὲ ἐς λειμῶνα καὶ οὐκ ἐφύβησε φαανθεὶς
 παρθενικάς, πάσησι δὲ ἔρως γένετ² ἐργὸς ικέσθαι
 φαῦσαι θὲ μερτοῖο θόδε, τοῦ δὲ ἀμβροτος ὁδῷ
 τηλόθι καὶ λειμῶνος ἐκαίνυτο λαρὸν ἀυτῷ.
 στῇ δὲ ποδῶν προπάροιθεν ἀμύμονος Εὐρώπείης,
 καὶ οἱ λιχμάζεσκε δέρην, κατέθελγε δὲ κούρην.
 ἦ δέ μιν ἀμφαφάστκε καὶ ἥρέμα χείρεσιν ἀφρὸν
 πολλὸν ἀπὸ στομάτων ἀπομέργυντο, καὶ κύσε
 ταῦρον.

αὐτὰρ δὲ μειλίχιον μικῆσατο· φαῖο κεν αὐλοῦ
 Μυγδονίου γλυκὺν ἥχον ἀνηπύοντος ἀκούειν.
 ὄκλασε δὲ πρὸ ποδῶν, ἐδέρκετο δὲ Εὐρώπειαν
 αὐχέν' ἐπιστρέψας καὶ οἱ πλατὺ δέκτρες νῶτον.
 ἦ δὲ βαθυπλοκάμοισι μετέννεπε παρθενικῆς·

¹ πας αἴσιο διτα_κέραηη ἡμιτόμου

Cronus espy her, than his heart was troubled and brought low of a sudden shaft of the Cyprian, that is the only vanquisher of Zeus. Willing at once to escape the jealous Hera's wrath and beguile the maiden's gentle heart, he put off the god and put on the bull, not such as feedeth in the stall, nor yet such as cleaveth the furrow with his train of the bended plough, neither one that grazeth at the head of the herd, nor again that draweth in harness the laden wagon. Nay, but all his body was of a yellow hue, save that a ring of gleaming white shined in the midst of his forehead and the eyes beneath it were grey and made lightnings of desire; and the horns of his head rose equal one against the other even as if one should cleave in two rounded cantles the rim of the horned Moon.

So came he into that meadow without affraying those maidens; and they were straightway taken with a desire to come near and touch the lovely ox, whose divine fragrance came so far and outdid even the delightsome odour of that breathing meadow. There went he then and stood afore the spotless may Europa, and for to cast his spell upon her began to lick her pretty neck. Whereat she fell to touching and toying, and did wipe gently away the foam that was thick upon his mouth, till at last there went a kiss from a maid unto a bull. Then he lowed, and so moving-softly you would deem it was the sweet cry of the flute of Mygdony, and kneeling at Europa's feet, turned about his head and beckoned her with a look to his great wide back.

At that she up and spake among those pretty

"Mygdony": Phrygia, whence the flute was supposed to have come with the worship of Dionysus.

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‘δεῦθ’ ἔτάραι φίλιαι καὶ ὁμῆλικες, οὐφρ’ ἐπὶ τῷδε
ἔξομεναι ταύρῳ τερπώμεθα· δὴ γάρ ὑπάσσας
ινθιτον ὑποστορέσας ἀναδεξεται, οὐά τ’ ἐνηῆς
πρηής τ’ εἰσιδέειν καὶ μειλιχος, οὐδέ τι ταύρους
ἄλλοισι προσέοικε νόος δέ οἱ ἡύτε φωτὸς
αἰσιμος ἀμφιθήει, μαύνης δὲ ἐπιδεινεται αὐδῆτη·

ὣς φαμένη νάτοισιν ἐφίξανε μειδιώσα,
αἴ δὲ ἄλλαι μέλλεσκον. ἅφαρ δὲ ἀνεπῆλιτο
ταύρος,

ἥν θέλεν ὑρπάξας ὥκὺς δὲ ἐπὶ πόντον ἵκανεν.
ἥ δὲ μεταστρεφθείσα φίλας καλέσκεν ἔταρας
χεῖρας ὀρεγμυμένη, ταὶ δὲ οὐκ ἐδύναντο κιχάναν,
ἄκταν δὲ ἐπιβάς πρόσπιτο θέεν ἡύτε δελφίς
χηλαῖς ἀβρεκτοῖσιν ἐπ’ εὐρέα κύματι βαίνων.

ἥ δὲ τότε ἐρχομένοιο γαληνάσπε θάλασσα,
κίτεα δὲ ἀμφίς ἀπαλλέ Διὸς προπάροιθε ποδοῖν,
γηθόσσυνος δὲ ὑπὲρ οὖδα κυβίστει βυσσούθε
δελφίς·

Νηρεῖδες δὲ ἀνέδυσαν ὑπὲξ ἀλός, αἴ δὲ ἄρα πᾶσαι
κητεῖοις νάτοισιν ἐφίμεναι ἐστιχῶντο,
καὶ δὲ αὐτὸς Βαρύδουπος ὑπεράλος¹ Ἐννοσέγαιος 120
κύμα κατιθύνων ἀλίης ἤγειτο κελεύθου
αὐτοκαστυνήτῳ τοι δὲ ἀμφί μιν ἡγερέθουτο
Τρίτωνες, πόντοιο Βαρύθροοι² αὔλητῆρες,
κόχλαισιν ταναοῖς γιμμον μέλος ἡπύνετες.
ἥ δὲ ἀρέ ἐφεζομένη Σηνὸς θοεῖς ἐπὶ νάτοις
τῇ μὲν ἔχειν ταύρου δολιχὸν κέρας, ἐν χερὶ δὲ ἄλλῃ
εἴρυνε πορφυρέην κολποῦ πτύχα,³ οὐφρά κε μή μιν
δεύοι ἐφέλκομενον πολεῖης ἀλός ἀσπετον ὑδωρ.

¹ ὑπεράλος Ε, cf. ὑπεροχας αὐδ. Π. 28, 227 ὑπερ ἄλλ.: οὐδὲ
ὑπερ ἄλλη οὐτεροῦ ἄλλα. ² πῶν αίσο Βαρύθροις αὐδ.: οὐδὲ
αίσο ἀναστῆμει. ³ πῶν αίσο πορφυρέης αὐδ. στέχας

curly-pates saying "Come away, dear my fellows and my forces; let's ride for a merry sport upon this bull. For sure he will take us all upon his bowed back, so meek he looks and mild, so kind and so gentle, nothing resembling other bulls; moreover an understanding moveth over him meet as a man's, and all he lacks is speech." So saying, she sat her down smiling upon his back; and the rest would have sate them likewise, but suddenly the bull, possessed of his desire, leapt up and made hot-foot for the sea. Then did the rapt Europa turn her about and stretch forth her hands and call upon her dear companions; but nay, they might not come at her, and the sea-shore reached, 'twas still forward, forward till he was faring over the wide waves with hooves as unharmed of the water as the fins of any dolphin.

And lo! the sea waxed calm, the sea-beasts frolicked afore great Zeus, the dolphins made joyful ups and tumblings over the surge, and the Nereids rose from the brine and mounting the sea-beasts rode all a-row. And before them all that great rumbling sea-lord the Earth-Shaker played pilot of the briny pathway to that his brother, and the Tritons gathering about him took their long taper shells and sounded the marriage-music like some clarioners of the main. Meanwhile Europa, seated on the back of Zeus the Bull, held with one hand to his great horn and caught up with the other the long purple fold of her robe, lest trailing it should be wet in the untold waters of the hoar brine; and the robe

"unharmed of the water": the salt water was supposed to rot the hoofs of oxen

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καλπάθη δ' ὅμοισι πέπλος βαθὺς Εὐρωπείης,
ιστίον ολά τε μῆδος, ἐλαφρίζεσκε δὲ κούρην.

130

ἡ δ' ὅτε δὴ γαλῆς ἀπὸ πατρίδος ἦν ἀγενθεν,
φαίνετο δ' οὗτ' ἀκτῇ τις ἀλίρροθος οὐτ' ὄρος αἰτού,
ἀλλ' ἀήρ μὲν ἀνωθεν, ἔνερθε δὲ πόντος ἀπείρων,
ἀμφὶ ἐπαπτήγαστα τόσην ἀνενείκατο φωνῆν

πῆ με φέρεις θεόταυρε; τίς ἐπλεο; πῶς δὲ κέ-
λευθα

ἀργαλὲ ἐλυπόδεσσι;¹ διέρχεαι, οὐδὲ θάλασσαν
δειμαίνεις; μησὺν γὰρ ἐπίδρομός ἐστι θάλασσα
ἀκενάλοις, ταῦροι δ' ἀλίην τρομέουσιν ἀταρπόν.
ποιὸν τοι ποτὸν ἥδυ; τίς ἐξ ἀλός ἐσσετ² ἐδωδῆ;
ἡ ἄρα τις θεός ἐστι· θεοῖς γ³ ἐπεοικότα ρέζεις.
οὐδὲ ἄλιοι δελφῖνες ἐπὶ χθονὸς οὐτε τε ταῦροι
ἐν πόντῳ στιχόωσι, σὺ δὲ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
ἄτρομος⁴ ἀσσεις, χηλαὶ δὲ τοι εἰσιν ἑρεμά.
ἡ τάχα καὶ γλαυκῆς ὑπὲρ ἡέρος ὑψόσ⁵ ἀερθεῖς
εἴκελος αἰνῆροῖσι πετήσεαι οἰωνοῖσιν.

140

ὅμοι ἔγῳ μέγα δή τι δυσάμμαρος, ἡ φά τε δῶμα
πατρὸς ἀποπρολιπούσα καὶ ἐσπομένη βοῦ τῷδε
ξείνην ναυτιλίην ἐφέπω καὶ πλάζομαι οἶη.
ἄλλα σύ μοι μεδέων πολιῆς ἀλός Ἔννοσύγαιε
ἴλαος ἀντιάσειας, ὃν ἐλπομαι εἰσορύασθαι
τόνδε κατιθύνοντα πόρον προκέλευθον ἐμεῖο.
οὐκ ἀθεεὶ γὰρ ταῦτα διέρχομαι ὑγρὰ κέλευθα.⁶

150

διὸς φάτο· τὴν δ' ὅδε προσεφώνεεν ἡύκερως⁷ βοῦς·
· θάρσει παρθενικῇ, μῆ σειδιθι πόντιον οἰδμα.
αὐτοὺς τοι Ζεὺς εἴμι, καὶ⁸ ἐγρύθεν εἴδομαι εἶναι
ταῦρος· ἐπεὶ δύναμαι γε φανήμεναι ὅττι θέλοιμι.

¹ thus Διηρ.; τας κέλευθον ἀργαλέην [οτ -λίασι] τάξεσσι
² γ³ Ε· τας δ⁴ τας also ἀλράχης, cf. 114 ⁵ τας αλο
εύρακερωτ⁶ ⁷ εἰ Μείνεκε; τας καὶ

went bosoming deep at the shoulder like the sail of a ship, and made that fair burden light indeed.

When she was now far come from the land of her fathers, and could see neither wave-beat shore nor mountain-top, but only sky above and sea without end below, she gazed about her and lift up her voice saying: "Whither away with me, thou god-like bull? And who art thou, and how come undaunted where is so ill going for shambling oxen? Troth, 'tis for the speeding ship to course o' the sea, and bulls do shun the paths of the brine. What water is here thou canst drink? What food shalt thou get thee of the sea? Nay, 'tis plain thou art a God; only a God would do as thou doest. For bulls go no more on the sea than the dolphins of the wave on the land; but as for you, land and sea is all one for your travelling, your hooves are oars to you. It may well be you will soar above the gray mists and fly like a bird on the wing. Alas and well-a-day that I left my home and followed this ox to go so strange a seafaring and so lonesome! O be kind good Lord of the hoar sea—for methinks I see thee yonder piloting me on this way—, great Earth-Shaker, be kind and come hither to help me; for sure there's a divinity in this my journey upon the ways of the waters."

So far the maid, when the hornèd ox upspake and said: "Be of good cheer, sweet virgin, and never thou fear the billows. 'Tis Zeus himself that speaketh, though to the sight he seem a bull; for I can put on what semblance soever I will. And 'tis love of

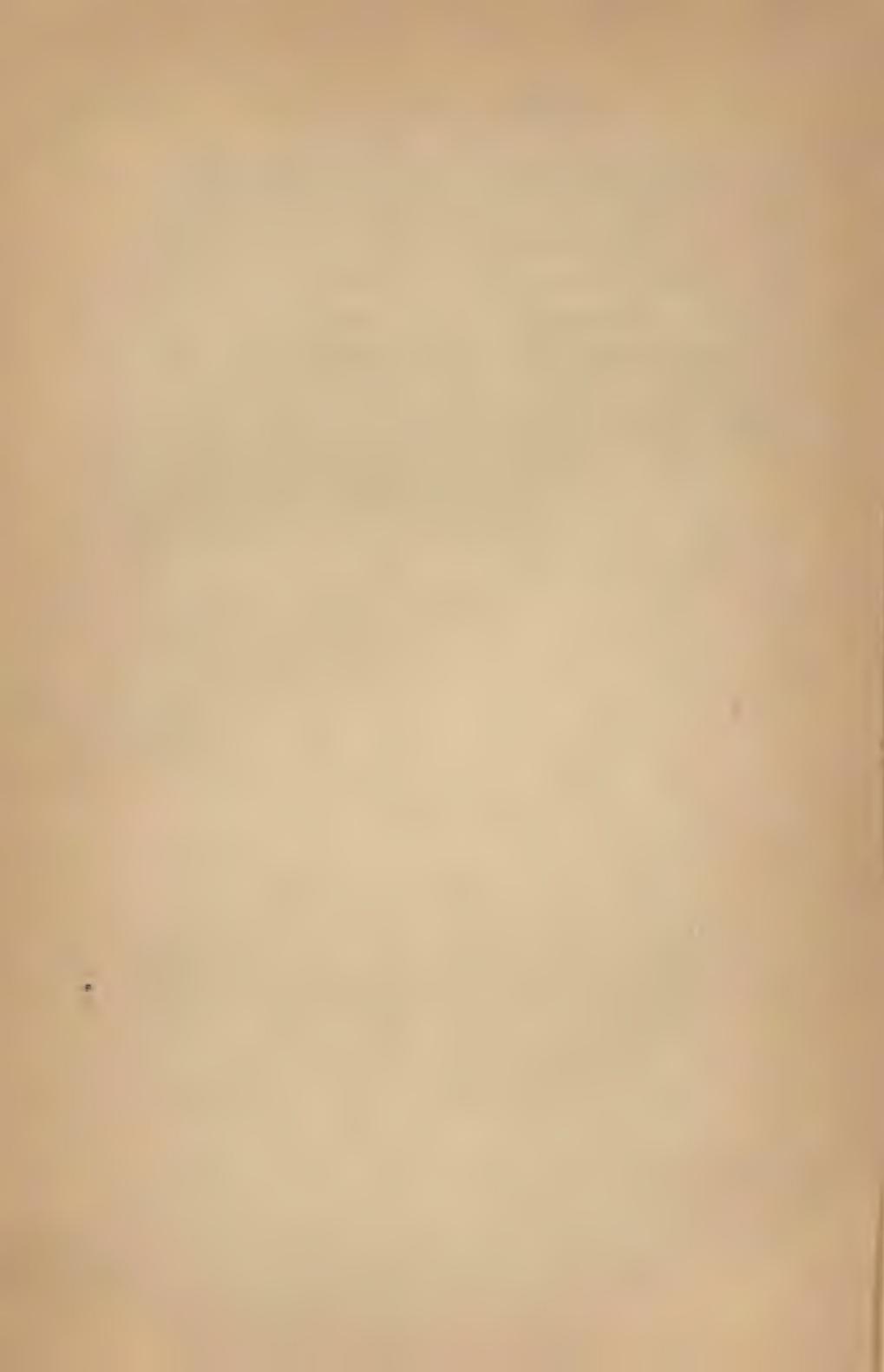
THE BUCOLIC POETS

σὸς δὲ πόθος μ' ἀνέηκε τόσην ὥλα μετρήσασθαι
ταύρῳ ἐειδόμενον. Κρήτη δὲ σε δέξεται ἡδη,
ἡ μ' ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτόν, ὅπῃ νυμφῆα σείο
ἔσσεται· ἐξ ἐμέθερ δὲ κλυτοὺς φιτύσεαι υἱας, 160
οἱ σκητπτοῦχοι ἄνακτες ἐπὶ χθονίοισιν ἔσονται:
δις φάτο· καὶ τετέλεστο τά περ φάτο. φαίνετο
μὲν δὴ

Κρήτη, Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν σφετέρην ἀνελάζετο μορφίην.
λύσε δέ οἱ μίτρην, καὶ οἱ λέχος ἔντυον Ὄμραι.
ἡ δὲ πάρος κούρη Ζηνὸς γένετ' αὐτίκα νύμφη,
καὶ Κροιδη τέκνα τίκτε καὶ αὐτίκα γίνετο μήτηρ.

thee hath brought me to make so far a sea-course
in a bull's likeness; and ere 'tis long thou shalt be
in Crete, that was my nurse when I was with her;
and there shall thy wedding be, whereof shall spring
famous children who shall all be kings among them
that are in the earth."

So spake he, and lo! what he spake was done;
for appear it did, the Cretan country, and Zeus
took on once more his own proper shape, and upon
a bed made him of the Seasons unloosed her
maiden girdle. And so it was that she that before
was a virgin became straightway the bride of Zeus,
and thereafter straightway too a mother of children
unto the Son of Cronus.



III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

This poem seems to have been suggested by Bion's own Lament for Adonis; in form it closely resembles the Song of Thyrsis. The writer was a pupil of Bion, and hailed from Southern Italy, but is otherwise unknown.

III.—ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

Ἄλινά μοι στοναχεῖτε νάπαι καὶ Διόριον ὕδωρ,
καὶ πόταμοί εἰλαιοίτε τὸν ἴμερόεντα Βίωνα.
νῦν φυτά μη μύρεσθε, καὶ ἀλσαὶ νῦν γράσοισθε,
ἄνθεα νῦν στυμφαῖτιν¹ ἀποπνεοίτε κορύμβους,
νῦν ρόδα φοινίσσεσθε τὰ πλένθιμα, νῦν ἀνεμῶναι,
νῦν ἄλκινθε λάλει τὰ σὰ γράμματα καὶ πλέον αἴσι
βάμβανος² τοῖς πετάλοισι καλὸς τέθνακε μελικτάς.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι,
ἀδόνες αἱ πικινοῖσιν ὅδυρύμεναι ποτὶ φύλλοις,
νάματι τοῖς Σικελοῖς ἀγγεῖλατε τᾶς Ἀρεβοΐσας,
ὅττι Βίων τέθνακε ὁ βαυκόλος, ὅττι σὺν αὐτῷ
καὶ τὸ μέλος τέθνακε καὶ ὠλετο Δωρὶς ἀσεῖα.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
Στρυμόνιοι μύρεσθε παρ' ὕδασιν αἴλενα κύκνοι,
καὶ γοεροῖς στομάτεσσι μελίσδετε πέρθιμον φόδιν,
οἵαν ὑμετέροις ποτὶ χείλεσι γῆρας ἀείδει,³
εἴπατε δὲ αὖ κούραις Οἰαγρίσιν, εἴπατε πάσαις
Βιστονίαις Νύμφαισιν ἀπώλετο Διόριος Ὄρφεύς.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.

¹ στυμφαῖτιν E, στ. Βίων i. 74; πώποι στυρε. ² βάμβανος, cf. Βίων 6. 9; πώποι λάμβανος ³ γῆρας ἀείδει Wil.; πώποι τῆρης ἀείδει

III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

Cav me waly upon him, you glades of the woods,
and waly, sweet Dorian water ; you rivers, weep I
pray you for the lovely and delightful Bion. Lament
you now, good orchards ; gentle groves, make you
your moan ; be your breathing clusters, ye flowers,
dishevelled for grief. Pray roses, now be your red-
ness sorrow, and yours sorrow, windflowers ; speak
now thy writing, dear flower-de-luce, loud let thy
blossoms babble ay ; the beautiful musician is dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

You nightingales that complain in the thick leaf-
age, tell to Arethusa's fountain of Sicily that neatherd
Bion is dead, and with him dead is music, and gone
with him likewise the Dorian poesy.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Be it waly with you, Strymon swans, by the water-
side, with voice of moaning uplift you such a song
of sorrow as old age singeth from your throats, and
say to the Oeagrian damsels and eke to all the
Bistonian Nymphs "The Dorian Orpheus is dead."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

"flower-de-luce": the petals of the iris were said to bear the
letters AL, "alas." "Strymon": a river of Thrace, where
Orpheus lived and died ; swans were said to sing before their
death. "Oeagrian damsels": daughters of Oeagrus king
of Thrace and sisters of Orpheus. "Bistonian": Thracian.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

κεῖτος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἔράσμιος οὐκέτι μέλπει, 20
 οὐκέτι ἐρημαίαισιν ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἥμενος ἄδει,
 ἀλλὰ παρὰ Πλουστῆι μέλος Ληθαίον ἀείδει.
 ὥρεα δὲ ἔστιν ἄφωνα, καὶ αἱ βόες αἱ ποτὶ ταύροις
 πλαζόμεναι γοάοντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντι νέμεσθαι.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
 τέο Βίων ἔκλαισε ταχὺν μόρον αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ Σάτυροι μύροντο μελάγχλαινοι τε Πρίηποι:
 καὶ Πάνες στοραχέντο¹ τὸ σὸν μέλος, αἱ τε καθ
 ὕλαιν

Κρανίδες ἀδύραντο, καὶ ὅδατα δάκρυα γέντο.

Ἄχῳ δὲ ἐν πέτραισιν ὀδύρεται, ὅττι σιωπῇ 30
 κοῦκέτι μιμέται τὰ σὰ χείλεα, σῷ δὲ ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
 δένθρεα καρπὸν ἔριψε, τὰ δὲ ἄνθεα πάντα ἐμαράνθη,
 μᾶλιστοι οὐκ ἔρρευσε καλὸν γλάγος, οὐ μέλι σίμβλων,
 κάτθανε δὲ ἐν κηρῷ λυπεύμενον οὐκέτι γάρ δεῖ
 τῷ μέλετος τῷ σῷ τεθνακότος αὐτὸς τρυγᾶσθαι.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
 οὐ τόσον εἰναλίαισι πιερὸς μύρατο Σειρήν,²
 οὐδὲ τόσον πακὸς ἀεισεν ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισιν Ἀηδῶν,
 οὐδὲ τόσον θρήνησεν ἀνέρεα μακρὰ Χελιδών,
 Ἀλκυόνιος δὲ οὐ τόσον ἐπ' ἀλγεστιν ἵαχε Κῆνεξ,³ 40
 οὐδὲ τόσον γλαυκοῖς ἐνὶ κύμασι κηρύλλος ἄδει,

¹ στοραχέντο : πανεγύρητι ² Σειρήν Buecheler : πανεγύρητι
 (M. γέ) προς οι δεκάφιε ³ Κῆνεξ Aldus : πανεγύρητι

He that was lovely and pleasant unto the herds carols now no more, sits now no more and sings 'neath the desert oaks; but singeth in the house of Plutens the song of Lethè, the song of oblivion. And so the hills are dumb, and the cows that wander with the bulls wail, and will none of their pasture.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Your sudden end, sweet Bion, was matter of weeping even unto Apollo; the Satyrs did lament you, and every Priapus made you his moan in sable garb. Not a Pan but cried woe for your music, not a Nymph o' the spring but made her complaint of it in the wood; and all the waters became as tears. Echo, too, she mourns among the rocks that she is silent and can imitate your lips no more. For sorrow that you are lost the trees have cast their fruit on the ground, and all the flowers are withered away. The flocks have given none of their good milk, and the hives none of their honey; for the honey is perished in the comb for grief, seeing the honey of bees is no longer to be gathered now that honey of yours is done away.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Never so woeful was the lament of the Siren upon the beach, never so woeful the song of that Nightingale among the rocks, or the dirge of that Swallow amid the long hills, neither the wail of Ceÿx for the woes of that Haleyon, nor yet the Ceryl's song among

"Pan, Priapus, Satyrs, Nymphs": the affigies of these deities which stood in the pastures. "the Sirens": these were represented as half bird, half woman, and bewailed the dead. lines 38-41: The references are to birds who once had human shape; see *index*.

οὐ τόσον ἀφοισιν¹ ἐν ἄρκεσι παιδα τὸν Ἀοῦς
ἰπτάμενος περὶ σῆμα κινύρατο Μέμανος δρυς,
ὅσσον ἀποφθιμένου κατωδύραυτο Βίωνος.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
ἀδονίδες πᾶσαι τε χελιδόνες, ἃς ποκ' ἔτερπεν,
ἄς λαλέων ἰδίδασκε, καθεῖζόμεναι ποτὶ πρέμνοις
ἀντίον ἀλλάλαισιν ἐκώκυσον αἱ δὲ ὑπεφώνειν
· δρυθες λυτεῖσθ' αἱ πενθάδες· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς.²

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι. 60
τίς ποτε σᾶ σύριγγι μελίξεται ὁ τριπόθητε;
τίς δὲ ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θήσει στόμα; τίς θρασὺς
οὗτως;

εἰσέτι γάρ πνελει τὰ σὰ χεῖλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄσθμα,
ἄχα δὲ ἐν δονάκεσσι τεῖς ἔτι³ βόσκετ⁴ ἀοιδᾶς.
Πανὶ φέρω τὸ μέλισμα; τάχ' ἀν καὶ κεῖνος ἐρεῖσαι
τὸ στόμα δειμαίνοι, μὴ δεύτερα σεῖο φέρηται.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
κλαιει καὶ Γαλάτεια τὸ σὸν μέλος, ἀν ποκ' ἔτερπεν
ἔξορέναν μετὰ⁵ σεῖο παρ' ἀῖσνεσσι θαλάσσας.
οὐ γάρ ίσον Κύκλωπι μελίσθεο· τὸν μὲν ἐφευγεν⁶⁰
ά καλὸν Γαλάτεια, σὲ δὲ ἄδιον ἐβλεπεν ἄλμας.
καὶ νῦν λασαμένα τῷ κύματος ἐν φαράδοισιν
έξετ⁷ ἐρημαίαισι, βάσι δὲ ἔτι σεῖο νομεῖνε.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
πάντα τοι ὁ βούτα συγκάτθανε δῶρα τὰ Μοισᾶν,
παρθενικῶν ἴροεντα φιλήματα, χεῖλεα παιδῶν,

¹ ἀφοισιν: πινα αἴσο ήγειοστε απί εἰσε. ² λυτεῖσθ' αἱ Λητ: πινα λυτεῖσθαι, -θε, -θε γη πινα αἴσο ήραι απί εἰσε. ³ δηλαδή. ⁴ λητ: πινα ἀχεῖθη, ἀχεῖν, ἀχεῖνει. ⁵ τι: β. Βινού: πινα ἀτεθ. ⁶ μετὰ Ηεραπίνη: πινα παρά

the blue waves, nay, not so woeful the hovering bird
of Memnon over the tomb of the Son of the Morn-
ing in the dells of the Morning, as when they
mourned for Bion dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

The nightingales and all the swallows, which once
he delighted, which once he taught to speak, sat
upon the branches and cried aloud in antiphons, and
they that answered said "Lament, ye mourners,
and so will we."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O threee-beloved man! who will make music upon
thy pipe? Who so bold as to set lip to thy reeds?
For thy lips and thy breath live yet, and in those
straws the sound of thy song is quick. Shall I take
and give the pipe to Pan? Nay, mayhap even he will
fear to put lip to it lest he come off second to thee.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

There's Galatea, too, weeps for your music, the
music that was erst her delight sitting beside you
upon the strand. For Cyclops' music was all another
thing; she shunned him, the pretty Galatea, but she
looked upon you more gladly than upon the sea.
And lo! now the waves are forgotten while she sits
upon the lone lone sands, but your cows she tends
for you still.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

All the gifts that come of the Muses have perished,
dear Neatherd, with you, the dear delightful kisses

"bird of Memnon": The tomb of Memnon, son of the
Dawn and Tithonus, was visited every year by birds
called Memnonidae. "Galates": Bion seems to have
written a first-person pastoral resembling the *Serenade*, in
which a neatherd lover of Galatea sang to her on the beach.
If so, Fragment XII would seem to belong to it.

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καὶ στυμνὸι¹ περὶ σῶμα τεὸν κλαιούσιν "Ερωτεῖ.
χὰ Κύπρις ποθέει² σε πολὺ πλέον ἡ τὸ φίλημα,
τὸ πρών τὸν "Αδωνιν ἀποθνάσκουτα φίλησεν.

τοῦτό τοι ὁ πόταμὸν λιγυράτατε δεύτερον ἄλγος, 70
τοῦτο, Μέλη, νέον ἄλγος. ἀπώλετο πρᾶν τοι³
"Ομηρος,

τῆν τὸ Καλλιόπας γλυκερὸν στόμα, καὶ σε
λέγουστι

μύρασθαι⁴ καλὸν μία πολυκλαίτοισι βεβέροις,
πᾶσαν δὲ ἐπλησσας φωνᾶς ἀλλα τὸν πάλιν ἄλλον
νίκα δακρύεις, καὶν δὲ ἐπὶ πένθει τάκη.
ἄμφιτεροι παγαῖς πεφιλημένοι. οὐδὲ μὲν ἐπινε
Παγασίδος κράνιος, δὲ δὲ ἔχει πόμα τὰς "Λρεθοίσας.
χῶ μὲν Τυνδαρέοις καλὰν ἀεισὲ θύγατρα
καὶ Θέτιδος μέγαν μία καὶ "Ατρεΐδαν Μενέλαιον
τῆνος δὲ οὐ πολέμους, οὐ δάκρυα. Πᾶνα δὲ ἔμελπε, 80
καὶ βούτας ἐλίγαινε καὶ ἀείδων ἐνόμενε,
καὶ σύριγγας ἔτενχε καὶ ἀδέα πόρτιν ἀμελγε,
καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φίληματα, καὶ τὸν "Ερωτα
ἐτρεφεν ἐν κόλποισι καὶ ἡρεθε τὰν "Αφροδίταν.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
πᾶσα Βίων θρηνεῖ σε κλιτὰ πόλις, ἀστεα πάντα.
"Λσκρα μὲν γούει σε πολὺ πλέον "Ησιόδοιο
Πίνδαρον οὐ ποθέοντι τόσον Βοιωτίδες ὅλαιν
οὐ τόσον "Αλκαίῳ περιμήρατο Δέσποος ἑραννών.⁵
οὐδὲ τόσον οὖν ἀνιδὸν ὁδύρατο⁶ Τήσιον ἄστυ 90
σε πλέον "Αρχιλόχῳ ποθεὶ Πάρος ἀντὶ δὲ
Σαπφῶς

¹ στυμνοί E, cf. Bion i. 74: miss στυγνοί στ. -λη ² χὰ Wil:
miss ἡ τοθεῖς Herm; miss φιλέει ³ τοι: miss also την and
ροι ⁴ μύρασθαι Mein: miss -σθαι ⁵ ιράρρα Heringa: miss
ἱρεννά, ἱρετά, ἱρεψή ⁶ το Wakefield: miss τὸ δέδρατο
Wakef: miss διδρατο

of the maidens, the sweet lips of the lads; round your corse the Loves weep all dishevelled, and Cypris, she's fainer far of you than the kiss she gave Adonis when he died the other day.

O tuneallest of rivers, this makes thee a second grief, this, good Meles, comes thee a new woe. One melodious mouthpiece of Calliope is long dead, and that is Homer; that lovely son of thine was mourned, 'tis said, of thy tearful flood, and all the sea was filled with the voice of thy lamentation: and lo! now thou weepest for another son, and a new sorrow melteth thee away. Both were beloved of a water-spring, for the one drank at Pegasus' fountain and the other got him drink of Arethusa; and the one sang of the lovely daughter of Tyndareus, and of the great son of Thetis, and of Atreid Menelaüs; but this other's singing was neither of wars nor tears but of Pan; as a herdsman he chanted, and kept his cattle with a song; he both fashioned pipes and milked the gentle kine; he taught the lore of kisses, he made a fosterling of Love, he roused and stirred the passion of Aphrodite.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O Bion! there's not a city, nay, not a humble town but laments thee. Asera makes far louder moan than for her Hesiod, the woods of Boeotia long not so for their Pindar; not so sore did lovely Lesbos weep for Alcaeus, nor Teos town for the poet that was hers; Paros yearns as she yearned not for Archi-

"the other day". The reference to Adonis' death is doubtless to a recent Adonis-Festival. "Meles": the river of Smyrna, birthplace of Bion and claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. "the poet that was hers": Alcaeon.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

εἰσέτι¹ σεῦ τὸ μέλισμα κινύρεται ἡ Μιτυλάνη.
εἴ δὲ² Συρακοσίοισι Θεόκριτον πάνταρ ἐγώ τοι
Λύσονικᾶς ὕδύνας μέλπω μέλος, οὐ ξένος φύδας
θουκολικᾶς, ἀλλ' ἄντε διδάξαο σεῖο μαθῆτὰς
κλαρονόμος Μοίσας τᾶς Δωρίδος, οὐ με³ γεράίρων
ἄλλοις μὲν τεὸν δλβον, ἔμοι δ' ἀπέλειπτες δοιδάν.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι.
αἵδι ταὶ μαλάχαι μέν, ἐπὰν κατὰ κάπορο δλωνται,
ἡβὲ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα τό τ' εὐθαλὲς οὐλον ἄνηθον,
ὑστερον αὖ ζώουτι καὶ εἰς ἑτοὶ ἄλλο φύουτι
ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οἱ⁴ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὅππότε πρῶτα θάνωμετ, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοῦλα
εῦδομετ εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὑπνον.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ὅν⁵ σιγῇ πεπυκασμένος ἔσσεαι ἐν γῇ,
ταῖς Νύμφαισι δ' ἔδοξεν ἀεὶ τὸν βάτραχον ἔδειν.
ταῖς⁶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐ φθονέοιμ— τὸ γάρ μέλος οὐ καλὸν
ἔδει.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι.
φάρμακον ἥλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον
ἥδει—

τοιούτοις χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε κούκ ἐγλυκάνθη; 110
τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος ὡς⁷ κερίσαι τοι
ἢ δοῦναι καλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον;— ἔκψυχεν φύδα;⁸

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι.
ἄλλὰ Δίκα κίχε πάντας. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ πένθει τῷδε

¹ εἰσέτι = overmorte. ² εἴ δὲ Wil; παν δι βλ. οδδ; ³ οὐ με
Briggs; παν λημε, δημε, λημεγα. ⁴ σοφεσσι, εἰ Briggs; παν
καρτεροι οι καρτερωοι. ⁵ οὐ Wakel; παν δι. ⁶ ταῖς Wil;

lochus, and Mitylenè bewails thy song evermore instead of Sappho's. To Syracuse thou art a Theocritus; and as for Ausonia's mourning, 'tis the song I sing thee now; and 'tis no stranger to the pastoral poesy that sings it, neither, but an inheritor of that Dorian minstrelsy which came of thy teaching and was my portion when thou leftest others thy wealth but me thy song.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Ay me! when the mallows and the fresh green parsley and the springing crumpled anise perish in the garden, they live yet again and grow another year; but we men that are so tall and strong and wise, soon as ever we be dead, unhearing there in a hole of the earth sleep we both sound and long a sleep that is without end or waking. And so it shall be that thou wilt lie in the earth beneath a covering of silence, albeit the little croaking frog o' the tree by ordinance of the Nymphs may sing for evermore. But they are welcome to his music for me; it is but poor music he makes.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

There came poison, sweet Bion, to thy mouth, and poison thou didst eat—O how could it approach such lips as those and not turn to sweetness? And what mortal man so barbarous and wild as to mix it for thee or give it thee at thy call?—and Song went cold and still.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Howbeit Justice overtaketh every man; and as for me, this song shall be my weeping sad lamentation

μεστοῖς ⁷ ἀπὸ Αἵρ : μεστοῖς οὐδὲ ⁸ λαγύνης γῆλος Κ : μεστοῖς οὐδὲ ⁹ φόρτους γῆλος.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δακρυχέων τέον οίτον δδύρομαι. εἰ δυνάμαν δέ,
ώς Ὁρφεὺς καταβὰς ποτὶ Τάρταρον, ἡς ποκ'
'Οδυσσεύς,

ώς πάρος Ἀλκείδας, κίγγια τάχ' ἀν ἐς δόμουν ἡνθαν
Πλουτέος, ὃς κεν ἔσοιμ, καὶ εἰ Πλουτῆς μελίσθεις,
ώς ἀν ἀκονταίμαν, τί μελίσθεαι. ἀλλ' ἄγε¹ Κάρρῳ
Σικελικόν τι λέγαινε καὶ ἀδύ τι βουκολιάζει.
καὶ κείνα Σικελίᾳ, καὶ ἐν² Λίτναιαισιν ἐπαιξεν
ἄσσι, καὶ μέλος αἰδε τὸ Δώριον οὐκ ἀγέραστος
ἐσσεῖθ' ἀ μολπά. χάς Ὁρφεῖ πρόσθεν ἔδωκεν
ἀδέα φορμίζοντι παλίσσιτον Εύρυδίκειαν,
καὶ σὲ Βίων πέμψει τοῖς ὥρεσιν. εἰ δὲ τι κίγγια
συρίσθων δυνάμαν, παρὰ Πλουτέη κ' αὐτὸς δειδορ.

¹ ἄλλ' ἄγε Wil.; μην ἀλλά πάπε, ἄλλ' εἰ, καὶ τῆσα, καὶ
² εἰοι: αἴσοι τοις ομήδις Σικελίᾳ, καὶ τοῦ Teacher; μην
σικελικὴ ἐν (οτ αὐτὸν), σικελικοῖσιν δὲ

for thy decease. Could I but have gone down into Tartarus as Orpheus went and Odysseus of yore and Alcides long ago, then would I also have come mayhap to the house of Pluteus, that I might see thee, and if so be thou singest to Pluteus, hear what that thou singest may be. But all the same, I pray thee, chant some song of Sicily, some sweet melodious country-song, unto the Maid; for she too is of Sicily, she too once sported on Etna's shores; she knows the Dorian music; so thy melodies shall not go without reward. Even as once she granted Orpheus his Eurydice's return because he harped so sweetly, so likewise she shall give my Bion back unto the hills; and had but this my pipe the power of that his harp, I had played for this in the house of Pluteus myself.

"the Maid": Persephone, who was carried off by Pluto—here called Pluteus—when she was playing in the fields of Sicily.





IV-VII

Of the remaining poems the first three are quoted by Stobaeus. The last is found in the Anthology (Anth. Plan., 4, 200), and was wrongly ascribed to Moschus owing to its mention of Europa's bull.

IV

Τὰν ἀλλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ὕπεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ,
 τὰν φρένα τὰν δειλάν ἐρεθίζομαι, οὐδὲ ἔτι μοι γῆ¹
 ἐστὶ φίλα, ποθεὶ δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἡ μεγάλα μὲν ἄλις.²
 ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀχήσῃ πολὺς Βυθός, ἡ δὲ θάλασσα
 κυρτὸν ἐπαφρίζῃ, τὰ δὲ κύματα μακρὰ μεμήνη,
 ἐς χθόνα παπταίνω καὶ δένδρεα, τὰν δὲ ἄλις φεύγω,
 γὰ δέ μοι ἀσπαστά, χά δισκιος εὐαδεγ ὑλα,
 ἔνθα καὶ ἡγ πνεύσῃ πολὺς ὄγεμος, ἡ πίτις ἀδει.
 ἡ κακὸν ὁ γριπεὺς ζῶει Βίον, φέ δόμος ἡ ταῦτε,
 καὶ πόνος ἐστὶ θαλασσα, καὶ ἰχθύες ἡ πλάνος
 ἄγρα.

10
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ὑπνος ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθυ-
 φύλλῳ,
 καὶ παγῆς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἀχον ἀκούειν,
 ἡ τέρπει ψοφέοισα τὸν ἀγρικόν,³ οὐχὶ ταράσσει.

V

* Ήρατο⁴ Πάνη Ἀχώς τὰς γείτονος, ήρατο δὲ Ἀχώ
 σκιρτατᾶ Σατύρω, Σάτυρος δὲ ἐπεμήνατο Λύδη.
 ὡς Ἀχώ τὸν Πάνα, τόσον Σάτυρος φλέγειν Ἀχώ,
 καὶ Λύδα Σατυρίσκον. Τέρπει δὲ ἐσμύχετ' ἀμοιβῇ.

¹ μοι γῆ Βοσίς : πισσα μοῖσα ² τάλιστ ἡ μεγάλα μὲν ἄλις Ε :
 πισσ τάλιστα μεγάλα μὲν ³ ἀγριεύεις Στερβάννα : πισσ ἀγριεύεις

⁴ ήρατο Wakef : πισσ ίρα

IV.—[A COMPARISON]

When the wind strikes gently upon a sea that is blue, this craven heart is roused within me, and my love of the land yields to the desire of the great waters. But when the deep waxes grey and loud, and the sea begins to swell and to foam and the waves run long and wild, then look I unto the shore and its trees and depart from the brine, then welcome is the land to me and pleasant the shady greenwood, where, be the wind never so high, the pine-tree sings her song. O 'tis ill to be a fisher with a ship for his house and the sea for his labour and the fishes for his slippery prey. Rather is it sleep beneath the leafy plane for me, and the sound hard by of a bubbling spring such as delights and not disturbs the rustic ear.

V.—[A LESSON TO LOVERS]

PAN loved his neighbour Echo: Echo loved a frisking Satyr: and Satyr, he was head over ears for Lyde. As Echo was Pan's flame, so was Satyr Echo's, and Lyde master Satyr's. 'Twas Love re-

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δασσον γὰρ τίμων τις ἐμίσει τὸν φιλέοντα,
τύσσον ὁμῶς φιλέων ἡχθαίρετο, πάσχε δὲ οὐ ποιει.
ταῦτα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνεράστοις
στέργετε τὰς φιλέοντας, ἵνα ἦν φιλέητε φιλῆσθε.

VI

'Ἀλφειὸς μετὰ Πίσαν ἐπήν κατὰ πόντον ὁδεύῃ,
ἱρχεται εἰς Ἀρέθοισαν ἄγων κοτινηφόρον ὕδωρ,
ἔδνα φέρων καλὰ φύλλα καὶ ἀνθεα καὶ κύνιν
ἴραν,
καὶ βαθὺς ἐμβαλνει τοῖς κύμασι, τὰν δὲ θάλασσαν
γέρθεν ὑποτροχάει, κού μέγινται ὕδασιν ὕδωρ,
ά δὲ οὐκ οἶδε θάλασσα διερχομένω ποταμοῖο,
κῶρος λινοθέτας¹ κακομάχανος αἰνὺ διδάσκων
καὶ ποταμὸν διὰ φίλτρον Ἐρωτεῖδίδαξε κολυμβῆν.

VII—ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΑΡΟΤΡΙΩΝΤΑ

Λαυτάδα θείεις καὶ τόξα βοηλάτιν ἐλετο ράβδον
οὐλος Ἐρωτ, πήρην δὲ εἰχε κατωμαδίην,
καὶ ζεύξας ταλαιργὸν ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αύχένια ταύρων
ἔσπειρεν Δηοῦς αὐλακα πυροφόρουν,
εἰπε δὲ ἀνα βλέψας αὐτῷ Διὶ· πλῆσον ἀρούρας,
μή σε τὸν Εύρώπης βοῦν ὑπ' ἀροτρα βάλω.

¹ Λινοθέτας Ε, cf. Theocr. 21. 10 : πην Λινοθέτας

MOSCHUS V-VII

ciprocal ; for by just course, even as each of those hearts did scorn its lover, so was it also scorned being such a lover itself. To all such as be heart-whole be this lesson read : If you would be loved where you be loving, then love them that love you.

VI.—[A RIVER IN LOVE]

WHEN Alpheus leaves Pisa behind him and travels by the sea, he brings Arethusa the water that makes the wild olives grow ; and with a bride-gift coming, of pretty leaves and pretty flowers and sacred dust, he goeth deep into the waves and runneth his course beneath the sea, and so runneth that the two waters mingle not and the sea never knows of the river's passing through. So is it that the spell of that impish setter of nets, that sly and crafty teacher of troubles, Love, hath e'en taught a river how to dive.

VII.—OF LOVE PLOUGHING

Love the Destroyer set down his torch and his bow, and slinging a wallet on his back, took an ox-goad in hand, yoked him a sturdy pair of steers, and fell to ploughing and sowing Demeter's cornland ; and while he did so, he looked up unto great Zeus saying " Be sure thou make my harvest fat ; for if thou fail me I'll have that bull of Europa's to my plough."

"sacred dust" ; the dust of the race-course at Olympia (Pisa).

MEGARA

MEGARA

This poem gives a picture of Heracles' wife and mother at home in his house at Tiryns while he is abroad about his Labours. The two women sit weeping. The wife bewails his mad murder of their children, and gently hints that the mother might give her more sympathy in her sorrow if she would not be for ever lamenting her own. To which the kind old Alcmena replies, "insufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; but though her own anxiety for the safety of the labouring Heracles, increased now by an evil dream, is food enough, God knows, for lamentation, she feels, as indeed Megara must know full well, for her sorrowing daughter too. The poem bears a resemblance to [Theocritus] XXV, and is thought by some to belong to the same author.

ΜΕΓΑΡΑ

· Μῆτερ ἐμή, τίφθ' ὥδε φίλοι κατὰ θυμὸν λέπται
ἐκπάγλως ἀχέουσα, τὸ πρὶν δέ του σύκέτ' ἔρευθος
σφῆστ' ἐπὶ ρεθέεσσι; τί μοι τόσον ἡνίησαι;
ἢρ' δὲ ἄλγεα πάσχει ἀπείριτα φαιδιμος νιὸς
ἀνδρὸς ὑπ' οὐτιδανοῦ, λέων ὠτείθ' ὑπὸ νεβροῦ;
ῶμοι ἔγώ, τί νυ δή με θεοὶ τόσον ἡτίμησαν
ἀθάνατοι; τί νῦ μὲν δε κακὴ γονέες τέκον αἰση;
δύσμορος, ἢτ' ἐπεὶ ἀνδρὸς ὑμύμονος ἐς λέχος ἥλθον,
τὸν μὲν ἔγω τίεσκον ίσον φαέεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν
ιδ' ἔτι νῦν σέβομαι τε καὶ αἰδέομαι κατὰ θυμὸν 10
τοῦ δ' οὕτις γένετ' ἄλλος ἀποτμότερος ζωύντων,
οὐδὲ τύσων σφετέρησιν ἐγεύσατο φροντίσι κηδέων.
σχέτλιος, θε τόξοισιν, ἢ οἱ πόρεν αἴτος Ἀπόλλων
ἵε τινος Κηρῶν ἡ Ἐρινύος αἰνὰ βέλεμνα,
παῖδας ἐοὺς κατέπεφνε καὶ ἐκ φίλοιν εἶλετο¹ θυμὸν
μαινόμενος κατὰ οἰκον, ἢ δ' ἐμπλεος ἐσκε φόνοιο.
τοὺς μὲν ἔγω δύστηνος ἐμοῖς ίδοιν ὀφθαλμοῖσι
βαλλομένους ὑπὸ πατρὶ, τὸ δ' οὐδὲ ὅναρ ἥλυθεν
ἄλλῳ.

οὐδὲ σφιν δυνάμην ἀδινὸν καλέουσιν ἀρῆξαι
μητέρ' ἔχην, ἐπεὶ ἐγγὺς ἀνίκητον κακὸν ἴρεν.

¹ εἶλετο: πισταὶ πάσοις οὐλεῖσθαι

MEGARA

Megara the wife of Heracles addresses his mother Alcmena.

"Mother dear, O why is thy heart cast down in this exceeding sorrow, and the rose o' thy cheek a-withering away? What is it, sweet, hath made thee so sad? Is it because thy doughty son be given troubles innumerable by a man of nought, as a lion might be given by a fawn? O well-a-day that the Gods should have sent me this dishonour! and alas that I should have been begotten unto such an evil lot! Woe's me that I that was bedded with a man above reproach, I that esteemed him as the light of my eyes and do render him heart's worship and honour to this day, should have lived to see him of all the world most miserable and best acquaint with the taste of woe! O misery that the bow and arrows given him of the great Apollo should prove to be the dire shafts of a Death-Spirit or a Fury, so that he should run stark mad in his own home and slay his own children withal, should reave them of dear life and fill the house with murder and blood!

Aye, with my own miserable eyes I saw my children smitten of the hand of their father, and that hath no other so much as dreamt of. And for all they cried and cried upon their mother I could not help them, so present and invincible was

THE BUCOLIC POETS

ώτε δέ βρυτις δύρηται ἐπὶ σφετέροισι νεοσσοῖς
δλλυμένοις, οὐστ' αἰνὸς ὅφις ἔτι μηπιάχουντας
θύμνοις ἐν πυκνωῖσι κατεσθίειν· ηδὲ καὶ τ' αὐτοὺς
πωτάται κλάζουσα μᾶλα λιγὸν πότνια¹ μήτηρ,
οὐδέ τέλ' ἔχει τέκνωσιν ἐπαρκέσται· η γάρ οἱ αὐτῇ
ἄσσον ἴμεν μέγα τάρβιος ἀμειλίκτοιο πελώρου·
ῶς ἐγὼ αἰνοτόκεια φίλους γένουν αἰάζουσα
μαινομένοισι πόδεσσι δόμον κάτα πολλὸν ἔφοίτων.
ῶς τῇ ὄφελον μετὰ παισὶν ἄμα θυήσκουσα καὶ
αὐτῇ

κεῖσθαι φαρμακόεντα δί τηπατος ἵὸν ἔχουσα, 30
"Ἄρτεμι θηλυτέρηγτι μέγα κρέουσα γυναιξί.
τῷ χ' ἡμέας κλαύσαντε φίλησθ' ἐνὶ χερσὶ τοκῆσε
πολλοῖς σὺν κτερέεσσι πυρῆς ἐπέβησαν ὁμοίῃς,
καὶ κεν ἔνα χρύσειον ἐς δστέα κρωσσὸν ἀπίστων
λέξαντες κατέθαψαν, οὐθὲ πρῶτον γενύμεσθα.
νῦν δέ οἱ μὲν Θίήβην ἵπποτρόφον ἵναμονσιν
Δονίου πεδίοιο βαθεῖαν βώλους ἀροῦντες·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τίρυνθα κάτα κραναὴν πόλιν "Ηρης
πολλοῖσιν διστηγος ἕπτομαι ἀλγεστιν ἥτορ
αἰὲν ὄμον· δακρύων δέ παρεστί μοι οὐδέ τ' ἔρωτο. 40

ἀλλὰ πόσιν μὲν ὄρῳ παύρον χρόνον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
οἰκεῖ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ πολέων γάρ οἱ ἔργον ἔτοιμοι
μόχθων, τοὺς ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀλλάμενος ηδὲ θάλασσαν
μοχθίζει πέτρης δῆγ² ἔχων ιύσον ἡὲ σιδῆρον
καρπερὸν ἐν στήθεσσι· σὺ δέ ἡύτε λείβεαι² ὑδωρ,
νύκτας τε κλαίουσα καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ἡμαδί² ὄπόσσα.
ἄλλος μάλιστας τις ἐνφρίναι με παραστὰς
κηδεμονῶν οὐ γάρ σφε δύμων κατὰ τεῖχος ἔργειν

¹ ιότρια = ταῦτα E, cf. Ποτνια, ποτνιάς, ποτνιδομα² παλαιό λείβηται

their evil hap. But even as a bird that waileth upon her young ones perishing when her babes be devoured one by one of a dire serpent in the thicket, and flies to and fro, the poor raving mother, screaming above her children, and cannot go near to aid them for her own great terror of that remorseless monster; even so this unhappiest of mothers that's before thee did speed back and forth through all that house in a frenzy, crying woe upon her pretty brood. O would to thee kind Artemis, great Queen of us poor women, would I too had fallen with a poisoned arrow in my heart and so died also! Then had my parents taken and wept over us together, and laid us with several rites on one funeral pile, and so gathered all those ashes in one golden urn and buried them in the land of our birth. But alas! they dwell in the Theban country of steeds and do till the deep loam of the Aonian lowlands, while I be in the ancient Tirynthian hold of Hern, and my heart cast down with manifold pain ever and unceasingly, and never a moment's respite from tears.

For as for my husband, 'tis but a little of the time my eyes do look upon him in our home, seeing he hath so many labours to do abroad by land and sea with that brave heart of his so strong as stone or steel; and as for you, you are poured out like water, weeping the long of every day and night Zeus giveth to the world: and none other of my kindred can come and play me comforter; they be no next-door neighbours, they, seeing they dwell every one

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ λίην πάντες γε πέρην πιτυώδεος Ἰσθμοῦ
ταῖονται¹, οὐδὲ μοὶ ἔστι πρὸς διτινά κε βλέψασα 50
οὐα γυνὴ πανάποτμος ἀναφύξαι μὲν φίλου κῆρ,
οὐδὲ φί γε δὴ Πύρρης συνομαίμονος ἢ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ²
ἀμφὶ πόσαι σφετέρῳ πλέον ἄχνυται Ἰφικλῆη.
σῷ νίσι πάντων γάρ διζυρώτατα τέκνα
γείνασθαι σε θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι θυτῷ ἕολπα.³

ἴας ἀρέψῃ τὰ δὲ οἱ θαλερώτερα δάκρυα μῆλων⁴
κόλπουν δὲ ἴμερόεντα κατὰ βλεφάρου ἔχεοτο,
μητσομένη τέκνων τε καὶ ὡν μετέπειτα τοκήων.
ἴας δ' αὐτῶν δακρύοισι παρήια λεύκ⁵ ἔδιαινεν
Ἀλκεμήη βαρὺ δὲ γέρε καὶ ἐκ θυμοῦ στενάχουσα 60
μίθοισιν τυκνοῖσι φίλην νυδὺν ὥδε μετηύσσα.

‘δαιμονίη παιδων, τί νῦν τοι φρεσὶν ἐμπεσε τοῦτο
πεικαλίμαις; πῶς ἀμπ⁶ ἐθέλεις ὀρθυνθέμεν ἀμφὶ⁷
κῆρέ ἀλιπστα λέγουσα; τὰ δὲ οὐ νῦν πρῶτα
κέκλαυται.

ἢ οὐκ ἄλιτ, οἰς ἐχίμεσθα τὸ δεύτατον αἰὲν ἵπ⁸
ἡμαρ⁹¹⁰; γιγομένοις; μᾶλα μέν γε φίλοθρηνή¹⁰ κέ τις εἶη,
δοστις ἀριθμήσειεν ἐφ’ ἡμετέροις ἀγίεσσοι.
Θάρσεις οὐ τοιῆσδ¹¹ ἐκυρήσαμεν ἐκ θεοῦ αἰσηγης.

καὶ δὲ αὐτὴν ὁρώσει φίλον τέκον ἀτρύπτωσιν
ἀλγεσι μοχθίζουσαν, ἐπιγνόμων δέ τοι εἴμι
ἀσχαλίαν, ὅτε δὴ γέ καὶ εὐφροσύνης κόρος ἔστι¹²
καὶ σε μᾶλ¹³ ἐκπάθλωις ὄλοφύρομαι¹⁴ ἦδε ἐλεαίρω,
οὐνεκεν ἡμετέροιο λυγροῦ μετὰ δαίμονος ἔσχει,
δοθ¹⁵ ἡμῖν ἐφίπτερθε κάρης βαρὺς αἰωρεῖται.

¹ cf. II. 17. 437 ² i.e. ἡμαρ : cf. Theocrit. Idyll. 8. 3
“ταῖονται φιλεφρηνή” ⁴ ταῖονται φιλεφρηνή

of them away beyond the piney Isthmus, and so I have none to look to, such as a thrice-miserable woman needs to revive her heart—save only my sister Pyrrha, and she hath her own sorrow for her husband Iphicles, and he your son; for methinks never in all the world hath woman borne so ill-fated children as a God and a man did beget upon you."

So far spake Megara, the great tears falling so big as apples into her lovely bosom, first at the thought of her children and thereafter at the thought of her father and mother. And Alcmena, she in like manner did bewail her pale wan cheeks with tears, and now fetching a deep deep sigh, spake words of wisdom unto her dear daughter:

"My poor girl," says she, "what is come over thy prudent heart? How is it thou wilt be disquieting us both with this talk of sorrows unforgettable? Thou hast bewept them so many times before; are not the misfortunes which possess us enough each day as they come? Sure he that should fall a-counting in the midst of miseries like ours would be a very fond lover of lamentation. Be of good cheer; Heaven hath not fashioned us of such stuff as that.

And what is more, I need no telling, dear child, of thy sadness; for I can see thee before me labouring of unabating woes, and God wot I know what 'tis to be sore vexed when the very joys of life are loathsome, and I am exceeding sad and sorry thou shouldest have part in the baneful fortune that hangs us so heavy overhead. For before the Maid I swear

"the misfortunes which possess us": the Greek is 'Are not the woes which possess us, coming every latest day, enough?'

THE BUCOLIC POETS

Ιστω γάρ Κούρη τε καὶ εὐέανος Δημήτηρ,
ἄς κε μέγα βλαιφθείς τις ἐκῶν ἐπίορκον ὄμόσσαι¹
δυσμενέων,² μηθὲν σε χερειότερον φρεσίν ἔστι
στέργυιν³ ή εἶπερ μοι ὑπὲκ νηδιώφιν ἥλθεε
καὶ μοι τηλιηγέτη ἐνι δώμασι παρθένος ἥσθα.
οὐδέ αὐτὴν γέ νυ πάμπαν ἕολπά σε τοῦτό γε λήθειν. 80
τῷ μή μ' ἔξείτης ποτ', ἐμὸν θάλος, ὃς σεν ἀκηδέω,
μηδέ εἰ κ' ἡγκόμου Νιόβης πυκινώτερα κλαῖσ.
οὐδέ ὃς γάρ νεμεσητὸν ὑπὲρ τέκνου γράασθαι
μητέρι δυσπαθέοντος ἐπεὶ δέκα μῆνας ἔκαμνον
πρίν καὶ πέρ τ'⁴ ἴδεεν μεν, ἐμῷ ὑπὸ ἥπατ' ἔχοντα,
καὶ με πυλάρταο σχεδὸν ἴγραγεν Λίδωνῆος
ἴδε εἰ δυστοκέουσα κακὰς ὠδίνας ἀνέτλην,
ιῦν δέ μοι οἰχεται οἷος ἐπ'⁵ ἀλλοτρίης νεον ἀθλοι
ἐκτελέων οὐδὲ οἴδα δυσάμμορος, εἴτε μην αὗτις
ἐνθάδε νοστήσανθ' ὑποδέξομαι, εἴτε καὶ οὐκί. 90

πρὸς δ' ἔτι μὲν ἐπτοίησε διὰ γλυκὺν αἰνὸς δινειρος
ἴτινον δειμαίνω δέ παλιγκοτον ὄψιν ἰδούστα
ἴκπάγλως, μή μοι τι τέκνους ἀποθύμον ἔρδοι.
εἴσατο γάρ μοι ἔχων μακέλην εὐεργέα χερσὶ⁶
παῖς ἔμοις ἀμφοτέρησι, βίη 'Ηρακληίη.
τῇ μεγάλῃ ἐλάχαινε δεδεγμένος ὡς ἐπὶ μασθῷ
τάφρον τηλεθάσοντος ἐπ'⁷ ἐσχατιῆ τινος ἀγροῦ,
γυμνὸς ἀτέρ χλαιμῆς τε καὶ εὐμέτροιο χιτῶνος.
αὐτῷρ ἐπειδὴ παντὸς ἀφίκετο πρὸς τέλος ἔργου
καρτεροιο οἰνοφόροιο πονεύμενος ἔρκος ἀλωῆς,
ἥτοι οἱ λίστρον ἔμελλεν ἐπὶ προύχουντος⁸ δρείσας
ἀνδήρου καταδῦναι, ἢ καὶ πάρος εἵματα ἔστο
ἔξαπίνης δ' ἀνελάμψεν ὑπὲρ καπέτοιο βαθείης

¹ διδοσσει : Brueck : τιμ -ση ² δυτηρεινος participle
³ στέργυιν : syntax shifted owing to the intervention of

it, and before the robed Demeter—and any that willingly and of ill intent forsweareth these will rue it sore—I love thee no whit less than I had loved thee wert thou come of my womb and wert thou the dear only daughter of my house. And of this methinks thou thyself cannot be ignorant altogether. Wherefore never say thou, sweetheart, that I heed thee not, albeit I should weep faster than the fair-tressed Niobé herself. For even such laments as hers are no shame to be made of a mother for the ill hap of a child ; why, I sailed for nine months big with him or ever I so much as beheld him, and he brought me nigh unto the Porter of the Gate o' Death, so ill-bested was I in the birthpangs of him ; and now he is gone away unto a new labour, alone into a foreign land, nor can I tell, more's the woe, whether he will be given me again or no.

And what is more, there is come to disquiet my sweet slumber a dircful dream, and the adverse vision makes me exceedingly afraid lest ever it work something untoward upon my children. There appeared unto me, a trusty mattock grasped in both hands, my son Heracles the mighty; and with that mattock, even as one hired to labour, he was digging of a ditch along the edge of a springing field, and was without either cloak or belted jerkin. And when his labouring of the strong fence of that place of vines was got all to its end, then would he stick his spade upon the pile of the earth he had digged and put on those clothes he wore before; but lo! there outshined above the deep trench a fire inextinguishable, and there rolled

λαύρας, cf. Theocrit. 12. 4 * *πρίν καὶ πρίν εἰ* cf. H. 15. 688,
Theocrit. 2. 147 * *μηδείς* also *λαύρας* *τινίς* *πρόσθιας* *οὐδέποτε*

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πέρι ἄροτον, περὶ δὲ οὐτὸν ἀθέσφατος εἰδεῖτο φλόξ.
αὐτὰρ οὐδὲ αἰεὶ ὅπισθε θοοῖς ἀνεχάζετο ποσσίν,
ἐκφυγέειν μεμαῶς ὀλοὸν μένος¹ Ἡφαιστοιο
αἰεὶ δὲ προπάροιθεν ἔοῦ χρός ἡῦτε γέρρον
νόμασκεν μακέλην· περὶ δὲ δύμασιν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
πάπταινεν, μὴ δῆ μιν ἐπιφλεξει δήμου πῦρ.

τῷ μὲν ἀστῆσαι λελημένος, νῷ μοι ἔικτο,
Ἴφικλέης μεγάβυμος ἐπ' οὐδεὶ καππεσ' ὀλισθὼν
πρὸν ἐλθεῖν, οὐδὲ ὄρθὺς ἀναστῆναι δύνατ' αὐτις,
ἄλλ' ἀστεμφές ἔκειτο, γέρων ὥσειτ' ἀμενηνός,
ὄντε καὶ οὐκ ἔθελοντα βιήσατο γῆρας ἀτερπές
καππεσέειν κεῖται δὲ οὐδὲ πὶ χθονὸς ἐμπεῖδον
αὔτως,

εἰσόκε τις χειρὸς μιν ἀνειρύσσῃ παριθντων
αἰδεσθεῖς ὅπιδα προτέρην πολιοῦ γενέσιον.
ὣς ἐν τῇ λελίαστο σακεσπάλος Ἴφικλείης
αὐτὰρ ἄγῳ κλαίεσκον ὁμηρανέοντας ὄρθια
παῖδες ἔμοιν, μέχρι δῆ μοι ἀπέσσυτο νῆδυμος
ὑπνος

οφθαλμῶν, ἷδος δὲ παραυτίκα φαινόμει ἥλθε.²
τοῖα, φίλη, μοι δνειρα διὰ φρέας ἐπτοῦησαν
πανυχίῃ τὰ δὲ πάντα πρὸς Εύρυσθῆα τρέποιτο
οἴκου ἀφ' ἵμετέροιο, γένοιτο δὲ μάντις ἔκεινῳ
θυμὸς ἔμοις, μηδὲ ἄλλο παρὲκ τελέσειέ τι δαιμον.

¹ μένος : πατείτω βέλος

² φαινόμει ἥλθε : πατείτω

about him a marvellous great flame. At this he went quickly backward, and so ran with intent to escape the baleful might of the God o' Fire, with his mattock ever held before his body like a buckler and his eyes turned now this way and now that, lest the consuming fire should set him alight. Then methought the noble Iphicles, willing to aid him, slipped or ever he came at him, and fell to the earth, nor could not rise up again; nay, but lay there helpless, like some poor weak old man who constrained of joyless age to fall, lieth on the ground and needs must lie, till a passenger, for the sake of the more honour of his hoary beard, take him by the hand and raise him up. So then lay targeteer Iphicles along; and as for me, I wept to behold the parlous plight of my children, till sleep the delectable was gone from my eyes, and lo! there comes me the lightsome dawn.

Such are the dreams, dear heart, have disquieted me all the night long; and I only pray they all may turn from any hurt of our house to make mischief unto Eurysthens; against him be the prophecy of my soul, and Fate ordain that, and that only, for the fulfilment of it."

THE DEAD ADONIS

THE DEAD ADONIS

This piece of Anacreontean verse is shown both by style and metre to be of late date, and was probably incorporated in the Bucolic Collection only because of its connexion in subject with the Lament for Adonis.

ΕΙΣ ΝΕΚΡΟΝ ΑΔΩΝΙΝ

Ἄδωνιν ἡ Κυθήρη
ώς εἶδε νεκρὸν ἥδη
στυμνὰν¹ ἔχοντα χαίταν
ώχραιν τε τὰν παρειάν,
ἄγαιν τὸν ὕν πρὸς αὐτὰν
ἔταξε τῶς Ἐρωτας,
οἱ δὲ εὐθέως ποτανοὶ
πᾶσαι δραμόντες ὅλαιν
στυγνὸν τὸν ὕν ἀνεῦρον,
δῆσται δὲ² καὶ πέδασται,
χῶ μὲν βρόχῳ καθάφας
ἔσνυρεν αἰχμάλωτον,
οἱ δὲ ἐξόπισθ' ἐλαίνων
ἔτυπτε τοῖσι τόξοις.
οἱ θῆρ δὲ ἔβαινε δειλῶς,
φοβεῖτο γάρ Κυθήρην.
τῷ δὲ ἄπειν Ἀφροδίτα
πάντων κάκιστε θηρῶν,
σὺ τόνδε μηρὸν ἴψω;
σύ μου τὸν ἄνδρ' ἔτυψας;³
οἱ θῆρ δὲ ἐλεῖσεν ὥδε·
δομνυμί σοι Κυθήρη

στομνὰς Ε. cf. Eion i. 74: πας στυγνὸς
N. Will: πας τε

THE DEAD ADONIS

WHEN the Cytherean saw Adonis dead, his hair dishevelled and his cheeks wan and pale, she bade the Loves go fetch her the boar, and they forthwith flew away and scoured the woods till they found the sullen boar. Then they shackled him both before and behind, and one did put a noose about the prisoner's neck and so drag him, and another belaboured him with his bow and so did drive; and the craven beast went along in abject dread of the Cytherean. Then up-spake Aphrodite, saying, "Vilest of all beasts, can it be thou that didst despite to this fair thigh, and thou that didst strike my husband?" To which the beast "I swear to thee,

THE BUCOLIC POETS

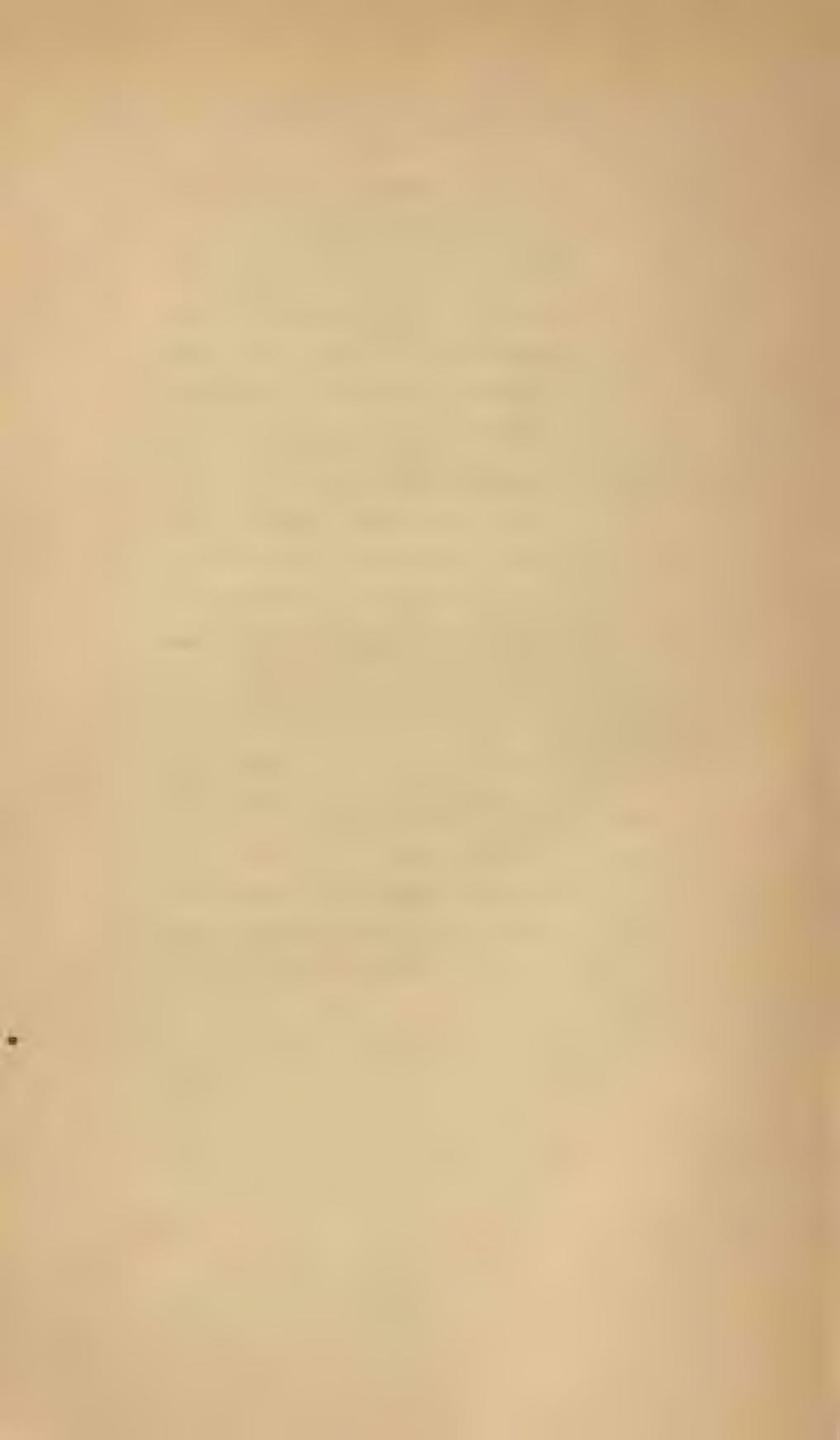
αύτήν σε καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα
καὶ ταῦτά μου τὰ δεσμά
καὶ τῷδε τῷς κυναγώς·
τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν καλόν σει
οὐκ ἥθελον πατάξαι
ἀλλ' ὡς ἄγαλμ' ἐσεῖδον,
καὶ μὴ φέρων τὸ καῦμα
γυμνὸν τὸν εἶχε μηρὸν
ἔμαινόμαν φίλασται.

καὶ μὲν εὐ κατεκσίναζε¹
τούτους λαβοῦσα τέμνε,
τούτους κόλαζε, Κύπρι
τι γάρ φέρω περισσῶς
ἔρωτικοὺς ὁδόντας;
εἰ δὲ οὐχὶ σοι τάδ' ἀρκεῖ,
καὶ ταῦτά μου τὰ χεῖλα;
τι γάρ φιλεῖν ἐτόλμων
τὸν δὲ ἥλέησε Κύπρις,
εἰπέν τε τοῖς "Ερωσι
τὰ δεσμά οἱ πιλῆσαι.
ἐκ τοῦδε ἐπηκολούθει,
καὶ ὅλαν φύε ἔβαινε,
καὶ τῷ πυρὶ² προσελθὼν
ἔκατε τοὺς ὁδόντας.³

¹ μὲν εὖ: cf. Plat. *Theat.* 169 π μᾶλλον εὖ (με)
συγκενόφασιν αὐτὸν *Symp.* 194 λ. εὖ καὶ μᾶλλον δι-
φέλαισ: παντες κατεκσίναζε Scaliger: παν-
κατεκσίναζε. ² τῷ πυρὶ Heinicus: παντες τῷ
χειρὶ Mardonius Wil: παντες δραγας

THE DEAD ADONIS

Cytherean," answered he, " by thyself and by thy husband, and by these my bonds and these thy huntsmen, never would I have smitten thy pretty husband but that I saw him there beautiful as a statue, and could not withstand the burning mad desire to give his naked thigh a kiss. And now I pray thee make good havoc of me; pray take and cut off these tusks, pray take and punish them—for why should I possess teeth so passionate? And if they suffice thee not, then take my chaps also—for why durst they kiss?" Then had Cypris compassion and bade the Loves loose his bonds; and he went not to the woods, but from that day forth followed her, and more, went to the fire and burnt those his tusks away.



THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

This poem was probably written to be inscribed upon a votive copy of the ancient axe with which tradition said Epeius made the Wooden Horse and which was preserved in a temple of Athena. The lines are to be read according to the numbering. The metre is choriambic, and each pair of equal lines contains one foot less than the preceding. The unusual arrangement of lines is probably mystic. Simias of Rhodes flourished about B.C. 300.

ΤΕΧΝΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΑ
ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

I.—ΠΕΛΕΚΥΣ

- 1 Ἀνδροθέρη δῶρον ὁ Φωκεὺς κρατερᾶς μηδοσύνας ἥρα τύρων Ἀθάνα
 3 τᾶμος, ἐπεὶ τὸν ιερὰν κηρὶ πυρίπινῳ πόλιν ἡδύκωσεν
 5 οὐκ ἐνάριθμος γεγάκις ἐν προμάχοις Ἀχαιῶν
 7 γῦν ἔει Ὁμήρειον ἵβα κλέυθορ
 9 τρίς μάκαρ δύν σὺ θυμῷ
 11 ὅδ' ὄλβος
 12 ἀεὶ πνέει.
- 10 Πλαος ἀμφιλέρχθη.
 8 σὰν χάριν, ἀγνὰ πολύθουντε Παλλάς.
 6 ἀλλ' ἀπὸ κρανῶν θαρραγοῦντα κόμιζε δυσκλεῖς.¹
 4 Δαρδανιδᾶν, χρυσοβαφεῖς δὲ στυφέλιξ² ἐκ θεμέθλων ἄνακτας,
 2 ὕπαστ³ ἐπειδὸς πέλεκυν, τῷ ποτε πύργων θεοτεύκτων κατέραιψεν αἴτος

¹ δυσκλεῖς = δυσκλεῖται Κ : τὰ δύσκλητα, δυσκλεῖται ² παιέμενος Wil : παία μεῖναι
 13 Σημιαὶ βαίνων εἰντοῦτοι στοῖς ἀτ εἰρε 'Ρόδου γεγάκις δ τολέτρων παιέρνεντ² μέτρα μολπῆι.
 This line, the handle of the Axe, is missing from some of the mss., and is in all probability
 an interpolation from the Elegy I. 20.

THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

EPEIUS of Phocis has given unto the man-goddess Athena, in requital of her doughty counsel, the axe with which he once overthrew the upstanding height of God-builted walls, in the day when with a fire-breath'd Doom he made ashes of the holy city of the Dardanids and thrust gold-broidered lords from their high seats, for all he was not numbered of the vanguard of the Achaeans, but drew off an obscure tunnel from a clear shining fount. Aye, for all that, he is gone up now upon the road Homer made, thanks be unto thee, Pallas the pure, Pallas the wise. Thrice fortunate be on whom thou hast looked with very favour. This way happiness doth ever blow.

II.—THE WINGS

This poem seems to have been inscribed on the wings of a statue—perhaps a votive statue—representing Love as a bearded child. The metre is the same as that of the Axe with the difference that the lines are to be read in the usual order. The poem also differs from the Axe in making no reference, except by its shape, to the wings of Love. Moreover it contains no hint of dedication.

II.—ΠΤΕΡΥΓΕΣ

Λεῦσσέ με τὸν Γᾶς τε βαθυτέρουν ἄνακτ' Ἀκμονίδαν τὸν ἀλλυδις ἐδράσαντα,
μηδὲ τρέσης, εἰ τοσος ὡν δύσκια βέβριθα λάχνη γένεια.
τάμος ἐγὼ γὰρ γενόμαν, ἀντὶ ἔκραιν' Ἀνάγκα
πάντα δὲ ἔκας εἶχε φράδεσσι λυγροῖς
ἔρπετά, πάνθ' δοσὶ εἴρπε²
δι' αἴθρας

Χάσυς τε·

οὗτι γε Κύπριδος παῖς
ώκυπέτας Ἀρέιος³ καλεῖμαν
10 οὐδὲ γὰρ ἔκρανα βίᾳ, πραῦνόφ⁴ δὲ πειζοῖ,
εἰκὲ τέ μοι γαῖα θαλάσσας τέ μυχοὶ χαλκεοὶ οὐραρός τε·
τῶν δὲ ἐγὼ ἐκνοσφισάμαν ὥγυρον σκάπτρον, ἔκρινον⁵ δὲ θεοῖς θέματας.

¹ Ήδις εἶχε φράδεσσι λυγροῖς Ε, εἰ. Ηερού, φράδεις· βαύλαις· ταῦτα δεσπόσιν αὐτοῖς φράδεσσι (εἰς φράδεσσι) λυγροῖς ² εἴρπε Ε· ταῦτα ἔρπει ³ Ἀρέιος Ε, ἵνα δὲ οἱ Δ. Ω 767 αὐτὸν Ἀρρεῖον Θεορ. 17. 86; ταῦτα δὲ λίριοι, δὲ λίρατα ⁴ ταῦτα πραῦνα ⁵ ταῦτα πειζαροι

II.—THE WINGS

BENOLD the ruler of the deep-bosomed Earth, the turner upside-down of the Son of Aemon, and have no fear that so little a person should have so plentiful a crop of beard to his chin. For I was born when Necessity bare rule, and all creatures, moved they in Air or in Chaos, were kept through her dismal government far apart. Swift-flying son of Cypris and war-lord Ares—I am not that at all; for by no force came I into rule, but by gentle-willed persuasion, and yet all alike, Earth, deep Sea, and brazen Heaven, bowed to my behest, and I took to myself their olden sceptre and made me a judge among God's

"Son of Aemon": Heaven. "Chaos": see *Index*.

- 10 -

- 10 -

5, 6 $\text{tan} \alpha_{\text{eff}} = \sqrt{\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2} \cos \omega}$

$\omega = \omega_0 + \omega_{\text{osc}} + \Delta - \omega_{\text{ext}}$

9, 10 $\sigma = \sigma_0 + \sqrt{\sigma^2 - \sigma_0^2} = \sqrt{2} - \sqrt{(\sqrt{2})^2 - (\sqrt{2})^2} = \sqrt{2} - \sqrt{0} = \sqrt{2}$

For more information about the study, contact Dr. Michael J. Hwang at (319) 356-4000 or email at mhwang@uiowa.edu.

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— 1 —

15, 16. $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$

$$= \omega - \omega \mid + \omega - \omega \mid - \omega + \omega \mid + \omega \mid - \omega \mid + \omega$$

— | — | —

III.—THE EGG

This piece would appear to have been actually inscribed upon an egg, and was probably composed merely as a tour-de-force. If so, it forms a link in the development of such pieces between the two preceding poems and Theocritus' Pipe. The lines, like those of the Axe, are to be read as they are numbered, and as there is no evidence here of dedication, the unusual order must have a different purpose; the poem must be of the nature of a puzzle or riddle. The piece is marked out from the Axe and the Wings on the one side, and from the Pipe on the other, by the variety of its metrical scheme. The lines gradually increase from a trochaic monometer catalectic to a complicated decameter of spondees, anapaests, paoms, and dactyls.

The "Dorian nightingale" is the poet and the "new weft" the poem itself.

1 Κωτίλας

3 τῇ τοῦ ἀτριού νέον¹5 πρύφρων δὲ θυμῷ δέξο δὴ γὰρ ἀγνῆς²7 τὸ μὲν θεῶν ἐριθόας Ἀρμᾶς ἐκιξε³ κάρυξ9 ἀνιψή δὲ ἐκ μέτρου μονοβάμπους μέζω πάροιθ⁴ δέξειν⁴11 θοῶς δὲ ὑπερθεν ὠκυλέχριον νεῦμα ποδῶν σπαράδως
πίασκεν⁵13 θοοῖστ⁶ τοι αἰολαῖς νεβροῖς κῶλ⁷ ἀλλάσσων ὄρσιπύδων
ἔλαφων τέκεσσιν.15 τηλεκραιπνοις⁸ ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ἴέμεναι ποσὶ λόφων κατ'
ἀρθμίας ἵχρος τιθηνας,17 καὶ τις ὁμόθυμος ἀμφίπαλτον αἰψ⁹ αὐδὰν θῆρ¹⁰ ἐν
κόλπῳ δεξάμενος θαλαμῶν πυκωτάτῳ¹¹19 καὶ¹² ὥκα βοᾶς ἀκοὰν μεθέποιη δῆγ¹³ ἀφαρ λάσιον
νιφοβόλων ἀν' ὄρέων ἔσσυται ἄγκος¹⁴20 ταῖς δὴ δαίμων κλυτοῖς ίσα θοοῖσι πόνου δουέιον ποσὶ¹⁵
πολύπλοκα μεθίει μέτρα μολπᾶς.18 ρίμφα πετρόκοιτον¹⁶ ἐκλιπὼν ὄρουσ¹⁷ εὐνὰν ματρὸς
πλαγκτὸν μαιόμενος βαλιᾶς ἐλεῖν τέκον16 βλαχῆ δὲ οὖλην πολυβότων ἀν' ὄρεον νομὸν ἔβαιν
ταυσφύρων τὸν ἄντρα¹⁸ Νυμφᾶν,14 ταὶ δὲ ἀμφρότῳ πόθῳ φίλας ματρὸς ῥώντ¹⁹ αἰψα
μεθ' ἴμεροῖντα μαζού,12 Ἱχνει θενῶν τόνοι²⁰ παναίδον, Πιερίδιον μονόδοσυπον
αὐδᾶν,10 ἀριθμὸν εἰς ἄκραν δεκάδ²¹ Ἱχνῶν, κόσμου νέμοντα²²
ῥύθμων.8 φῦλ²³ ἐς βροτῶν ὑπὸ φίλας ἔλῶν πτεροῖστ²⁴ ματρός,
6 λέγειά ντιν καμί²⁵ ἀμφὶ ματρὸς ῥάδις²⁶

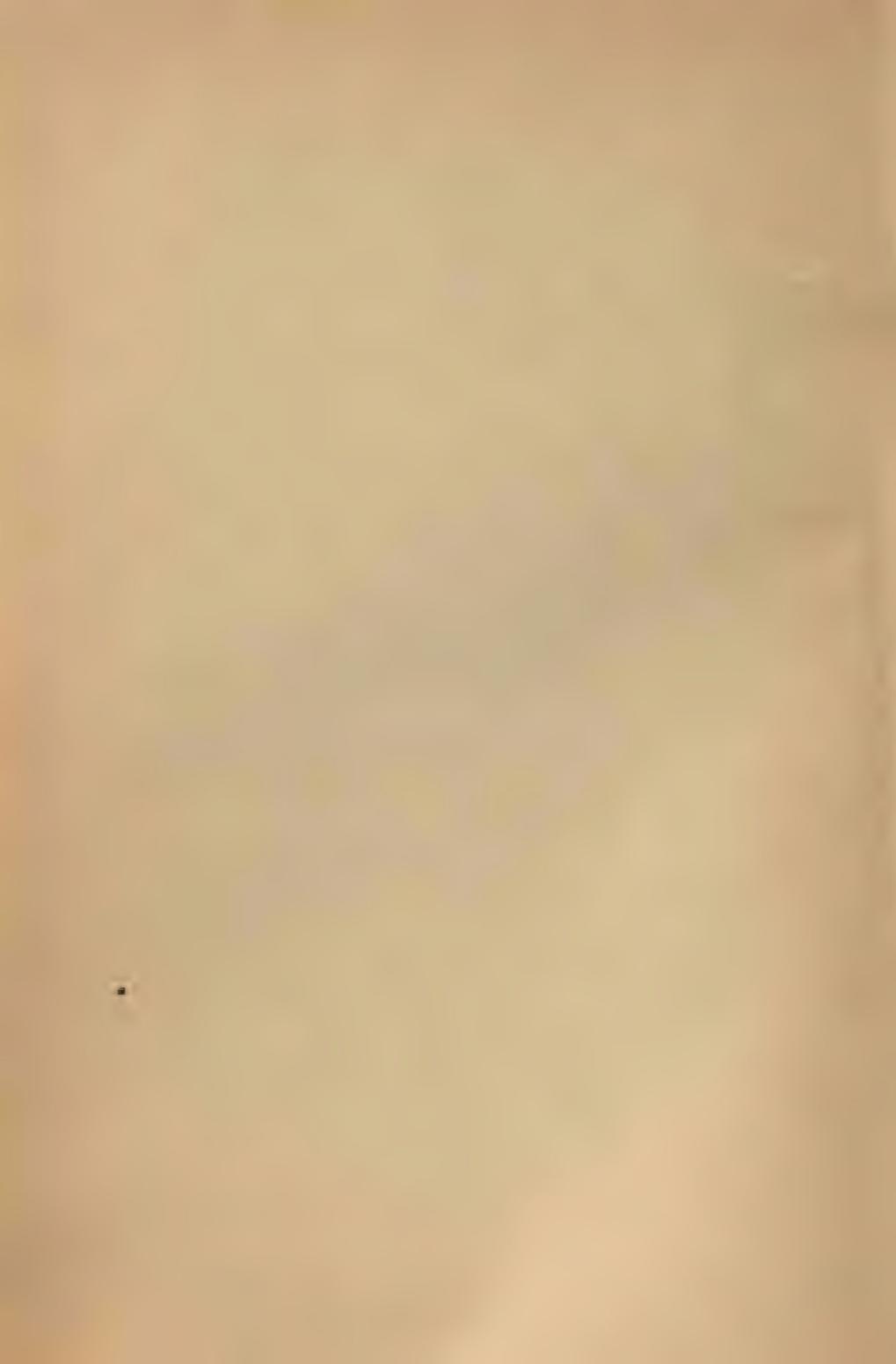
4 Δωρίας ἀηδόνος·

2 ματέρος

For critical notes see p. 499.

III.—THE EGG

Lo here a new west of a twittering mother, a Dorian nightingale; receive it with a right good will, for pure was the mother whose shrilly throes did labour for it. The loud-voiced herald of the Gods took it up from beneath its dear mother's wings, and cast it among the tribes of men and bade it increase its number onward more and more—that number keeping the while due order of rhythms—from a one-footed measure even unto a full ten measures: and quickly he made fat from above the swiftly-slanting slope of its vagrant feet, striking, as he went on, a motley strain indeed but a right concordant cry of the Pierians, and making exchange of limbs with the nimble fawns the swift children of the foot-stirring stag.—Now these fawns through immortal desire of their dear dam do rush apace after the belovéd teat, all passing with far-hasting feet over the hilltops in the track of that friendly nurse, and with a bleat they go by the mountain pastures of the thousand feeding sheep and the eaves of the slender-ankled Nymphs, till all at once some cruel-hearted beast, receiving their echoing cry in the dense fold of his den, leaps speedily forth of the bed of his rocky lair with intent to catch one of the wandering progeny of that dappled mother, and then swiftly following the sound of their cry straightway darteth through the shaggy dell of the snow-clad hills.—Of feet as swift as theirs urged that renowned God the labour, as he sped the manifold measures of the song.



SIMIAS, III

NOTES TO P. 496.

¹ thus Bergk-Wil: miss (with incorporated glosses) τῇ τᾶς
ων εἰσε ὄγρας ἀηδόνοις παιδικάς δύριατ γαστέται ἑτριο-
δέους (or τῇ τᾶς ὧδε εἰσε ἀηδόνοις δυσίας δύριοις). ² οὐδὲ τῷ
ὄγρᾳ Salmasius: τοιοῦ δεῖ γὰρ ἀγνῶ, οὐδὲ ἀγνῶ ³ θεῖται: τοιοῦ
αλλοῦ γνίσθε ⁴ τοιοῦ αλλοῦ ⁵ μίζω E: miss μέγαν θέξειται:
τοιοῦ αλλοῦ ⁶ ἀκαλεχριοῖς E: miss ὥντε λέχ. φίρμα
πίστεων, cf. Pind. P. 4. 150; miss also πίστεων ⁷ θεῖται E:
τοιοῦ θυσίαι ⁸ τηλεσφ. E: miss ταλαιπραττοῖς ⁹ δαλαπάν
Haeserlin: miss -ωτε πειστέτηται: miss παρεβάτοις, πειστέτηται
¹⁰ αἴτ' Wil: miss εἰ τάδε ἀλόγοι Salm: miss -ωτε θεῖται
ἀγεοι Salm: miss θεῖται ἀνάγνωσις ¹¹ κλευτὸς Bdk: miss -ωτε
Ισα θεῖσι: θεῖσι τοιοῖς τοιοῖς Jacobus-E: miss Ισα θεῖσι τοιοῖς
τοιοῖς οὐ θεῖ, π. ποιεῖν ¹² πετράς, Salm: miss πετράς, οὐ
περί. ¹³ Βλαχῆ E: miss Βλαχοῦ, Λαχοῦ δύροις = δρύοις E:
miss δρέσις ¹⁴ οὐ δέρτρα E: miss οὐ δέρτρα οὐ δέρτρα ¹⁵ θεῖσι
τοιοῖς E: miss θεῖσι τοιοῖς, θεῖσι τοιοῖς ¹⁶ miss also ἀηροῖς
θησ Bdk: miss εἰσμιστονέμοντα βιθυρῆ, εἰσμιστονέμοντα βιθυρῆ
¹⁷ πτεροῖς Scaliger: miss πτεροῖς, πτεροῖς: ¹⁸ οὐδὲ δέρτροι E:
miss πανφύ: ¹⁹ οὐδὲ: miss also οὐδὲ ἀγράν

THEOCRITUS

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE

The lines of this puzzle-poem are arranged in pairs, each pair being a syllable shorter than the preceding, and the dactylic metre descending from a hexameter to a catalectic dimeter. The solution of it is a shepherd's pipe dedicated to Pan by Theocritus. The piece is so full of puns as to preclude accurate translation. The epithet *Merops*, as applied to *Echo*, is explained as sentence-curtailing, because she gives only the last syllables (?), but there is also a play on *Merops* "Thessalian." The strongest reason¹ for doubting the self-contained ascription of this remarkable tour-de-force to Theocritus is that the shepherd's pipe of Theocritus' time would seem to have been rectangular, the tubes being of equal apparent length, and the difference of tone secured by wax fillings. But to the riddle-maker and his

¹ Advanced by Mr. A. S. F. Gow in an unpublished paper which he has kindly allowed me to read.

THE PATTERN-POEMS

public a poem was primarily something heard, not something seen, and the variation in the heard length of the lines would correspond naturally enough to the variation in note of the tubes of the pipe. Moreover, every musical person must have known that, effectively, the tubes were unequal. The doubling of the lines is to be explained as a mere evolutionary survival. The application of puzzles or riddles to this form of composition was new, but in giving himself the patronymic *Simichidas* the author is probably acknowledging his debt to his predecessor, *Simichus* being a pet-name form of *Simias*, as *Amynichus* for *Amynatas* in VII. If so, the Pipe is anterior to the Harvest Home, and we have here the origin of the poet's nickname.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ.—ΣΤΡΙΓΞ

Οὐδενὸς εὐνάτειρα μακροπτολέμοιο δὲ μάτηρ
 μαίας ἀντιπέτρου θοὸν τέκεν θυντῆρα,
 οὐχὶ κεράσταν, ὃν ποτε θρέψατο ταιροπάτωρ,
 ἀλλ' αὖ πειληπὲς αἴθε πάρος φοένα τέρμα σάκους,
 οὐνομ' ὅλον δίζων, ὃς τὰς Μέροπος πόθου
 κούρας γηρυγόνας ἔχε τᾶς ἀνεμώκεος,
 ὃς Μοίσης λαγὺν πᾶξεν ιστεφάνῳ
 Ἑλκος ἄγαλμα πόθου πυρισμαράγου,¹
 ὃς σβέσεν ἀνορέαν ίσαυδέα
 παπποφόνου Τυρίας τ' ἐξήλαστεν²
 ἢ τόδε τυφλοφόρων ἔρατὸν
 πῆμα Πάρις θέτο Σιμιχίδαν
 ψυχὴν φ³ βροτοθάμων
 στήγας οἰστρε Σαέττας
 κλωποπάτωρ ἀπάτωρ
 λαρνακόγυνε χαρέις⁴
 ἀδὲ μελίσδοις
 Ἑλλοπι κούρῃ,
 Καλλιόπῃ
 ιηλεύστῳ.

10

20

¹ πώς ἀλλ' αὐγοτραπάγην
² φ Hecker: πώς δὲ οὐ δ

³ οἱ Παεῖ: πώς ἀφείλετο οὐρανὸν
⁴ χαρέις Heck: πώς χαίρει;

THEOCRITUS.—THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE

Odysseus Teles.

The bedfere of nobody and mother of the war-
machines
abiding brought forth a nimble director of
that cockled sea (*Zem*) for whom a stone was substituted
the nurse of the vice-stone, not the
long-horned—Ceratas, long-haired
horned one who was once fed by the son of a bull,
Play (Fine)=P+Itys; itya=shield-city; ins (old
but him whose heart was fired of old by the P-less
spelling)=*vrys*, i.e. bousma ^(See, cf. I. 50 and Verg. G. 4. 320)
line of bucklers, dish by name and double
legged
by nature, him that loved the wind-swift voice-born
Echo ^{Echo} ^{it. voice-dividing (of Man)} Syrinx also = fata
maiden of mortal speech, him that fashioned a sore
that shrilled with the violet-crowned Muse into a
^{for Syrinx}
monument of the fiery furnace of his love, him that
^{the Persian at Marathon}
extinguished the manhood which was of equal sound
Persons Europa (*Europe*) was daughter
with a grandsire-slayer and drove it out of a maid of
of a Phoenician ^{Europa} ^{These-critius = judge between}
Tyre, him, in short, to whom is set up by this Paris
^{Gods' nickname of Theocritus} ^{won = possession, ref. to the}
that is son of Simichus this delectable piece of un-
^{area above} ^{i.e. moleskin wallet, *it.* wearers of the blind;}
peaceful goods dear to the wearers of the blindman's
^{blind = wallet} ^{It. max-treading; Prometheus made}
skin, with which heartily well pleased, thou clay-
^{Man of clay} ^{beloved} Omphale (cf. Oval, Plat. 2. 256) ^{son of}
treading gadfly of the Lydian quean, at once thief-
Hermes, and, in a sense, son of Odysseus ^{It. box-legged}
begotten and none-begotten, whose pegs be legs,
^{box = hoof}
whose legs be pegs, play sweetly ! pray thee unto
Echo cannot speak of herself
a maiden who is mute indeed and yet is another
^{not beautiful voice}
Calliope that is heard but not seen.

¹ Strictly the compound should mean "judged by God."

DOSIADAS

THE FIRST ALTAR

This puzzle is written in the Iambic metre and composed of two pairs of complete lines, five pairs of half-lines, and two pairs of three-quarter lines, arranged in the form of an altar. Of the writer nothing is known; he was obviously acquainted with the Pipe and also with Lycophron's Alexandra. The poem is mentioned by Lucian (Lexiph. 25), but metrical considerations point to its being of considerably later date than the Pipe. Moreover, the idea of making an altar of verses presupposes a change in the conception of what a poem is. It was now a thing of ink and paper; and Dosiadas seems to have interpreted the Pipe in the light of the pipes of his own time, as representing the outward appearance of an actual pipe.

ΔΩΣΙΑΔΑ ΔΩΡΙΕΩΣ

ΒΟΜΟΣ

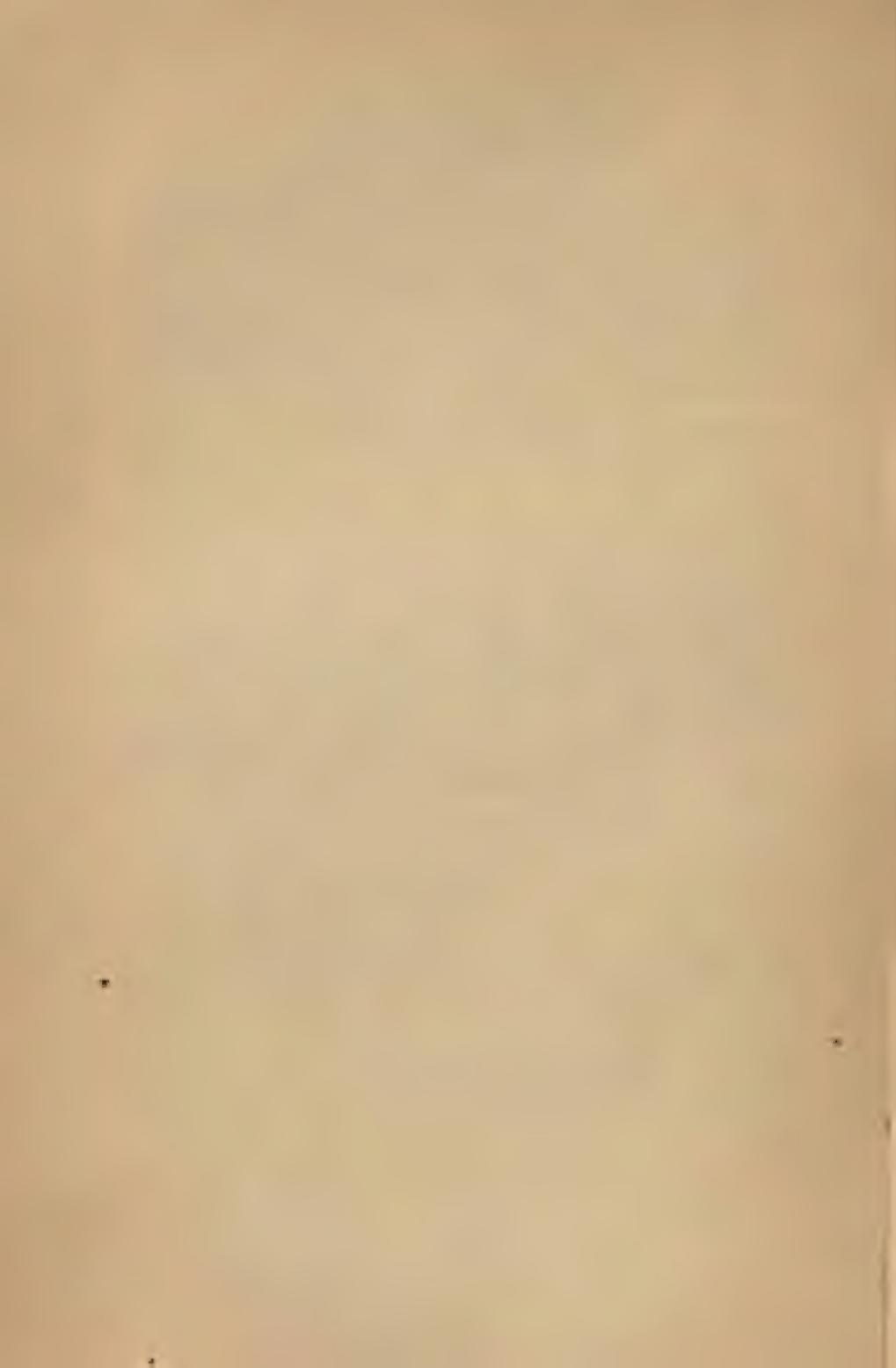
Εἴ μάρσενός με στήτας
 πόσις, μέροψ δίσαβος,
 τεῦξ, οὐ σποδεύνας ίνις Ἐμπούσας μόρος
 Τεύκρου βούτα καὶ κυνὸς τεκνώματος,
 χρυσᾶς δ'¹ ἀλτας, ἀμος ἐψάνδρα
 τὸν γυιόχαλκον οὐρον ἔρραισεν,
 θν ἀπάτωρ δίστευνος
 μόγησε ματρόριπτος·
 ἐμὸν δὲ τεῦγμ' ἀθρήσας
 Θεοκρίτοιο κτάντας
 τριεσπέροιο καύστας
 θώνξεν αἰν' ίέξας²
 χάλεψε γάρ νιν ίῷ
 σύργαστρος ἐκδυγήρας³
 τὸν δ' αἰλινεῖντ'⁴ ἐν ἀμφικλύστῳ
 Πανός τε ματρὸς εἰνέτας φῶρ
 δίζφος ίνις τ' ἀνδροβρῶτος Ἰλοραιστᾶν⁵
 ἥρ' ἄρδιων ἐς Τευκρίδ' ἄγαγον τρίπορθον.

¹ γραφτότες Β: τοια χρυσᾶς, -αῖς, -αῖς ²: added by
 Valckenaeer ³ αἰν' ίέξας Salm: τοια ἑνίξας ⁴ ἐκδυγήρας
 Salm: τοια ἱελος γῆρας ⁵ αἰλινεῖντ' Hecker: τοια ἀει
 τοιεῖντ' οΓ 4Αλινεῖντ' ⁶ τοια Ιεραπαλεταρ, Ιεραπαλετας, Ιαν-
 παλετας

DOSIADAS

THE FIRST ALTAR

I AM the work of the husband of a mannish.
to fly into Medea rejuvenated in Medea's children this also—Thessalian
mantled quean, of a twice-young mortal, not
i.e. Thetis, who could Thetis put Achilles in active
change her form like H. the fire to immortalise him. and passive
Empusa's cinder-bedded scion, who was the killing
he was killed by Paris and killer of Hector son of Hecuba, who
of a Teucerian neatherd and of the childing of a
i.e. Jason, who built this altar to
became a dog Chrysa (=Golden) on the way to Colchis
bitch, but the leman of a golden woman; and he
Medea
made me when the husband-boiler smote down
Tales the brazen man also = guardian and other things Hephaestus
protected Crete the brazen-legged breeze wrought of the twice-
wielded Aphrodite and Aghla, and was a virgin-
birth of Hera who cast him from Olympus
wed mother-hurtled virgin-born; and when the
Philoctetes Paris, see the Pipe lighter of the pyre Siennæcæ
slaughterman of Thœocritus and burner of the three-
was begotten on these nights the Altar
nighted gazed upon this wrought piece, a full
dolorous shriek he shright, for a belly-creeping
expect poison = arrow
shedder of age did him despite with ensnared venom,
isle of Lemnos
but when he was alackadaying in the wave-ywashed,
Odymens carried off the
Penelope Palladium and nine alive from Hades
Pan's mother's thievish twy-lived bedfellow came
Dionysus, son of Tydeus who ate Melanippus' head
with the scion of a cannibal, and carried him into
by Hercules, the Amazons, the Greeks also = land of Troy
the thrice-sacked daughter of Teucer for the
the arrows of Hercules brought by Philoctetes
caused (Troy's fall and) the destruction of the
tomb (and corpse) of Ilus
sake of Ilus-shivering arrow-heads.



VESTINUS

THE SECOND ALTAR

The Besantinus of the manuscripts is very probably a corruption of Bestinus, that is L. Julius Vestinus, who is described in an inscription as "High-priest of Alexandria and all Egypt, Curator of the Museum, Keeper of the Libraries both Greek and Roman at Rome, Supervisor of the Education of Hadrian, and Secretary to the same Emperor." The dedication to Hadrian is contained in the acrostic, which runs, "O Olympian, mayst thou sacrifice in¹ many years." The Altar is composed of three Anacreontean lines, three trochaic tetrameters, three phalaecians, eleven iambic dimeters, three anapaestic dimeters, and three choriambic tetrameters. The poem is not a puzzle, except in so far as the acrostic furnishes this element; for, unlike its predecessors, it refers to itself in definite terms. The author has confined his imitation of Dosiadas to the shape of the poem and the use of out-of-the-way words and expressions.

¹ Or perhaps "for," i.e. "in honour of."

ΒΗΣΤΙΝΟΤ¹

ΒΩΜΟΣ

Ο λός οδ με λιβρὸς ἴρων

Λ ιβάδεσσιν οἴα κάλχης²

Υ ποφοινίσσι τέγγει.

Μ αὐλίες δ̄ ὑπερθε πέτρη Ναξίη³ θοούμεναι

Π αράτων φείδαντο Πανός, οὐ στροβίλῳ⁴ λιγνύν

Ι ξὸς εὐώδης μελαίνει τρεχνέων με Νυσίων

Ε ε γὰρ βωμὸν δρη με μῆτε γλούρου⁵

Π λινθοις μῆτ⁶ Δλύβης παγέντα⁶ βώλοις,

Ο ὥδ̄ δν Κυνθογενής ἔτευξε φύτλη

Λ πρόντε μηκάδων κέρα,

Λ ισσαῖσιν ἀμφὶ δειράσιν

Ο σσαι νέμονται Κυνθίαι,

Ι σόρροπος πέλωτό μον

Σ ὑν οὐρανοῦ γὰρ ἐκγόνοις

Ε ἵνας μ' ἔτευξε γηγενής,

Τ ἀων ἀείζφον τέχνην

Ε νευσε πάλμυς ἀφθίτων.

Σ ύ δ̄, ὡ πιῶν ορήνηθεν ἦν

Ι νις κόδλαψε Γοργόνος,

Θ ύνοις τ' ἐπισπένδοις τ' ἐμοὶ

Υ μηττιάδων πολὺ λαροτέρην

Σ πουδίην ἄδην ιθι δὴ θαρσέων

Ε ε ἐμὴν τεῦξιν, καθαρὸς γὰρ ἐγὼ

! δν ιέντων τεράσιν, οἴα κέκενθ⁷ ἐκεῖνος,

Λ μφὶ Νέαις Θρηίκιας δν σχεδόνεν Μυρίης

Σ οἱ, Τριπάτωρ, πορφυρέον φῶρ ἀνέθηκε κριοῦ.

¹ Βηστίνοι Ηασθ: πας Βηστίνοι ² κάλχη: Brunck-E.: πας κάλχη ³ πας πέτρης οιξίας ⁴ στροβίλῳ Salem: πας ⁵ πας δρῦς μ. γλούρου Egk: πας μ. ταγχούρου, μητραγούρου ⁶ λαβθίτε Wīl: πας τα

VESTINUS

THE SECOND ALTAR

The murky flux of sacrifice bedews me not with ruddy trickles like the flux of a purple-fish, the whittles whetted upon Naxian stone spare over my head the possessions of Pan, and the fragrant ooze of Nysian boughs blackens me not with his twirling reek; for in me behold an altar knit neither of bricks aureate nor of nuggets Alybaean, nor yet that altar which the generation of two that was born upon Cynthus did build with the horns of such as bleat and browse over the smooth Cynthian ridges, be not that made my equal in the weighing: for I was builded with aid of certain offspring of Heaven by the Nine that were born of Earth, and the liege-lord of the deathless decreed their work should be eterne. And now, good drinker of the spring that was stricken of the scion of the Gorgon, I pray that thou mayst do sacrifice upon me and pour plentiful libation of far goodlier gust than the daughters of Hymettus; up and come boldly unto this wrought piece, for 'tis pure from venom-venting prodigies such as were hid in that other, which the thief who stole a purple ram set up unto the daughter of three sires in Thracian Neae over against Myrinè.

"possessions of Pan": sheep and oxen. "fragrant ooze of Nysian boughs": frankincense. "nuggets Alybaean" explained by *Iliad*, 2, 857. "offspring of Heaven": the Graces. "the Nine": the Muses. "daughter of three sires": an etymological variation of Tritogeneia. The last few lines refer to the *Altar* of Dosiadas, Myrinè being another name for Lisbon.

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Note.—The references to Theserius are by numbers only. *Etc.* means that there are other but unimportant occurrences of the word in the same poem.

- Achaean : XV. 61, XVIII. 29, XXII. 127, 219, XXIV. 76, XXV. 185, 186; Bion, II. 12; *Ias.* 5; from the N. part of the Peloponnesus; sometimes used generally for Greece.
 Achaeus : VII. 71; a town of Attica.
 Adheron : XII. 16, XV. 88, 102, 126, XVI. 31, XVII. 47; Bion, I. 51; Mosch., I. 14; the river of Death.
 Achilles : XVI. 36, XVII. 65, XXII. 220, XXIX. 24; Bion, II. 9, 15, VIII. 6; son of Peleus and the sea-nymph Thetis, the hero of the Iliad.
 Aes : I. 50; a small river at the foot of Mt. Etna.
 Aeson : *Wings.* 1; Heaven.
 Acroreia : XXV. 21; the upland district of Elis.
 Acteion : XXVII. 44.
 Adonis : I. 102, III. 47, XV. 23, 88, etc., XX. 32; Bion, I. 46; Mosch., III. 69; *Ias.* 1; a youth beloved by Aphrodite; he was killed hunting by a boar, and afterwards spent half of every year with Aphrodite on earth, and half with Persephone in the lower world.
 Adrastus : XXIV. 12; mythical king of Argos, one of the "Seven against Thebes."
 Aeacid (son of Aeacus) : XVII. 56; Bion, VIII. 6; friend of Achilles or of Peleus his father.
 Aegeus : I. 147; a town of Attica.
 Aeacus : IV. 2, 26.
 Aeas : IV. 17; a river near Croton in S. Italy.
 Aeacinae : XIV. 2, etc.
 Aeacus : XIII. 17; father of Jason.
 Agamemnon : IV. 137; King of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks before Troy.
 Agave : XXVI. 1; daughter of Cadmus, mythical king of Thebes.
 Agamemnon : VII. 42, 61, 94.
 Agla : XIV. 12.
 Agreco : III. 31.
 Ajax (Aias) : XVI. 74, XV. 132.
 Alcaeus : Mosch., III. 80; the great lyric poet of Lesbos; he flourished about 560 B.C.
 Alcidas : Mosch., III. 117; Heracles.
 Alcippa : V. 131.
 Alcimenes : XIII. 20, XXIV. 2, etc.; *Meg.* 60; mother by Zeus of Hercules and by Amphitryon of Iphicles.
 Alceus : XVI. 34; a mythical king of Thessaly, founder of the noble house of Alcandras.
 Alexander : XVII. 15; King of Macedonia, 336-323 B.C.
 Alphenobea : III. 45; daughter of Biss brother of the seer Melampus, and of Peru daughter of Neleus King of Pylos.
 Alpheus : IV. 6, XXV. 10; Mosch., VI. 1; a river of Elis.
 Alybē : *Vess.* 8; a mythical town of Asia Minor, famous for its silver-mines.
 Amuryllis : III. 1, etc., IV. 36, 35.

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- Amphiclus: *Inst.*, XIII. 8.
 Amphitrite: XII. 55; wife of Poseidon.
 Amphitryon: XIII. 5, XXIV. 5, etc.; mythical prince of Tiryns; he lived at Thebes, where he became by Alcmena father of Heracles; see Alcmena.
 Amphitryonid (son of the above): XIII. 55, XXV. 71, etc.; see Alcmena.
 Amyclae: XII. 13, XXII. 192; a town of Laconia.
 Anrysus: XXII. 76, etc.; son of Poseidon and king of the Bebrycians.
 Amyntas: VII. 2, 152; see *Introduction*, p. xii.
 Antron: *Inst.*, XVII. 3; Mosch., III. 90; the great lyric poet of Teos; he flourished at the court of Polycrates of Samos about 530 B.C.
 Anapus: I. 68, VII. 151; the river of Syracuse.
 Anchus: II. 69.
 Anchises: I. 108; a priestly cowherd of Mt. Ida in the Troad; he was the father by Aphrodite of Aeneas.
 Antigonus: VII. 4.
 Antigone: XVII. 61; niece of Antipater regent of Macedon, wife of Lague the father of Ptolemy I.
 Antiochus: XVI. 94; a king of Thessaly.
 Aonia: Mos., XI; part of Boeotia.
 Aphareus: XXII. 120, etc.; a mythical prince of Messenia, father of Idas and Lynceus.
 Aphareus: I. 185, II. 7, 30, VII. 55, X. 22, XV. 191, XVII. 45, XIX. 4, XXVII. 84; Dion, I. 19; Mosch., III. 34; *Adm.*, 17.
 Asian land, the: XXV. 193; the Peloponnesus, so called from Asia, a mythical king of the Peloponnesus.
 Apollo: V. 82, XVI. 87, 70, XXIV. 106, XXV. 21; *Inst.*, XXI. 4, XXIV. 1; Dion, V. 8; Mosch., III. 29; *Adm.*, 13.
 Arabia: XVII. 86.
 Aratia: VI. 2, VII. 98, etc.; see *Introduction*, p. xi.
 Arcadia: II. 49, VII. 107, XXII. 157; the central district of the Peloponnesus.
 Archias: XXVIII. 17; of Corinth, founder of Syracuse about 740 B.C.
 Archilochus: *Inst.*, XXI. 1; Mosch., III. 91; the great Lyric and Iambic poet of Paros; he flourished about 670 B.C.
 Aris: XXII. 175; Dion, II. 14; Wings, 9.
 Arethusa: I. 117, XVI. 102; Mosch., III. 10, 77, VI. 2; the fountain of Syracuse.
 Argo: XIII. 21, etc., XXII. 26.
 Argos: XIII. 40, XIV. 12, XV. 97, 142, XVII. 53, XXII. 158, XXIV. 78, etc., XXV. 164, etc.; a city of the Peloponnesus.
 Argus: Mosch., II. 57; the hundred-eyed, set by Hera to guard Io; when at Zeus' command he was slain by Hermes, Hera, according to Ovid, transfixed his eyes to the tail of her bird the peacock; some writers make Hera turn him into the peacock.
 Ariadne: II. 44; daughter of Minos, mythical king of Crete; she was abandoned by Theseus, but abandoned by him at Naxos on the voyage to Athens.
 Arialla: VII. 39; see *Introduction*, p. xi.
 Ariadne: XV. 111; daughter of Ptolemy I and wife successively of Lysimachus, Ptolemy Ceraunus, and her brother Ptolemy II.
 Artemis: II. 22, 67, XVIII. 30, XXVII. 16, etc.; *Adm.*, 81.
 Asore: Mosch., III. 57; a town of Boeotia, the birthplace of Herod.
 Aspidochelone: XXI. 26.
 Assyria: II. 192; Dion, I. 24.
 Atalanta: III. 41; *where are note*.
 Athina: V. 23, XV. 80, XVI. 82, XVIII. 36, XX. 25; XXVIII. 1; Dion, V. 7; *Adm.*, 1.
 Athens: XII. 28, XIV. 6.
 Athos: VII. 77; a mountain promontory of the N.W. Aegean.

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- Atrides : XVIII, 6, XVII, 115; Mosch., III, 79; son of Pelops and father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.
- Aurus : XXV, 7, etc.; son of the Sun, and king of the Indians of India.
- Auronia : Mosch., III, 94; S. Italy (Magna Graecia).
- Automedon : XXVI, 1, etc.; daughter of Cadmus mythical king of Thebes.
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- Bellerophon : XV, 92; son of a king of Corinth; riding the winged horse Pegasus, he killed the Chimera.
- Bembina : XXV, 202; a town of the Peloponnesian near Nelea.
- Berenice : XV, 107, 110, XVII, 34, etc.; wife of Ptolemy I.
- Bess : III, 44; see Mithimna.
- Biblos : XIV, 15; a town of Phenicia.
- Bion : Mosch., III, 2, etc.
- Bistonians : Mosch., III, 15; Thracian.
- Blemmyes : VII, 114; a people of Ethiopia, who lived at the sources of the Nile.
- Bosoota : Mosch., III, 88; a district of central Greece.
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- Cadmus : XXVI, 26; mythical king of Thebes.
- Calchas : *Iaser.*, XIV, 3.
- Calliope : Mosch., III, 72; Pipe, 19; one of the Muses.
- Calydon : XVII, 54; a town of Aetolia in Central Greece.
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- Carnes : V, 83; the Dorian festival of Apollo.
- Castalia : VII, 118; a fountain of Mt. Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.
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- Cerberus : XXIX, 38; the watch-dog of the lower world.
- Ceryx : Mosch., III, 49, *see* Halcyon.
- Chalceon : VII, 6, *where see note*.
- Chaos : Wings, 7; according to Orphic notions, the Void which, with the Aether of Air, existed before the universe and was the child of Chronus or Time and Ananke of Necessity.
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- Chronis : I, 21.
- Chrysos : Des., 6, *where see note*.
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- Clytus : Bion, I, 91; king of Cyprus and father of Adonis.
- Ciro : II, 15, IX, 36; a mythical sorceress who turned Odysseus' companions into pigs.
- Claenetha : L, 151; the name of a goat.

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 identified with Rhea.
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 most famous was Polyphemus,
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 him and then blinded by means
 of a heated stake.
- Cyrene (swan) : XVI. 49; a son of
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 in the Troas, famous for the
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 Cyrus : XVII. 10; the westernmost
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- Dia : **II.** 46; Naxos, an island of the S. Aegean.
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- Diores : **I.** 112; mythical king of Argos, one of the greatest Greek warriors before Troy; he wounded Aphrodite.
- Dione : **VII.** 116, **XV.** 109, **XVII.** 381; Aphrodite or her mother.
- Dionysus (Bacchus) : **II.** 120, **XVII.** 112, **XX.** 82, **XXVI.** 6 etc., *Iaser.*, **III.** 1.
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- Earth : Wings, 1, 4.
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- Echo : Mosch., **III.** 30, **V.** 1, 3; a nymph who was changed into the echo.
- Eos : *Iaser.*, **VIII.** 5; perhaps the famous artist who painted the wedding of Alexander and Roxana (237 B.C.).
- Egypt : **XIV.** 68, **XV.** 45, **XVII.** 70, 161.
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- Elis : **XXII.** 160; Bœa, **II.** 15; the N.W. district of the Peloponnesus.
- Endymion : **III.** 50, **XX.** 37; a youth beloved by the Moon, who sent him into a perpetual sleep on Mt. Latmus in Caria, so that he might remain always young and beautiful.
- Erebus : **XXV.** 43, 166; the mythical inhabitants of the N. district of Hades.
- Erebus : Are, 2; the builder of the Wooden Horse by means of
- which the Greeks took Troy. He was said afterwards to have founded Metapontum in S. Italy, where in the temple of Athene the tools he used were preserved.
- Ephyra : **XVI.** 83, **XXVIII.** 17; an old name of Corinth.
- Epeicharmis : *Iaser.*, **XVIII.** 2; the great Dorian comic poet; he flourished at Syracuse about 470 B.C.
- Eros : see Love.
- Eryx : **XV.** 101; a mountain near the W. extremity of Sicily, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.
- Eusebes : **XVI.** 104, where see note.
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- Eunomius : **XIV.** 110; a pre-Homeric poet and musician of Thrace.
- Eunomia : **XIII.** 45.
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- Europa : Mosch., **II.** 1, etc., **VII.** 6; in the form of the myth followed by Moschus she seems to be the daughter of Phoenix king of Tyre, and to be carried off from Tyre by Zeus to Crete.
- Eurymedon : **XVIII.** 25; the river of Sparta.
- Eurylyce : Mosch., **III.** 124; a nymph, the wife of Orpheus; after her death he went down to the lower world, and by the power of his music won her back, on condition that he should not look upon her till they reached the upper world; but he failed to keep this condition, and lost her again.
- Eurytion : *Iaser.*, **VII.** 2, **XV.** 3.
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- king of Tyros, taskmaster of Hercules.
- Eurytan:** xxiv. 108; a famous archer, king of Oechalia in Thessaly.
- Eusthenes:** *Inscr.*, xl. 1.
- Eutychis:** xv. 67.
- Evening Star (Hesperus):** Bion, ix. 1.
- Fate:** i. 93, 149, ii. 160, xxiv. 70; Bion, i. 94, vii. 3, 6, 15, xl. 4.
- Foma, Child of the Sea:** Bion, ix. 1; Mosch., ii. 71; Aphrodite; according to one story she was born of the sea-foam.
- Fury (Erinyes):** *Meg.*, 14; the Furies were avenging deities who pursued wrong-doers.
- Galatia:** vi. 6, xl. 8, etc.; Bion, ii. 3, xii. 2; Mosch., iii. 55, 61; a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus.
- Ganymed:** xii. 34; a beautiful youth carried off by eagles to be the cupbearer of Zeus.
- Glaucus:** iv. 51; a posthumous contemporary with Theseus.
- *Inscr.*, xxiii. 2.
- Golgi:** xv. 100; a town of Cyprus, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.
- Gorgo:** xv. 1, etc.
- Gorgon:** West., 19; a woman-like monster with serpents for hair, every one that looked upon her became stone; when she was slain by Perseus the winged horse Pegasus sprung from her blood.
- Greek:** Bion, ii. 12.
- Hades:** i. 61, 103, 180, ii. 32, 100, iv. 27, xvi. 30, 52, *Inscr.*, vi. 3; Bion, i. 94, viii. 3; Mosch., i. 14; *Meg.*, 89.
- Haemus:** vii. 76; a mountain of Thrace.
- Haleyon (Aleyon):** Mosch., iii. 40, *af.* also Theseus, vii. 59 and note; daughter of Aeolus and wife of Oeux king of Trachis; he perished at sea, and his body was found by his wife upon the shore; she threw herself into the sea and was changed into a kingfisher or halcyon.
- Hales:** v. 123; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.
- vii. 1; a river or river-valley of Crete.
- Harpalus:** xxiv. 216; a teacher of Hercules, called elsewhere Autolycus.
- Helle:** xvii. 32; Goddess of Youth, wife of Hercules in heaven.
- Hebrus:** vii. 112; a river of Thrace.
- Hecate:** ii. 12, 14.
- Hector:** xv. 189; son of Priam and chief hero of the Trojan side.
- Hecuba:** xv. 189; wife of Priam king of Troy.
- Hellisson:** xxv. 9; a river of Arcadia and Elis.
- Helen:** xv. 110, xviii. 6, etc., xxii. 216, xxvii. 1, 2; Bion, ii. 19; daughter by Zeus of Leda the wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta. After she became the wife of Menelaus, she was carried off by Paris, and this gave rise to the Trojan War.
- Helice:** i. 125; Callisto, daughter of Lycaon king of Arcadia; she was beloved by Zeus, and having been changed by the jealous Hera into a bear, was placed by him among the stars as the constellation of the Great Bear (Helice).
- xv. 165, 180; the chief city of Achaea.
- Helicon:** xxv. 209, *Inscr.*, i. 2; a mountain of Boeotia sacred to the Muses.
- Hellespont:** xiii. 20.
- Hephæmostus:** ii. 124; Mosch., ii. 48; *Meg.*, 103.
- Hera:** iv. 22, xv. 64, xvii. 180, xxiv. 13; Mosch., ii. 77; *Meg.*, 38.
- Hercules (Hercules):** ii. 121, iv. 8, vii. 100, xiii. 37, 70, 72, xvii. 20, 26, 27, xxiv. 1, *etc.*, xxv. 71, etc.; *Meg.*, 75.
- Hermes:** i. 77, xxiv. 116, xxv. 4; Bion, v. 8; Mosch., ii. 66; *Meg.*, 7.

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- Hesiod, Mosch., III., 87; the early Epic poet; he was regarded as second to Homer.
- Hesperus : Dion, II., 1.
- Hiero : XVI., 80, etc.; king of Syracuse, 270-216 B.C.
- Himerus v. 124; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.
- Himerus : VII., 75; a river near the town of Himerus in S. Sicily.
- Hippocoon : VI., 41, x. 16.
- Hippomenes : III., 40, where see note.
- Hippomax : *Iacecr.* XIX., 1; the Laodic poet of Ephesus; he was famous for his lampoons, and flourished about 540 B.C. at Clazomenae in Asia Minor.
- Homer : XVI., 20; Mosch., III., 71; *see* 7.
- Homole : VII., 103; a mountain of Thessaly, a seat of the worship of Pan.
- Hystis : VII., 115; a spring near Miletus in Asia Minor.
- Hylas : XIII., 7, etc.; a youth beloved by Heracles.
- Hydrius : XVIII., 88; Dion, I., 37, 90.
- Hymettus : Vest., 21; a mountain of Attica famous for its marble and its honey.
- Iasion : *see* Jason.
- Iouria : IX., 28; an island of the E. Aegean.
- Ida : I., 105, XVII., 9; Dion, II., 10; a mountain of the Troad.
- Idalion : XV., 100; a town of Cyprus, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.
- Idas : XXI., 140, etc.; son of Aphareus mythical king of Messenia.
- Ilium : XXII., 217; Troy.
- Iion : XVI., 75; Iota, 17; grandfather of Priam and king of Troy.
- Inachus : Mosch., II., 44, 51; son of Oceanus and first king of Argos; he was the father of Io.
- Inachopolis : Dion, VIII., 4, where see note.
- Ino : XXVI., 1, 22; daughter of Cadmus mythical king of Thebes.
- Io : Mosch., II., 44; an Argive princess beloved by Zeus; owing to Hera's jealousy he turned her into a cow, in which shape, pursued by a gadfly sent by Hera, she wandered over land and sea till she reached Egypt, where Zeus restored her to human form and she became by him mother of Epaphus king of Egypt.
- Iolcus : XIII., 16; the city of Thessaly whence Jason set out in quest of the Golden Fleece.
- Ionia : XVI., 67, XXVIII., 21; the Greek cities of the mid-Aegean coast of Asia Minor.
- Iphicles : XXIV., 2 etc.; *Meg.*, 50, 111, 118; brother of Heracles; *see* Alcmena.
- Iris : XVII., 134; messenger of the Gods.
- Istiumus : *Meg.*, 40; the neck of land joining the Peloponnesus to central Greece.
- Jason (Iasion) : III., 50; a son of Zeus and Electra; he was beloved by Demeter.
- Jason : XIII., 16, 67, XXII., 31; son of Aeson the rightful king of Iolcus, was sent by the usurper Pelias, who hoped thus to be rid of him, to fetch the Golden Fleece from Colchis.
- Justice : Mosch., III., 114.
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- Lacinium : IV., 22; a promontory near Croton in S. Italy, a seat of the worship of Hera.
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- Lagid (son of Lagus) : XVII., 14; Ptolemy I, Soter, king of Egypt, 323-287 B.C.
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- Larapurus (White-tail) : VIII., 65; the name of a dog.
- Laocoön : XXII., 206; wife of Aphareus.
- Lapiths : XV., 141; a Thessalian tribe who waged a famous war against the Centaurs.

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- Leyparus (White-coat) : IV. 42; the name of a calf.
- Leuce : Moesch., III. 59; an island of the E. Aegean, birthplace of Alceste and Tasso.
- Little : Moesch., III. 22; a river of the lower world, from which the souls of the departed drank oblivion of life.
- Lito : XVIII. 60; mother of Apollo and Artemis.
- Leucippos : XXII. 135, 147; brother of Aphareus, mythical king of Messenia.
- Libya : I. 24, III. 3, XVII. 87; Moesch., II. 39.
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- Linus : XXIV. 105; a mythical singer, son of Apollo.
- Lipara : II. 173; a group of islands N.E. of Sicily.
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- Lycaurus : I. 125; a mountain of Arcadia.
- Lycenor : I. 126; a mythical king of Arcadia.
- Lycia : XVI. 47, XVII. 60; the most southerly district of W. Asia Minor.
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- Lycomedes : Blon. II. 8, 15; a mythical king of Scyros.
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- Lycus : Moesch., V. 2; a nymph.
- Lydia : XII. 20; the middle district of W. Asia Minor.
- Lynceus : XXII. 114, etc.; son of Aphareus, mythical king of Messenia.
- Lysimachia : XVI. 64; a marsh near Syracuse.
- Maeenius : I. 124; a mountain of Arcadia.
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- Magnesia : XXII. 79; the easternmost district of Thessaly.
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- Medea : II. 18; a celebrated sorceress, daughter of Aeetes king of Colchis; falling in love with Jason she enabled him by her arts to win the Golden Fleece.
- Medon : *Isaeus*, XII. 2.
- Megara : XII. 27, XIV. 49; a famous city of the E. end of the Corinthian Gulf.
- Meg. : daughter of Creon king of Thebes, and wife of Hercules.
- Melampus : III. 43; where see note.
- Melanthe : V. 150; the faithless governess of Odysseus; he was slain by him for aiding with the suitors of Penelope.
- Mela : Moesch., III. 71; where see note.
- Melitodes : XV. 94; an epithet of Persephone.
- Meliko : II. 146.
- Mennon : Moesch., III. 43; son of Tithonus and the Dawn, and king of Ethiopia; he came to the help of Priam in the Trojan War and was slain by Achilles. The myth of the Birds of Mennon appears in different forms; according to the form apparently followed here, Zeus, in order to comfort the sorrowing mother,

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- turned the ashes of the dead warrior into birds which every year visited the tomb to lament him.
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- Moon**: II. 10, 69, etc., 160, XX. 37, 43, XXI. 19; Dion, IX. 5.
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- Mycelae**: XXV. 171; Dion, II. 19; a city of the Peloponnese.
- Mygdonian**: Mosch., II. 28; where see note.
- Myndos**: II. 29, 90; a town of Caria opposite Cos.
- Nynae**: VIII. 26; the chief city of Lemnos, an island of the N. Aegean.
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- Nesos**: VIII. 25; an island near Lemnos in the N. Aegean.
- Nestorius**: IV. 24; a river near Crotone in S. Italy.
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- Nemus**: XXV. 109, etc.; a valley of Argolis in the Peloponnese.
- Nereids**: VII. 29; daughters of the sea-God Nereus.
- Nicine**: XI. 2, XIII. 2, XXVII. 7, etc., *Inset.*, VIII. 2; see *Introduction*, p. v.
- Nightengale (Alcyone)**: Mosch., III. 22; wife of Zethus, king of Thebes; she killed her son Zephyrus by mistake, and Zeus turned her into the ever-mourning nightingale.
- Nile**: VII. 114, XVII. 50, 95; Mosch., II. 51, 52.
- Niobe**: Mos., 82; wife of Amphion, king of Thebes; she boasted to Leto of the number of her children, whereupon they were slain by Apollo and Artemis; her lamentations for them were proverbial.
- Nissus**: XII. 27; descendants of Nissus, mythical king of Megara.
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- Nysa**: Vest., 6; the birthplace of Dionysos.
- Dion, II. 31.
- Odysseus (Ulysses)**: XVI. 61; Mosch., III. 116; one of the chief Greek Heroes before Troy; his wanderings on his return to Greece are the subject of the *Odyssey*.
- Oeagrian**: Mosch., III. 17; where see note.
- Oeaces**: VII. 116; a high-perched city of Ionia.
- Oenomaus**: Dion, II. 11; wife of Paris before he carried off Helen.
- Oitis**: III. 28.

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- Olympus : XVII. 152; the abode of the Gods.
- Orchomenus : XVI. 105; a town of Boeotia.
- Orestes : Bion, VII. 4; son of Agamemnon; having slain his mother and her paramour in revenge for their murder of his father, he was hemispluris pursued by the Furies, till upon Apollo's advice he fetched the image of Artemis from the Tauric Chersonesus.
- Orion : VII. 54, XXIV. 12.
- Orcomedon : II. 46; where see note.
- Orpheus : Mosh., III. 18, 116, 123; the mythical pre-Homeric poet, son of Onagrus, king of Thrace, and Calliope the Muse: see Eurydice.
- Orithon : *Inscr.*, IX. 1.
- Othrys : III. 43; a mountain of Thessaly.
- Paeon : V. 79, VI. 27, *Inscr.*, I. 3, VIII. 12; Apollo the Healer.
- Pallas : *Aene.*, 8.
- Pamphylia : XXVII. 85; a district of the south coast of Asia Minor.
- Pan : I. 3, 19, 123, 17, 47, 63, V. 14, 58, 141, VI. 21, VII. 103, 106, XXVII. 36, 31, *Inscr.*, II. 2, III. 3, V. 6; Bion, V. 7; Mosh., III. 28, 24, 30, V. 1; Pipe, 5; Dosi, 15; Vest., 5; god of pastures, flocks, and shepherds.
- Paphos : XXVII. 15, etc.; Bion, I. 64; a city of Cyprus; a famous seat of the worship of Aphrodite.
- Parnassus : "II. 148; a mountain of Boeotia, sacred to the Muses.
- Paris : XXVII. 1; Pipe, 12; son of Priam, mythical king of Troy; he carried off Helen from the house of Menelaus at Sparta and thus gave rise to the Trojan War.
- Paros : VI. 28; Mosh., III. 91; an island of the S. Argian, famous for its marble; the birthplace of Archiloetus.
- Patroclus : XV. 140; friend of Achilles, slain before Troy.
- Pegasus : Mosh., III. 77; the winged horse upon which Bellerophon slew the Chimera; by a stroke of his hoof he made upon Mt. Helicon the spring Hippocrate, which became sacred to the Muses.
- Peirithous : Bion, VIII. 2; mythical king of the Lapiths and friend of Theseus, with whom he attempted to carry off Persephone from Hades.
- Pelagon : *Inscr.*, XXII. 4; an Epic poet of Camirus in Rhodes; he flourished in the sixth century B.C.
- Pelasgians : XV. 112; an ancient people of Greece, connected by some traditions particularly with Argos.
- Pelops : VII. 26; Bion, II. 6; king of the Myrmidons of Elis in Thessaly, and father of Achilles.
- Peloponnesus : XV. 22.
- Pelops : VII. 26, XV. 142; mythical king of Elis in Elis, and father of Atreus; he gave his name to the Peloponnesus.
- Penitus : I. 67; where see note.
- Penthes : XXVI. 10, etc.; son of Agave and grandson of Cadmus, mythical king of Thebes; he was killed by his mother in a Bacchic frenzy for resisting the introduction of the worship of Dionysus.
- Persephone (The Maid) : XVI. 83; Bion, I. 54, 96; Mosh., III. 219; where see note; *Meg.*, 7.
- Perseus : XXIV. 78, XXV. 175; son of Zeus and Danaë, and grandfather of Alceste.
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- Phalaris (Piebald) : V. 103; the name of a sheep.
- Pharsus : XXIV. 116; a town of Phocis in central Greece.
- Philaenus : XXIV. 119; a pre-Homeric poet and musician.
- Philinus : II. 115, where see note; VII. 105, etc.
- Philista : II. 145.
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- was the friend of Adrastus and one of the "Seven against Thebes,"
- Tyndareus: XVIII. 5; Meoch., III. 72; see Helen.
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- Tyre: *Pipe*, 19.
- Wolf: XIV. 24, 47.
- Xanthus: VII. 73, the nymph for love of whom Daphnis died by reason of his vow of celibacy.
- Xanthus: *Isaez.*, II. 2.
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- Zépýrión: XV. 13; a diminutive of the name Zépýrus.



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